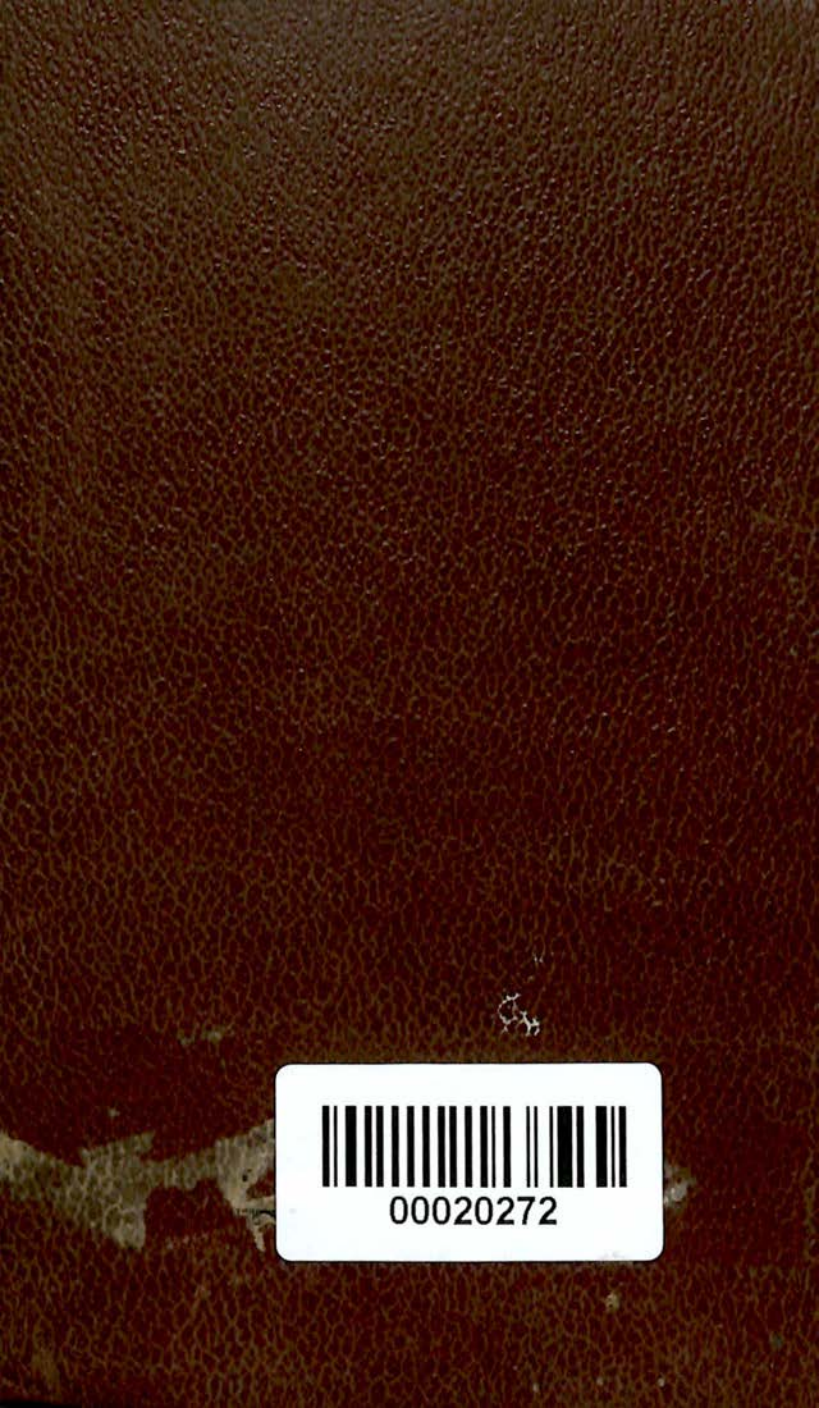
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THE

LIVES OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

THE

LIVES OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS

COMMITTED TO THE TOWER IN 1688.

ENRICHED AND ILLUSTRATED WITH PERSONAL LETTERS,
NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
FROM THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND,
AUTHOR OF 'THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.'

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PREFACE.

THE lives of the seven bishops, whom James II. committed to the Tower in June, 1688, are now offered, to the historical reader, in one volume, including many valuable original letters and papers from the Bodleian library.

This series of episcopal biographies, commencing with the birth of Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1617, and closing with the death of Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester, in 1720, occupies upwards of a century—a century of the most stirring changes and remarkable events; a century marked with civil war, and the intrusion of military dictators in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The struggles of those distinguished ornaments of the Christian Church, Sancroft, Ken, Turner, Lake, and White, when inexorably driven forth by Cromwell's Ironsides from their colleges, are touching and instructive episodes in the domestic history of England during the Commonwealth. We trace the proceedings of these learned and zealous divines as parish priests after the Restoration, and their respective elevations to the hierarchy.

Their conscientious resistance to the unconstitutional attempt of James II. to abrogate the penal laws by his personal authority, their committal to the Tower, trial and acquittal, are clearly but briefly set forth from public records.

The refusal of Sancroft, Ken, White, Lake, and Turner to take the oaths to William and Mary, their consequent ejection from their bishoprics, and the close of their lives in virtuous poverty, are faithfully recorded, with much that is new to the general reader.

The biographies of Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, and Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol, who took the oaths to William and Mary, and rejoiced in a succession of rich sees, close the series. Lloyd and Trelawny survived to witness the accession of George I., and the sure establishment of the Protestant Religion in Great Britain.

LIVES

OF THE

SEVEN BISHOPS OF THE TOWER.

SANCROFT,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE revolution which drove the male line of the Royal House of Stuart from the throne of Great Britain was precipitated by the courageous resistance of seven intrepid prelates to the unconstitutional exercise of the royal prerogative attempted by James II.—a fact no one who dispassionately studies the events of that period can doubt. These seven prelates were William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough, John Lake, Bishop of Chichester, William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, and Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol.

They were fondly styled the Seven Lamps of the Church, and invested by popular feeling with the attributes of patriots and martyrs. Their lives form a singularly instructive chain of historical biography,

illustrating in a remarkable manner, not only the public events, but the domestic manners and customs of England from the reign of Charles I. to that of George I.

William Sancroft, with whose life we commence this series, was the second son of Francis Sancroft, Esq., of Fressingfield, and Margaret, daughter and coheiress of Thomas Boucher, of Wilby, in Suffolk. He was born on the 30th of January, 1617, at Ufford Hall, an ancient white mansion in the parish of Fressingfield, with quaint clustered chimneys and a long range of broad casement windows, shaded by two gigantic yew-trees which flank the gate that opens into the court, and overtop the low-eaved roof of the edifice.

Ufford Hall, which is now degraded into a farm-house, was then the property and residence of the Sancrofts, and was probably derived from a matrimonial alliance with some female descendant of the ancient Suffolk family whose name it bears. A stately chimneypiece of elaborately carved oak, moulded into three pillared arches, each arch overhanging a leopard's head, remains in the large dining-hall, emphatically termed, by the agricultural occupants of the mansion, "the ancient room." It has formerly been panelled with oak, ending in a curiously-carved cornice, of which some portions yet remain; also two doors on either side the chimney-piece of the same rich and curious work. The ceiling is supported and adorned with noble cross-beams of oak, with fluted sides.

In this antique mansion, which then was sur-

rounded with primrose-studded meads, the childhood of William Sancroft was spent under the paternal care, in happy companionship with his brother and six sisters.

He received his education at the grammar-school at Bury, where he distinguished himself no less by his rapid advance in his studies, in which his progress far exceeded the expectations of his masters, than by his exemplary conduct and early piety.

In his eighteenth year he was matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which his uncle, Dr. William Sancroft, was then master. Persevering in the steadfast career of virtue and diligence he had commenced at school, he acquired great proficiency in the various branches of classical learning, poetry, and history, but spent the greater portion of his time in the study of theology. He took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1637, being then in his twenty-first year, and continued to pursue his studies with unremitting fervour at the University.

He subsequently experienced a severe affliction in the loss of a beloved friend and companion, whose death he mentions to his own father in a touching letter, dated Emmanuel College, May 27, 1641, in which he says—

"Dear Father,—The sad news which I shall tell you you know already; but give me leave to weep it over again into your bosom, and that will be some ease to mine. I have lost the companion of my studies, my friend by choice, my brother in affection, I shall sum up all if I tell you I have lost my dearest Arthur Bownest.* * * *

"Besides those abilities, natural and exquisite, wherewith God had enriched him—besides that virtuous disposition and those many powerful attractions in his carriage, whereby he won the love and affection of all who had the happiness of knowing him—he possessed deep and unfeigned piety.

"I was at his burial, and helped to lay him in the bed of rest; and now there is nothing left for me to do but to love his memory and imitate his virtues, which God give me grace to do. He was mortified to all worldly things long before he died. Yet, father, I know he found not more difficulty to part with anything than with me, his unworthy friend, so dearly did he love me. I know he is now a glorious saint in heaven, and it is but self-love that makes me thus bewail his loss. Sleep on, blessed soul, upon the downy lap of eternity! Thy name shall always be to me as an ointment poured forth, and when I forget thee, let this be my punishment, to feel another as great a loss."

Sancroft received the degree of master of arts in the spring of 1641, and became a candidate for holy orders in the autumn of the same year. The spirit of profound humility and love in which the accomplished young scholar devoted his talents, his learning, and energies to the duties of his sacred vocation, are thus expressed in filial confidence to his father, in a letter dated September 10, 1641:—

"I have lately offered up to God the first-fruits of that calling which I intend, having common-placed twice in the chapel; and if, through your prayers and God's blessing on my endeavours, I may become

an instrument in any measure fitted to bear His name before His people, it shall be my joy and the crown of my rejoicing in the Lord. I am persuaded that for this end I was sent into the world, and therefore if God lends me life and abilities, I shall be willing to spend myself and be spent upon the work."

William Sancroft in the same letter communicates an offer that had been made to him of the situation of a family tutor, on terms which, in these days, would have been considered with contempt by a butler; yet he recites them with complacency, in these words: "Within this fortnight our master proffered me a place; he would have had me to live in an earl's house, where I should have had 30*l.* per annum, and a gelding to ride abroad on upon occasion. My work should have been only to teach two of his children grammar, for there is a chaplain in the house already. I durst not accept the place because I knew not your mind, and that was my answer to our master. However, I am infinitely obliged to him, for I had the first offer of it in the college."

Probably he acted by the paternal advice in not accepting a situation offering so poor a compensation for a young man combining such distinguished talents and brilliant acquirements with high moral rectitude of thought and action. In another letter to his father, William Sancroft speaks of having been recommended by his friend Mr. Weller to undertake the care of a rich London merchant's son, whom his father proposed sending beyond sea. "I like the person," observes our future primate, who certainly was no tuft-hunter, "better than if he had been

what Mr. Weller mistook him for, noble. For then he would have looked for more respect and attendance, nor should I have had so much influence upon him for his good. Briefly, I should then have been a servant and not a master, or at least a companion; there would have been much expected and perhaps but little done, for generally these great ones prove unruly abroad."

Who does not admire the sound sense and independent spirit which dictated observations like these? The situation, however, was not accepted. William Sancroft had another vocation to fulfil.

The following year he endeavoured to obtain a fellowship in Emmanuel College. His kind uncle, Dr. Sancroft, was dead, but the mastership of that College was in the hands of the learned and loyal Dr. Holdsworth, whom our young divine regarded with scarcely less love and reverence, and with whom he was on the most affectionate and confidential terms. There was a circumstance which, to the tender conscience of William Sancroft, opposed an obstacle to his enjoyment of the desired fellowship, which is thus explained by his own pen in his letter to his father of the 4th of April, 1642:—

"When I was in the country you know there was an overture of assigning some lands to yourself and me. Now if it should please God to dispose of me in a fellowship in the college (which is yet doubtful), you know the statute, that none can be a fellow who hath 20*l.* per annum. Now my quaere is, whether this assignment (though but in trust), especially if the trust be not mentioned in the instrument, will

not invest me with such an estate as will disable me from taking this preferment in the college. That nobody knows of it I weigh not, for I desire more a thousand times to approve myself to God and my own conscience, than to all the world beside. If it be not done, I pray, sir, think upon it before you do it; if it be done, and you find it will touch upon the statute, let it be undone. I would not be too scrupulous nor too bold with my conscience. If it be a needless scruple, I had rather show myself to have no law than no conscience."

The divine maxim, "He that is faithful in the least will be faithful in the greatest," was fully exemplified from first to last in the character and career of William Sancroft.

He obtained his fellowship in the year 1643, but he had fallen on evil times; his loyalty to his king and attachment to the liturgy of the Church of England effectually barred him from preferment. The Scotch Covenant was tyrannically imposed upon both universities this year at the point of the sword, and many of the fellows were most illegally ejected for refusing to fetter their consciences with this unconstitutional obligation. The parliamentary leader, the Earl of Manchester, visited Cambridge, and rudely deposed the master of Emmanuel College, Dr. Holdsworth, who was also the vice-chancellor, from all his offices, and cast him into prison. Sancroft, though known to be the particular friend of the master of Emmanuel, was overlooked in this first attack on the liberties of the university; yet he made no secret of his courageous determination to

resist the oppressive edicts of the so-called champions of liberty.

"We live," writes he to his deposed and incarcerated master, Dr. Holdsworth, "in an age in which to speak freely is dangerous; faces are scanned, and looks are construed, and gestures are put on the rack, and made to confess something which may undo the actor; and though the title be liberty, written in foot and half-foot letters upon the front, yet within there is nothing but perfect slavery, worse than Russian."

After bemoaning the desolation of Emmanuel College, deprived of its head and many of its fellows, he glances at the peril of expulsion with which himself and those yet remaining were threatened, unless they submitted to the power that had invaded their academic shades.

"And what then?" he intrepidly asks. "Shall I lift up my hand? I will cut it off first. Shall I subscribe my name? I will forget it as soon. I can at least look up through this mist, and see the hand of my God holding the scourge that lashes; and with this thought I am able to silence all the mutinies of boisterous passions, and to charm them into a perfect calm."

So much respected and beloved was he, and so free from personal enemies, that he remained unmolested in his fellowship for several years, and took the degree of bachelor of divinity in 1648.

Sancroft bewailed the murder of the king with impassioned eloquence in a letter to his father, who fully participated in the feelings of grief, indigna-

tion, and horror with which he regarded that crime. The tender ties of affection and sympathy, which united the father and son in the most perfect and holy of friendships, were severed by the death of the elder Sancroft, in February, 1649.

"What I feared is come to pass," writes Sancroft to Mr. Holdsworth. "It hath pleased God to take away from us my dear father, the sole prop of this now ruined family. His tender sense and apprehension of the public calamities, together with the burthen of sixty-eight years and a violent fever with which it pleased God to visit him, have ended the life in which all ours were bound up. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, he went hence. Yesternight, at eight, I made hard shift to get hither, where I found a sad family, and mingled up my tears with theirs. Good friend, let me have thy prayers to assist me in this saddest loss that ever I sustained in this world. I shall haste out of this sad place as soon as the duty I owe to the comfort of the widow and orphans, and some care I must share in gathering up the broken pieces of this shattered family, shall be over; haply both may yet exact a fortnight. In the meantime, I prithee, redouble thy care for my pupils, especially for the sick."

Sancroft now held the post of tutor at Emmanuel College, and the friend to whom he writes was at this season acting as his deputy.

On Sancroft's return to Cambridge, a fresh trial awaited him. The dominant faction usurping the name of Parliament, supported by the army, had framed an oath called the Engagement, more strin-

gent and even less excusable than the Covenant, for the purpose of supporting them in their illegal and despotic authority. By this oath all persons were required to swear to maintain the Government as it was then established, without king or House of Lords, and those who refused were declared incapable of holding any office in Church or State. This oath was pressed upon both universities. Sancroft steadily refused to take it, though assured that the loss of his fellowship and all his academical employments would be the result.

So greatly, however, was he respected and beloved in the college, that the penalty was not enforced for a while.

"Some would persuade me," writes he to his brother, Thomas Sancroft, "that I have some secret friend who doth me good offices, though I know it not. However, brother, it is a comfort to me that I am sure of a friend in you, and if the worst happen, which I still expect, that I have a retreat with you, which still you so lovingly proffer. I thank you for your readiness to entertain my pupil with myself, but I shall not make use of your kindness in that particular if I may avoid it, for if I go hence I desire privacy above all."

His ejection from his fellowship, though long delayed, finally took place.

In July, 1651, he was driven from Cambridge, after having been an honoured resident there for seventeen years. He resided for a time at Triplow, in Cambridgeshire; then retired to his native village in Suffolk, and took up his abode with his brother

Thomas. He alludes to the perfect solitude of this place in one of his letters to his friend Mr., afterwards Sir Henry North, in these words:—

"From hence you cannot expect I should tell you anything, but that I have here thick shades and cool walks, but no company in them, except that of my own thoughts."

He spent five or six years at Fressingfield, and occupied his leisure in writing a satirical work entitled, "Modern Policies, taken from Machiavel, Borgia, and other choice authors," for the purpose of holding up to deserved contempt the political villanies of the successful party. He also successfully controverted the Antinomian doctrines then so prevalent, in a treatise entitled "*Fur Prædestinatus*," which excited great attention. His most important avocation was assisting in a collation of the Vulgate translation of the New Testament with those of Beza and other modern theologists of the Geneva school. He was now deprived of the income derived from his fellowship, and cut off from increasing his pecuniary resources by the college tutorship, no one who refused to take the oath of Engagement being allowed to reside at either of the universities. He had inherited a small estate at Fressingfield at his father's death, and on this his economical habits enabled him to live, and to extend his beneficence to many of his distressed friends, who, like himself, had been ejected from their fellowships and collegiate homes for conscience' sake; and were destitute of private means of maintenance.

During his residence in Suffolk he was seriously

uneasy at the unwise engagement into which one of his sisters had entered after her first husband's death, to the great vexation of her family, having set her mind on marrying a covetous, ill-tempered, worthless fellow. One evening, when William Sancroft had visited her, she slily slipped an orange stuck full of cloves into his pocket, intending it as a little surprise, and for him afterwards to roast and sift sugar over it, in order to make a drink familiarly called a bishop, by putting it into a jug of claret when it should be sufficiently roasted. Her philosophical brother, pretending not to understand the pleasant joke, took the opportunity of addressing a metaphorical letter to her on the circumstance, deprecating the unsuitable alliance of a sour bad orange with excellent cloves. No one who did not understand the preparation of an orange that was intended to make a bishop, would be able to enter into the gist of the following quaint fraternal letter which is thus indorsed by Sancroft:—

*"To my sister Frances, when I feared she would marry T. Brock.**

"DEAR SISTER,

"Though, when I saw you last but once at your house, you were in the humour of giving much and receiving nothing again for it; yet, because I suppose it was your particular disposition in favour of one person only, I shall count myself obliged to return some acknowledgments at least for the present I found the other night in my pockets, from your

* Tanner, lii. 77.

kind hand, as I verily believe. And truly I can heartily thank you for the cloves, so good they are, and sweet, so pure and bright: but, to deal freely with you, the orange is, in my opinion, quite nought. How fair soever it may seem to you, who can see no farther than the outside, 'tis to be suspected near at the heart. You may, perhaps, persuade yourself 'tis a sweet orange; but I fear, whoever tries it 'twill prove a very crab. 'Tis indeed of the largest size, and bigger than most oranges; yet I should rather choose a less, so it were a *Civill* (Seville orange). And, which is worst of all, 'tis so miserably dry (at least, as far as the spices can read) that it will suck up all the juice of the cloves, which will not get a drop of moisture back again. So that, although I dare not disjoin what your hand alone hath joined, yet, since I hope you have not made them for sure, but they may be severed, I could wish you would part them, and let the cloves keep their sweetness to themselves; and then how fragrant and precious will they be to all that come within the scent of you! But if it must be otherwise, I shall sadly stand by at a distance, and see the event, which I fear will be this: the cloves being exhausted, and robbed of their sweet juice and fragrancy, will wither away, and fall out of their places. While the orange, being thus enriched, and further secured by his thick and tough rind, will gape for another, and perhaps after that another set of cloves, which will be all served in the same manner. And what pity 'tis so sweet a spice and so sour a fruit met, let all that are impartial judge.

"I have done; and if you either understand not, or

believe not what I have written, I could heartily wish you did both as fitly as I do; which, God knows, I wish not for any interest of mine own (for what can it be?), but merely and only for your good; and because I cannot, to the best of my apprehension, any other way more approve myself,

"Your faithful friend, and truly loving brother,

"W. S.

"*Fres. April* 9, —55."

Sancroft was residing with a family in Lincoln, some time in the year 1655. He writes from thence, in reply to a long letter from his eldest brother, who had been detailing family news, on which his comments are very amusing, especially in regard to the valetudinarianism of their sister Grenling, a young widow in comfortable circumstances, but who made every one very uncomfortable with her needless domestic labours and complaints of bodily sufferings and delicacy of health. "For my sister Grenling, if tenderness grows upon her, which is not strange in so thin a body, she must meet it with proportionable care of herself. As far as I may have leave to put in my conjecture at such a distance, I should attribute her rheums and colds either to her Sunday journeys, when she goes hot into church and sits herself cold there with wet feet, or to her every day dairy dablings so early in the morning. A good double gelding (meaning a strong horse that would carry double) would remedy the first, the keeping another servant the second; and why she should deny herself

either of them, and more ease in all regards than hitherto she hath allowed herself, especially having wherewithal to maintain all this, and more, God be thanked! and none that depends on her to be provided for, I cannot divine. Charge her, therefore, that she be not nice to take her portion of what God hath given her, and that she make much of herself, if not for her own sake yet for so many of her friends that love her; that she cherish her tender body with warmth this winter season; and since she hath not domestic company, that she bid her friends welcome that come to see her out of compassion or affection; and assure her from me, than ease, warmth, good diet, and cheery company, there can be no better remedy till a husband come.

"I am glad you had so merry an hour at the warming the shop. I wish heartily your choir had been fuller, not only by those who should have come and would not, but by one who would gladly have been there if he might. Present my loving respects, I pray, to all who were pleased to remember me there, and particularly to the housekeepers. Tell my brother Drowett that my suit fits well; only desire him to pay the tailor, which I see by the bill he hath not done; for it being uncertain when I shall come into the country I am loth the poor man should stay so long for his money." Sancroft does not forget a kind mention of his father's widow, for he says, "I am glad my mother was at your meeting at Stradbroke; I pray present her my humble duty, and tell her I wish her all contentment and happiness in her new abode."

He then adverts to the melancholy subject of public affairs, and gives a shrewd but cautious hint of the grinding military tyranny under which the once free and happy realm of England was at that time suffering, and dared not complain; since the boasted constitutional laws were overthrown, trials by jury at an end, and all ranks of people were coerced by local courts-martial under the domination of Cromwell's major-generals, who inflicted fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and even death at pleasure. Modern historians scarcely deign to mention these facts, and instead of describing the domestic miseries of civilized society, the loss of commerce and decay of trade, the absence of manufactures, the want of useful and ornamental employment, and the utter collapse of literature and art under the Protectorate, they extol the merits and virtues of Cromwell and his Ironsides. It is only in the local histories, the diaries, and private letters of that dark period, we see what their doings actually were, and marvel at the ignorance of their eulogists!

In November, 1657, William Sancroft left England, having made up his mind to travel. On his arrival in Holland, his first resting-place, the fame of his learning and eloquence having preceded him, he was honoured with an invitation to preach a sermon before the eldest daughter of his late royal master, Princess Mary of Orange, mother of William III. There was some idea of appointing him to be one of her chaplains, but it was not carried into effect.

While he was residing at Utrecht, in the spring of 1659, he wrote the following beautiful letter to his

brother, on the death of their stepmother, his father's second wife:—

"*May* 30, 1659.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Yours of May 3 I received the 18th of the same; and in it, as I ought, lamented the news of my mother-in-law's death. 'Tis an object I will fix and charge upon my memory, and often represent to my thoughts my dear father lying buried between his two wives; and though I am now ready to wander farther from you, yet will I hope one day to return and find my last home at his feet, which is my desire.

"Upon the news you send me, it cannot be unseasonable to reflect a little upon our mortality, especially there being now none left upon earth who gave to us those superior relations of father and mother, scarce of uncle or aunt; so that we stand in the front of the battle, and in order of nature must look to be the next spoils of death's all-conquering dart. Let us not then flatter ourselves, brother; for in earnest we grow old; and 'tis strange that of so many as we are, none have yet laid their heads in the dust; which we shall do with greater confidence and comfort if betimes we provide and prepare for it; nay, and with joy too, if we consider how wretched a world we bid farewell to. God Almighty send the next generation a more comfortable pass through it than we are like to see."

At this time his narrow finances were improved by the posthumous payment of a debt of 200*l.* due to

him from a Mr. John Gayer, who also bequeathed an annuity of sixty pounds a year to him for life.

He was thus enabled to indulge his munificent spirit by relieving many of the destitute English exiled divines, and among others the learned Dr. Cosin, who, when preferred, after the Restoration, to the bishopric of Durham, failed not to testify his grateful remembrance of the aid he had received in his time of need from the generous William Sancroft.

In company with his friend, Mr. Robert Gayer, who bore all the expenses of their tour, Sancroft travelled through Italy, rested at Geneva on the way, visited Venice, and made a considerable stay at Padua, where he entered his name as a student at the university.

While at Rome, in May, 1660, he received the joyful tidings of the Restoration, and returned to England early in the autumn of the same year. Sancroft was selected to preach the sermon in Westminster Abbey, November 18, 1660, on the consecration of his friend, Dr. Cosin, to the bishopric of Durham, and of six other bishops. This was his first public appearance, and his preaching was greatly admired. He was then in his forty-fourth year, in the full vigour of intellect, improved and chastened by the sweet uses of adversity, and was modest and retiring in his manners.

He was immediately chosen by his grateful friend, Cosin, Bishop of Durham, for his domestic chaplain; and the next year appointed as one of the royal chaplains by Charles II., having materially assisted in the revision of the Liturgy which was then made.

He was one of the three supervisors of the press when the New Book of Common Prayer, containing the alterations and the Services for the Restoration and the Martyrdom of King Charles I., was printed. Burnet affirms that Sancroft was the author of these services, but of this there is no proof. A very interesting letter from William Sancroft to his elder brother is preserved in the Bodleian Library, which shows the lively interest he took in family matters at home.

"*London, March* 10, 1661.*

"LOVING BROTHER,

"'Tis long since I wrote to you, and long since I thought to have come immediately to you. But you will excuse me for both when you shall know how powerfully I have been hindered. On Saturday I sent to take a passage in the Cambridge coach, and meant to have come thence immediately to you, God permitting; but before I slept, I found myself stopped by those who have right to command me. I know not well when this new business will be at an end, nor can foresee whether I shall be licenced to attend my lord into the North, when he goes, which will be presently after Easter. And yet I confess I have invitation enough to go thither; he having now made me a prebend of Duresme, and given me one of the best livings in that country, which lies very conveniently for me, within 4 miles of Duresme, in the pleasantest and healthfullest place of the bishopric. The revenue is competent and fair, and there is nothing to be wished amended in all, but that it stands so far from the sun and my dearest relations.

* Tanner, xlix. 148.

I shall hope to tempt some or other to go along with me, at least when I shall be settled there; without which I shall lose much of the contentment I should otherwise promise myself there. If nobody will be so kind to me, at least I shall be so kind to myself, and you all, as some time every winter to see you, my oath obliging me to attend the king my master one month every year, which at present is January, and not like to be altered. God send you, and my sister, and us all, joy of your young daughter, Katherine, in naming of whom did you look forward to the coming Queen? or back to our great-grandmother? or to her Godmother present? or all? However it were, God bless her, and all yours, and all our dear friends about you, whom I pray salute particularly in my name. If it be possible, I will see you before I go northward, though I do but see you. I have forgotten at what time that 100*l.* due from my brother Jacob is payable by his bond; but would gladly have it payed in as soon as it shall be due (or sooner, if that day be long hence), and returned hither, for I have great occasion for money, and had rather make use of mine own than borrow. If this letter finds you at Harleston, and he be there, send me word next post what I am to expect from him. With my loving and heartiest remembrance to yourself, and all friends, I commend you all to God's grace, and remain

"Sir,

"Your very affectionate brother,

"W. S.

"*To my very loving brother,*
Mr. Thomas Sancroft,
of Fressingfield, in Suffolk."

CHAPTER II.

A NEW era in Sancroft's life now commenced. Honours and preferments were showered in quick succession on the impoverished recluse of Fressingfield. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him at Cambridge by the royal recommendation, preparatory to his taking possession of the rich rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, and his installation as a canon of the cathedral of Durham, to which he had been collated by the bishop. His venerable patron, in one of the very friendly letters which he wrote to him on this occasion, adroitly recommended a wife to him in these words:—

"I pray tell the gentlewoman, whom you name in the end of your letter, that I take her message and acknowledgment sent to me very kindly from her, of whom I have a very good opinion; and, if you have so too, I think you cannot choose a better companion and housekeeper, both at Houghton and Durham, than so virtuous a person as she is like to make."

Sancroft's reply to this letter has not been discovered; but he appears to have stated obstacles which he considered insuperable against contracting

a marriage with the lady recommended by the bishop, for whom, however, he expresses both affection and respect; also that he had promised to give a home to his sister, who was to live with him; for the bishop writes, on the 3rd of September, 1661: "That virtuous person, whom we have now twice mentioned, I think will make a good companion for you and your sister both. The great care and affection you have for her, and the just regard that she hath again for you, may, in good time, prevail with you to alter your resolution which you formerly had to live single; but do as you think fit to do, and as God shall incline your mind. In the meanwhile, I take not the difficulties which you mention to be invincible, either on her part, or much considerable on the part of them on whom you say she depends; and truly there cannot be a greater act of charity done for her, than to take her out of the danger wherein she lives, and prevent her falling into the fire." This alludes to something in the private history of the lady, of which the biographer of Sancroft can give no explanation, as the bishop leaves it a mystery. Sancroft, however, decided on continuing a single life. His sister Catharine lived with him. Both their portraits are preserved at Gawdy Hall, the seat of his collateral representative, Mr. Holmes.

He was chosen Master of Emmanuel College, by the fellows, on the 14th of August, 1662, although the puritanical party were very considerably in the majority there; but the liberality of his sentiments, conscientious principles, and great learning and piety commanded such universal respect that his election

to the mastership was unanimous, unsought for, and wholly unexpected by him. He found the college in a state of great disorganization, and projected considerable reforms; but, being called to more important labours in the Church, he resigned the mastership of Emmanuel at the end of three years. He prepared, however, a design for a new chapel, and eventually contributed nearly six hundred pounds to its erection, as the registers of the college testify.

In the beginning of the year 1664 he was nominated by the king to the deanery of York, and, having been elected by the chapter, he was installed on the 26th of February. He was at great expense in repairing the ruinous deanery, and rebuilding some portions where repairs were impracticable, and after all only held the preferment ten months, being called, by the king's appointment, to the deanery of St. Paul's, through the earnest recommendation of Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Humphrey Henchman, Bishop of London. He was also appointed to the prebendship of Oxgate in the same cathedral. These splendid preferments were gratefully received by Sancroft, but with anything but pleasure. He had won the affections of the people of York, and contemplated ending his days amongst them, and, having had the trouble and expense of repairing and fitting up the deanery, it was painful to him to leave it and encounter the like fatigue and greater outlay for a new home. "Only," writes he to his brother, one comfort is that now I shall sit down, and may justly be confident that my next remove will be to the grave."

Sancroft had to stem a troubled sea ere he gained that tranquil port where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Never, however, had any man, on whom prosperity and honours were suddenly and unexpectedly showered, fewer enemies than the mild apostolic dean, or friends more loving.

It was about this time that the following touching letter was addressed to Sancroft by the widow of his friend Wright:—

"*Thurcaston, Leicestershire, June* 8, 1668.

"REVEREND SIR,

"The great and due respect and honour which my dear husband ever had for your worthy self, invites me at this time to communicate the notice of his death to you, who I know will condole with me the loss of so excellent and worthy a person; for this sad stroke of Divine Providence (without, vanity or flattery I hope I may now safely affirm) hath reached further than myself, even to all his friends and acquaintance, and to the Church of God also, the prosperity of which was at all times his prayers and his joy. I hope, sir, it will not be unpleasing to you, as it will be always comfortable to me, to mention the manner of his death, which was thus: on May-day last he fell ill, and departed the 22nd of that month, all which time he continued without any, or with very little pain or sickness, which he esteemed a great evidence of the Divine favour, in regard he had much desired and prayed for an easy passage, whereby he enjoyed his

memory and understanding perfect to the last instant, and thereby, in a most heavenly and comfortable way, he was enabled to bequeath his blessing to his children, his entire love to his friends and relations, and his soul into the hands of Almighty God who gave it; and so I cannot say that he is perished, but rather, like the dawn into the day, his mortality was swallowed up of glory, leaving a dear and precious memory to me, his disconsolate widow, and three tender children, viz., two sons and one daughter. And now, sir, I shall presume further to tell you that we find this bitter cup much sweetened to us, in the assurance of all friendly favour and countenance, as occasion and opportunity shall be, from all those in whom he had secured any interest of friendship, and in particular from your worthy self. His youngest son, that bears his name, he always designed for the ministry; but being now young, not six years old, he must wait for your future assistance in that way, and in the mean time, till he shall be capable, treasure up the assurance of your favour as a most precious jewel. For his library, my intent, in correspondence to his directions, is to sell it as soon as conveniently I can; in order to which I have sent a catalogue of the books to Mr. Allestry, a bookseller in London, whom I have desired to communicate the catalogue to you, beseeching your advice in the disposing of them, as I shall ever dispose myself to be,

"Sir,

"Your true honoured, and humble servant,

"DOROTHY WRIGHT.

"*To the much honoured and Reverend Dr. Sancroft.*"

The first great object that engaged Sancroft's attention in his new position was the very important one of repairing and restoring the ancient metropolitan church, old St. Paul's Cathedral. That primitive Christian temple, where the gospel was first preached to the people of London, had been wantonly desecrated during the Commonwealth, and appropriated to the base purpose of a barrack and horse quarters for the roundhead soldiers; the parliament of 1643, having seized the money and materials which the then dean and chapter had provided for the repairs of this time-honoured structure, and removed the scaffoldings that were erected for that purpose. Thus, in consequence of neglect and misusage, the whole of the building had become dilapidated, and portions of the roof had fallen in.

Sancroft's plans for the restoration of this cathedral were interrupted by the terrible visitation of the plague, which ravaged London in the summer of 1665. In the following year the great fire, completing the work of destruction commenced by the roundhead spoilers, left old St. Paul's a scorched and blackened shell.

Very energetic, nevertheless, were the efforts which the dean and chapter made for the preservation of at least a portion of this relic of antiquity, and for nearly two years they carried on their work of reparation at great expense; the architect selected and employed by Sancroft for this purpose being no other than his friend Sir Christopher Wren, then Dr. Wren, professor of astronomy at Oxford.

In his ardent desire to save the old cathedral,

Sancroft had disregarded the opinion of Wren, that the attempt would only end in disappointment, and he writes, April 25, 1668, the following particulars of the fulfilment of Wren's prediction :—

"What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is now come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendiculars, and I believe other defects, too, which are now exposed to every common observer." He ends by entreating Wren to come and bring his excellent designs.

Finally, it was agreed to abandon the hopeless attempt of repairing the ancient ruinous structure, and to erect a new cathedral suited to the wealth and increased importance of the metropolis of the British empire. Sancroft contributed from his private means the sum of fourteen hundred pounds, probably his all of ready money, to the subscription that was opened for commencing the work, besides devoting a liberal annual sum from the emoluments of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, which, through his frugal, judicious, and conscientious management, were daily increasing. It was an arduous and an anxious time for him, as London was almost bereft of churches.

Paul's Cross, Charing Cross, and the ancient cross in Chepe, those useful stations around which the wayfaring, houseless poor, the ragged, barefoot children of misery, undeterred from the privilege of public worship by the imposition of pews and the insolence of pew-openers, had been wont to congre-

gate, under the canopy of heaven, to hear the gospel preached in the good old times, had been demolished by the destructives of the commonwealth; and Sancroft perceived the urgent necessity of hastening the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral, if only to supply the people with a spacious place of worship in some measure adapted to their wants and their spiritual destitution.

The first stone of the stately fane, which now excites the admiration not only of England but the whole world, was laid in 1675, under the superintendence and care of Sancroft. Neither delays nor the base system of jobbing, which in the present century pollute national works and national charities, were permitted by him to interfere with the erection of the metropolitan cathedral of the reformed Church of England. The work was performed conscientiously, quickly, and well. The glorious structure of modern St. Paul's rose from the ashes of its lamented predecessor with such wonderful celerity, that in ten years the whole plan of the edifice was developed, the walls of the choir and aisles were finished, together with the north and south porticoes, and the great pillars of the dome carried to the same height.

Sancroft also rebuilt the deanery of St. Paul's at the same time, and bestowed his attention in supplying the spiritual destitution of the populous hamlet of Shadwell, which had then no endowment for a minister of its own, and formed a part of the populous parish of Stepney, where it was impossible for one church to accommodate the inhabitants. In consequence of his unwearied exertions, an Act of Parlia-

ment was procured in the year 1670, constituting Shadwell a separate parish. Sancroft gave up a portion of his estate as Dean of St. Paul's for the churchyard and parsonage.

His zeal for the augmentation of the poorer livings, which occasionally fall to the lot of the most deserving of the English clergy, induced him at this time to add to the miserable endowment of the vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, of which he was now the patron. Seven poor livings were in like manner enriched by this disinterested ecclesiastic. He also endeavoured to use his personal influence with many of the rich clergy by writing persuasive letters, entreating them to assist their poorer brethren from their abundance. One glorious light of our English Church, Dr. Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our Church has reason to remember Sancroft with gratitude, for his self-denial and charitable exertions led the way to the institution of "Queen Anne's Bounty." Burnet daringly claimed the credit of inducing Queen Anne to her Act of Bounty, but Sancroft's well-known facts speak for themselves, as to who suggested it by the irresistible argument of example.

The Archdeaconry of Canterbury had been conferred on Dr. Sancroft by the king in 1668, but he held it only two years, finding it interfered with his arduous duties as Dean of St. Paul's. He was also Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation.

On the death of Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, which occurred somewhat unexpectedly, November 9, 1677, the king—who had, during the building

of St. Paul's Cathedral, peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with the conscientious and unworldly character of the apostolic dean, his zeal for the service of the Church, great learning, modesty, and mild temper, and prudent management of ecclesiastical property—pitched on him as the most proper man in the realm to be invested with the primacy of England. In this opinion the Lord Chancellor and other members of the Council fully coincided. His Majesty, intending to communicate his intention to Sancroft in a private interview, directed Chiffinch to let the Dean of St. Paul's know that he required his attendance immediately at Whitehall. The dean, who was no courtier, and, as usual, busily occupied in distributing his alms and spiritual comfort to the needy poor in the east of London, could not at first be found, at any rate in the purlieus of the palace, at a time when the vacant see of Canterbury rendered Whitehall the centre of attraction to all the more worldly-minded clergy.

Sancroft happened to be at the Bishop of London's house when Chiffinch traced him out, and told him "that his Majesty must speak to him that afternoon, at the office at the foot of Whitehall Stairs." So little did Sancroft anticipate the brilliant preferment awaiting him, that he was a little alarmed at the royal message, imagining perhaps that some of his charities had been misrepresented at Court, and he had been considered guilty of comforting and relieving the king's enemies, for he exclaimed, "His Majesty wants to speak to me! what have I done?"

At five o'clock that day, December 30th, he attended, in obedience to the King's command, at Mr. Chiffinch's parlour, and received, to his great surprise, the announcement that it was his Majesty's pleasure to appoint him to the primacy. He replied, with characteristic humility, that he was most unfit for so important an office; pleaded his solitary habits, his poverty, and ignorance of courtly life, and concluded by entreating his Majesty to bestow this great appointment on one who knew better how to comport himself regarding it. King Charles listened to all these genuine expressions of *noli episcopari*, and then replied pleasantly, "You must take it, as you are quite homeless, for I have given away your deanery of St. Paul's over your head to Dr. Stillingfleet."

Sancroft then fell back on his poverty with this most *naive* declaration:—

"I was a rich man once," observed he to his king, "for I had fifty pounds beforehand in the world. I put it in the hands of a merchant of the city of London, to be ready when wanting. He broke, and lo! I lost it all. From that time I resolved never to be worth one penny again. I have not a farthing at present; therefore I must be relieved from the burden of this high preferment. I have not wherewithal to pay the crown its fees and first-fruits."

These the king graciously promised to excuse, and further assisted him in some of the expensive items requisite to his new dignity, by presenting him with a state barge and a coach, both veterans, to be sure, in the service of royalty, but possessing the capa-

bilities of being rendered, by new painting and emblazoning, fit for the use of this primitive archbishop, who protested his inability to provide the outward things necessary for the unwelcome dignity that was thrust upon him. This reluctance was finally overcome, and his consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury took place in Westminster Abbey, January 27, 1678.

Dryden, in his political poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," introduces the character of Sancroft under the name of Zadoc the priest, and commemorates his meek, unworldly spirit, and the king's reasons for elevating him to the primacy, in these lines:—

> "Zadoc the priest, when shunning power and place,
> His lowly mind advanced to David's grace."

Great disappointment among the ambitious churchmen of that day was the result of Sancroft's appointment. The soldier-prelate, Compton, did not conceal his anger. O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, recently converted from Romanism, thought proper to fling a dart of his Irish wit at Compton, when conversing on the new primate in company with the Bishop of Durham. "My lords," said he, as they came from the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, "you have all been played a Newmarket trick; but you see, God Almighty's rule doth sometimes hold. He has exalted the humble and meek, and kept down the mighty from the seat."

It has been invidiously asserted by Bishop Burnet and his copyists that Sancroft owed his elevation to

the primacy to the influence of the Duke of York, who considered him a fit person to further his designs in favour of Romanism—an assertion wholly inconsistent with the zealous and unwelcome attempt made by Sancroft, soon after his consecration, to induce the duke to return to the communion of the Church of England. Sancroft requested the venerable Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winchester, who was much beloved and respected by the king and the Duke of York, having attended Charles I. during all his troubles, and after his murder followed the royal family into exile, and faithfully continued his unpaid ministration to them and their servants at Paris and Breda, to accompany him to the conference which his Royal Highness consented to hold with them on this all-important subject. Sancroft was the speaker, and addressed the duke in a very eloquent and persuasive speech, from which the following is a brief extract:—

"What we are now about to say to your Highness is that which Heaven and earth have long expected from us that we should say, and what we cannot answer it to God or man if we omit or neglect, when we have an opportunity, which your Royal Highness is pleased at this time to afford us. And, therefore, hearken unto us, we beseech you, that God may hearken unto you; and let it be no grief nor offence unto you, if, with that freedom which becomes good Christians, loyal subjects, and true Englishmen, we lay before you at this time some of the many grievances and just complaints of our common mother, the holy, but most afflicted Church of England."

After a just eulogium on that Church, as the purest and best on earth, he makes this touching appeal to the duke's feelings for having forsaken her:—

"You were born within her then happy pale and communion, and were baptized into her holy faith. You sucked the first principles of Christianity from her, the principles of the oracles of God, that sincere milk of the Word, not adulterated with heterogeneous or foreign mixtures of any kind. Your royal father, that blessed martyr of ever glorious memory, who loved her, and knew how to value her, and lost his all in this world for love of her, even his life, too, bequeathed you to her at the last.

"When he was ready to turn his back upon an impious and ungrateful world, and had nothing else left him but this excellent religion (which he thought not only worth his three kingdoms, but ten thousand worlds), he gave that to the queen in legacy amongst you. For thus he spake to the king, your brother, and in him all that were his: 'If you never see my face again, I require and entreat you, as your father and as your king, that you never suffer your heart to receive the least check or disaffection from the true religion established in the Church of England. I tell you that I have tried it, and after much search and many disputes, have concluded it to be the best in the world.'"

After this powerful appeal to James's filial love and reverence for his royal father's opinions, Sancroft adverted to his early attachment to the Church of England, and the satisfaction his assiduous attendance at public worship had given to the

ministers of the Church. "You stood," observes the eloquent primate, "as it was meet, next to the throne, the eldest son of this now despised Church, and in capacity to become one day the nursing father of it; and we said in our hearts, it may so come to pass that under his shadow, also, we shall sit down and be safe. But alas! it was not long before you withdrew yourself by degrees from thence (we know not how, nor why; God knows); and though we were loath at first to believe our fears, yet they proved at last too mighty for us; and when our eyes failed with looking up for you in that house of our God, and we found you not, instead of fear, sorrow filled our hearts, and we mourn your absence ever since, and cannot be comforted."

Sancroft scrupled not in plain words to reproach James for always withdrawing from the House of Lords when prayers were read. "Now," proceeded he, with pathetic earnestness, "you stab every one of us to the heart. Now, you even break our hearts, when we observe (as all the world doth) that we no sooner address ourselves to Heaven for a blessing upon the public counsels (in which you have yourself, too, so great and high a concern), but immediately you turn your back upon us. We pray," continued he, "for your Royal Highenss by name, and can you find it in your heart, sir, a heart so noble and generous, so courteous, too, to throw back all these prayers, and renounce them as so many affronts and injuries to Heaven and to you. If we who now stand before you, sir, should declare (as we do at present, and we hope it misbecomes us not)

that we do now actually lift up our hearts, with our hands, unto God in the heavens, that he would be pleased to endue you with His holy spirit, to enrich you with His heavenly grace, to prosper you with all happiness, and to bring you to His everlasting kingdom; can you withhold your soul from going up together with our souls, one entire sacrifice to Heaven to so good and so holy a purpose? Or, if you can, which seems indeed to be the sad state of the case, nor is that action of yours (withdrawing from the prayers), in the common acceptation of mankind, capable of fairer construction, blessed God, what shall we say?"

After some indignant remarks on the narrow and exclusive views of the Church of Rome, Sancroft added: "It is more than time, sir, that you consider seriously between God and your own soul, when you two meet together alone at midnight, what you have done, and where you are; that you remember whence you are fallen, and repent; that at length you open your eyes; and we beseech Almighty God (who only can) to open your heart to better and more impartial information. * * * 'Search the Scriptures whether these things be so or not.'"

He then respectfully offered his own assistance and that of the other bishops to the sailor prince, whose skill in the science of theology was, as he shrewdly suspected, but small, to explain the differences between the two Churches, and assures him they would make the conference as short and easy as possible. "A plain text or two of Scripture," continued he, "and a plain obvious matter of fact, recorded in a hundred books that are in our own language, and in

every man's hand, are all we shall trouble your Royal Highness with; and from these so few and humble promises, we doubt not, by God's assistance, to be able to evince that your Royal Highness is bound in conscience, and as you tender the welfare of your immortal soul, immediately to quit the communion and guidance of your stepdame, the Church of Rome, and then to return to the bosom of your true, dear, and holy mother, the Church of England."

The duke listened attentively, and with his wonted courtesy to Sancroft's exhortation, which occupied in all nearly half-an-hour, without offering the slightest interruption; but as soon as he had concluded, observed, "that it was painful to be pressed on the subject of his religion just before the meeting of parliament, as anything of that kind must increase the prejudices now prevailing against him." He then asked Sancroft whether he had come by the order of the king, or at the suggestion of the bishops. Sancroft replied, "that his Majesty knew of their intention, but that it originated with the bishops."

The duke observed, "that he had not the slightest doubt of the good intentions of himself and some others of their order, but could not help suspecting that those who had urged that measure intended to do him an injury." He added, "that it would be presumptuous in an unlearned man like himself to enter into controversial disputes with persons of their profound erudition and eloquence; but he would have acquainted them with the reasons of his conversion if he had thought the occasion a proper one for so doing, and his leisure had permitted." He

then begged them not to take it amiss that he was compelled, by the great pressure of business, which at that time claimed his time and attention, to dismiss them without entering further into the subject they pressed on his attention.

The popular delusion and agitation excited by Titus Oates' monstrous fulminations, false accusations, and perjuries, purporting to be revelations of a Popish plot for the murder of the king and destruction of the Protestant religion, broke out soon after Sancroft's failure to induce the Duke of York to return to the communion of the Church of England. The natural alarm excited by the unfortunate secession of the heir presumptive of the crown to the Romish creed, caused the absurd fictions of Oates to pass muster with the multitude. Even good, conscientious men overlooked the discrepancy of his statements, and believed them.

The jails were crowded with persons whom Oates denounced as agents and suborners of the pretended plot, and several persons were pronounced guilty and executed on very shallow grounds.

William Howard, Viscount Stafford, an aged Roman Catholic peer, was arrested and lodged in the Tower, and very strictly confined, on the accusation of being one of the principal contrivers of this alleged plot. The king requested Sancroft, on the 21st of January, 1678-9, to visit that unfortunate nobleman and hear his confession, for he had sent word to his majesty that he had something of great importance to reveal, which he would communicate to no one but the king or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sancroft has left a curious holograph record of the interview, which has rested unpublished among the Tanner MSS.* for nearly two centuries, but as an authentic document of that momentous period, is not unworthy of attention.

"I took the warrant to the lieutenant," records Sancroft, "and asked whether his Majesty would command me to say anything to the Lord S. from him? He answered 'No. I was only to receive what he (Lord Stafford) told me, and immediately acquaint his Majesty with it.' When I came to the Tower, and had access to the Lord S., he called his servant out of his inner chamber, and desired the guard to keep him without the door, that he might not overhear what was spoken. Then seating me and himself as far from the door as he could, and speaking in a low voice, desiring me to do so too, he by all this caution raised in me great expectation of some mighty discovery.

"He began with a profession of 'his great and deep sense of his Majesty's favour in tendering him so long since his precious pardon, which he should at all times thankfully receive, with all the dutiful acknowledgments which a loyal heart is capable of; but that he could not accept of it as it was then tendered, without wronging truth and himself, in confessing a crime of which he was wholly innocent;' and this he desired me to tell the king, and to beg his excuse therein."

This certifies a fact not generally known, that

* Vol. xxxix., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Charles II. had been persuaded that there was a real plot, sufficiently to offer Lord Stafford a pardon before he was brought to trial, provided he would acknowledge the crime of which he was accused, and disclose all he knew about the designs of the conspirators. "Conditions which, as an innocent man," he truly declared "it was impossible for him to comply with." "He went on," continues Sancroft, "to say that he took it very unkindly; and here his tears broke out and interrupted his discourse awhile; but having resettled his countenance, he went on, that he took it very unkindly, that having known the king and been known of him ever since the king was seven years old, and having had ever since a personal love and affection to him, the king should now use him so severely as to commit him to close prison, not suffering his wife and children to come to him, nor allowing him the air of the Tower, which he complained had injured his health." Sancroft replied "that he ought not to blame the king for any unkindness in the matter, since he was accused of the deadly and horrible treason of conspiring to compass the king's death, and that all persons so accused were subjected to the like rigorous imprisonment; for though to be accused did not make a man guilty, yet it subjected him to all the sad restraints of which he complained."

The unfortunate nobleman protested his innocence of all concern or knowledge of the alleged conspiracy; on which Sancroft, who certainly appears to have been possessed with a strong idea of his guilt, told him "that he had not said anything different from what

he had previously done to the lords of the council who had been to examine him, but that he had led the king and himself to suppose that he had something to disclose which would be worth coming so far to hear."

Then the noble prisoner began to speak of Oates, and the infamous life he had led before he pretended to become a Catholic; but Sancroft stopped him, by bidding him reserve all such matters till his trial, where he would have full scope for everything he could say against Oates to invalidate his testimony. "Hereupon," continues Sancroft, "he told me there was one thing he could not help informing the king of. That a little before Tongue and Oates first discovered the plot to the king, they two and a third, whose name he knows not, and one Digby (to whom the late Earl of Bristol gave a legacy, and said in his will that he deserved much more) and Mr. Blood, met day after day, for some time, at a house about the Haymarket (an alehouse, he thinks), where their business was not eating or drinking, but writing and copying papers, burning some and transcribing others, and that one was overheard to say to the rest, 'We must make them agree.'

"I asked him who heard these words, but he could not, or would not tell. He desired me, with much earnestness, to tell the king of this. I told him that I had a higher obligation to do that than his request, for the king had commanded me to go back directly to him and tell him what should pass between us. He then desired me to beg of the king that he would conceal this information, for if he

should be so happy as to be acquitted at his trial, Blood, if he knew he had mentioned it, would cut his throat."

Stafford bitterly complained that he was denied en, ink, and paper, to which Sancroft replied it was the usual consequence of close imprisonment. Stafford then said he "desired only to write to the king in the presence of the lieutenant, and for him to take away the letter as soon as closed, together with the pen and ink." "I the rather consented to ask of the king this liberty for him," observes Sancroft, "because I had a surmise, that being checked by me in his career against Oates, he might possibly have a design to communicate something more of it, or something of more moment, which he thought not fit to trust me with, by letter, to the king. In conclusion, he repeated his protests of his innocence, and said that when he should come to die, for he verily believed that would be the event of his trial, notwithstanding the caution he had used before, lest Mr. Blood should harm him after his being acquitted, he would at the last gasp use the same protestations and die in them."

Poor Stafford's melancholy presentiment of the event of his trial was only too truly verified in the end. Possibly the strange want of sympathy manifested by the otherwise just and compassionate primate showed him how little he had to expect from the peers temporal of England.

Sancroft told him "that if, as he professed, he did indeed believe that the accusation would cost him his life, he, as a Christian, ought to improve the

rigorous confinement of which he complained as a happy opportunity of searching his conscience and preparing himself for death; and that if he felt he had incurred the horrible guilt of which he was suspected, it was necessary to confess it." When the unfortunate prisoner again protested his utter innocence of the charge, Sancroft bade him reflect "whether he had not some unrepented crime on his conscience, which might provoke a just God to bring him to a grievous punishment." Stafford replied "that he had never wronged any one." Among the complaints he desired to be represented to the king, was that he had not the liberty of serving God as he desired. Sancroft then told him that if he served God in the best way he could, it might prove more beneficial than the way he proposed.

The national monomania of "the Popish plot," as it was called, ran its delirious course; but the only concern Sancroft had with it was the above conversation with the Viscount Stafford, in the Tower. That he was prepossessed with a belief in the guilt of the unfortunate old man, and offended by his protestations of innocence, no one who reads his narrative of their conversation can doubt; and that the same delusion pervaded the majority of the peers who sent the hapless victim to the block, is the only apology that can be pleaded for their votes as men and Englishmen.

One of Sancroft's first cares, after his accession to the primacy, was the restoration of the chapel at Lambeth, which had been wantonly desecrated by

Thomas Scott, the regicide, to whom the archiepiscopal domain had been granted by the Roundhead parliament in reward of his crimes. Scott scrupled not to profane this place of worship, by turning it into a carousing place for the inebriate orgies of himself and his companions in guilt, where, though professedly fighting in support of "the true evangile," they habitually danced with the wanton and disorderly women who resorted to them there every night.

Not contented with defacing and removing the tomb of the venerable Archbishop Parker, who was interred there, Scott basely violated the remains of the holy man, for the paltry gain of selling the lead in which his body was enclosed, and had his bones flung on a dunghill.

Sancroft caused diligent search to be made for the insulted relics of his worthy predecessor, and when he had succeeded in collecting them he piously restored them to their original resting-place, and caused a Latin sentence to be engraven on a marble slab to mark the spot. The broken monument was restored at his expense and placed in the vestibule of the chapel, with the addition of a brass plate, inscribed with elegant Latin lines of his own composition, indignantly recording the outrage that had been offered to the remains of this good and great man, whom all sincere Protestants are bound to venerate as one of the Fathers of the Reformation.

Though Sancroft was unfeignedly devoted to the welfare of the Church of England, he was greatly respected by Catharine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Roman

Catholic queen, who paid due attention to all his recommendations in the distribution of her charities.

Henry, Earl of Clarendon, writes to Sancroft, from Newmarket, September 9th, 1681 :—"As soon as I acquainted the queen with what you wrote, her Majesty very readily condescended to give her letter to Mr. Bradshaw, being fully satisfied she could not place her charity better than on the person whom your grace thought fit to recommend. Their Majesties will be at Whitehall on Wednesday next, and the very next day, God willing, I will wait on your grace with the queen's letter. In the mean time, I shall give you no farther trouble, but most humbly to beg your benediction."

Sancroft's time was unremittingly devoted to the duties of his high vocation, and his revenues to the augmentation of the small livings of the Church. He secured to the curate and preacher of Maidstone, a thickly populated, but miserably endowed parish, a better maintenance. The living of his native Fressingfield he considerably augmented, and founded and endowed a parish school, which proved of great benefit to that neighbourhood. Instead of renewing the lease of the impropriated rectorial tithes of Postling, in Kent, he devoted it for the permanent improvement of the inadequate income of the vicar. It was to objects of this nature that he appropriated the mighty revenues of Canterbury; but with all his munificent charities, his self-denial, and unremitting endeavours to assist the hard-working servants of the Church, he had the mortification of finding himself misrepre-

sented and traduced by those who could not imitate his virtues.

He speaks with some bitterness on this subject, in a letter written July 5, 1683, to his friend the comptroller:—"To do well and even for so doing to be evil spoken of, is many times in this world the portion of well-meaning men. That a suit concerning tithe pay is commenced or threatened by my particular direction, or by any direction at all from me, is a great and foul slander upon me, whoever is the author, of which pray inform yourself particularly. And that I intend an augmentation of the chapelries to be had out of the purses of the inhabitants, is a most malicious calumny. God Almighty knows (and better than any man but myself, you know), that what I should receive upon the renewing of this lease, I intended should be bestowed for the good (the spiritual good) and welfare of those inhabitants; and when their heats are over, and their eyes a little cleared to look upon things as they are, I hope," adds he sarcastically, "they will forgive me this wrong. They may consider, if they please, that wise men never throw away an opportunity of doing themselves good, which for aught they know will never return. And sure I am they cannot be certain that the next archbishop will, frankly and unasked, throw a thousand marks into their laps, to be expended entirely for the good of their souls. And yet I am prepared and resolved to do this for them; but under my former express proviso, that if they expect I should do for them what I am no ways obliged to, they should do something also for themselves.

For both God and man justly abandon those that will not help themselves when they may. Had I designed my own worldly advantage, I might have spared myself and you a great deal of care and trouble, and concluded the matter with my tenant, without noise, and long since have taken the money into my pocket. But I thank God my charity to them showed me a more excellent way. And though I am not by them handsomely rewarded for it, yet I know who it is that accepts intentions and endeavours (if they be real and sincere), and writes them up in His book of attempts as actual performances. But, though I can thus satisfy and comfort myself, I am infinitely unwilling to give over a design in which God may have some glory and men some benefit, because of the frowardness of those I have to deal with about it. There are a sort of men to whom we must do good whether they will or no; and therefore I will give them time to bethink themselves, by holding to the resolution I have constantly declared to the Lord Cheyney, never to renew the lease, unless it may be to the advantage of these unendowed chapelries."

Very closely did the cases of all unendowed churches and chapelries lie to the heart of the apostolic primate, and strenuously did he labour to assist and encourage the disinterested ministers by whom they were served. In the meantime he was a liberal contributor to all national charities. He contributed a thousand pounds towards the establishment of Chelsea College. His hospitality was unbounded.

and the poor of Lambeth were almost entirely fed from his kitchen.

Mild and benevolent as he was in his personal demeanour, Sancroft was nevertheless a strict enforcer of clerical discipline, and vigilantly put down all abuses that came under his observance. He scrupled not to suspend Dr. Wood, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, from the exercise of his episcopal functions, on account of his neglect of his diocese and other misdemeanours, although Wood was under the especial patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland, whose son, the Duke of Southampton, was married to his niece. Sancroft, however, performed his duty with the conscientious intrepidity which formed one of his leading characteristics, and the king manifested no displeasure.

The Archdeacon of Lincoln being convicted of simony, petitioned the king for pardon, and on his Majesty referring the petition to the consideration of the archbishop, his grace, in his reply, uses the following energetic language:—

"Sire, the crime he stands convicted of, is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, too often committed but very seldom found out. And now there is a criminal detected, if your Majesty thinks fit, which God forbid, to rescue him from the penalty, the markets of Simon Magus will be more frequented than ever. Much rather, since he hath the courage to appeal to the delegates, to the delegates let him go; which yet, with all the rest, is humbly submitted to your Majesty's wisdom and justice."

When Charles II. lay in his death-agony, Sancroft

endeavoured to awaken him to a sense of his spiritual danger, by urging the necessity of self-recollection and repentance of his sinful and sensual life, and warning him "that he was about to appear in the presence of One who was no respecter of persons." His eloquence was unavailing; Charles had determined to die in the communion of the Church of Rome.

CHAPTER III.

A PATH of peculiar difficulty lay before Sancroft on the accession of James II. to the throne of Great Britain. The new sovereign was an avowed member of the Church of Rome, but nominally the defender of the Reformed Faith by law established. Sancroft was at the head of the hierarchy of the Church of England, to which he was fervently attached, and was prepared to maintain it in all its integrity. King James had, however, quieted the apprehensions of his people by a voluntary declaration to his council, on the day of his accession, that it was his intention to protect and cherish the Church of England. Thus assured, Sancroft performed the solemnity of crowning King James and his Queen. No other alteration was made in the service than the omission of the communion. It was, with that exception, the same precisely as the form used by Cranmer at the consecration of Edward VI.

A large fine falling to the archbishop this year, he devoted it to the endowment of the chapelries in the populous parishes of Rochdale, Blackburn, and Whalley, in Lancashire, and providing and paying proper ministers, which were greatly needed. He

also founded and endowed an excellent parish school at Harleston, in Norfolk.

The first attempt at providing, in a small degree, for the spiritual wants of the English colonies in America had been made in the reign of Charles II., and apparently under the apostolic care of Sancroft, which facts are to be gathered from the petition of the people of Maryland, that his grace would intercede with James II., to supply them with funds to build a church at Colvert Town, in that province, and to grant them a minister to supply the place of the one sent out by Charles II., whose death was regarded as a great calamity. This petition is backed by a letter to the primate from Mrs. Mary Taney, who gratefully acknowledges the sympathy and aid the colony had received from him.

"*To the Most Reverend the Archbishops and the rest of the Right Reverend the Bishops.**

"The humble Petition of Mary Taney, on the behalf of herself and others his Majesty's subjects, inhabitants of the Province of Maryland.

"SHEWETH,

"That your Petitioner in her Petition to the king's Majesty, setting forth, That the said Province being without a church or any settled ministry, to the great grief of all his Majesty's loyal subjects there, his late Majesty King Charles the Second (of blessed memory) was graciously pleased to send over thither

* Tanner, xxxi. 138.

a minister, and a parcel of Bibles, and other church books of considerable value, in order to the settlement of a church and ministry there.

"That the said Minister dying, and the Inhabitants (who have no other Trade but in Tobacco) being so very poor that they are not able to maintain a Minister, chiefly by reason of his Majesty's Customs here upon Tobacco are so very great, which causes the Inhabitants (who are not able to send it hither) to sell it there to the merchants at their own rates. By means whereof so good a work as was intended by his said late Majesty is like to miscarry, to the utter ruin of many poor souls, unless supplied by his Majesty. Praying his Majesty that a certain parcel of Tobacco (of one hundred hogsheads or thereabouts) of the growth or product of the said Province may be custom free, for and towards the maintenance of an orthodox Divine at Colvert Town, in the said province, or otherwise allow maintenance for a Minister there.

Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays that your Lordships will be pleased, not only to mediate with his Majesty, and in your petitioner's behalf to request Him to grant her her desire in the said Petition, But likewise that your Lordships will, vouchsafe to contribute towards the Building of a Church at Colvert Town aforesaid, as your Lordships in Charity and Goodness shall think meet.

And your Petitioner (as in duty bound) shall ever pray.

"*July the* 14, 1685.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I am now to repeat my request to your Grace for a church in the place of Maryland, where I live; but first I humbly thank your Grace that you were pleased to hear so favourably and own my desires very reasonable, and to encourage the inhabitants to make a petition to the king. Our want of a minister, and the many blessings our Saviour designed us by them, is a misery which I and a numerous family and many others in Maryland have groaned under. We are seized with extreme horror when we think that for want of the Gospel our Children and Posterity are in danger to be condemned to infidelity or to apostacy. We do not question God's care of us, but think your Grace and the right Reverend your Bishops the proper Instruments of so great a blessing to us. We are not, I hope, so foreign to your Jurisdiction but we may be owned your stray flock; however, the commission to go and baptize and teach all nations is large enough. But I am sure we are, by a late custom upon Tobacco, sufficiently acknowledged subjects of the King of England, and therefore beg his protection, not only of our persons and estates, but of what is more dear to us, our Religion. I question not but that your Grace is sensible that without a temple it will be impracticable, neither can we expect a minister to hold out to ride ten miles in a morning, and before he can dine ten more, and from house to house in

* Tanner, xxxi. 140.

hot weather will dishearten a minister, if not kill him. Your Grace is so sensible of our sad condition, and for your place and piety's sake have so great an influence on our most Religious and Gracious King, that if I had not your Grace's promise to depend upon I could not question your Grace's intercession and prevailing. 500*l.* or 600*l.* for a church, with some small encouragement for a minister, will be extremely less charge than honour to his Majesty; and if I may in this case mention his Majesty's Interest, one church settled according to the Church of England, which is the sum of our Request, will prove a nursery of Religion and Loyalty through the whole Province. But your Grace needs no arguments from me, but only this,—it is in your power to give us many happy opportunities to praise God for this and other innumerable mercies, and to importune His goodness to bless his Majesty with a long and prosperous Reign over us, and long continue to your Grace the great blessing of being an instrument of good to His church. And now that I may be no more troublesome, I humbly entreat your Pardon to the well-meant zeal of

"Your Grace's most obedient servant,

"MARY TANEY."

When King James erected his unpopular Ecclesiastical Court, Archbishop Sancroft was appointed as one of the commissioners, but he prayed to be excused from acting on account of his age and infirmities, having nearly completed his seventieth

year. Sancroft's refusal to involve himself with these proceedings displeased the king, who is said to have intimated that his appearance at Court would be unwelcome.

It was at this juncture that the Princess of Orange thought proper to address the following flattering letter to him, by the advice of her clever almoner, Dr. Stanley:—

"*The Princess of Orange to Archbishop Sancroft.*

"*Loo, Oct.* 1, 1687.

"Though I have not the advantage to know you, my Lord of Canterbury, yet the reputation you have makes me resolve not to lose this opportunity of making myself more known to you than I could have been yet. Dr. Stanley can assure you that I take more interest in what concerns the Church of England than (in) myself; and that one of the greatest satisfactions I can have is to hear how that all the clergy show themselves as firm to their religion as they have always been to their King; which makes me confident God will preserve His Church since He has so well provided it with able men. I have nothing more to say, but beg your prayers, and desire you will do me the justice to believe I shall be very glad of any occasion to show the esteem and veneration I have for you.

"MARIE.

"*To the Archbishop of Canterbury.*"

The tone of Sancroft's answer, instead of savouring

of disaffection, rather pleads apologetically for his misguided sovereign:—

"It hath seemed good to the Infinite Wisdom," wrote the archbishop, "to exercise this poor Church with trials of all sorts and of all degrees. But the greatest calamity that ever befel us was that wicked and ungodly men, who murdered the father (Charles I.), likewise drove out the sons, as if to say to them, 'Go, serve other gods,' the dreadful effects of which we feel every moment."

This was as true as it was reasonable. The youth of the sons of Charles I., spent among Roman Catholics in the places of their expatriation, had predisposed them to the religion with all its enticements of sight and sound that they witnessed around them in early life. The Stuart princes did not seek the Roman religion, but were driven into it.

"And though," Sancroft continues, "this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our steady loyalty to our Sovereign and the Royal Family, yet it embitters the comforts left us, it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore in the constancy of your Royal Highness and the excellent prince."

Sancroft speaks of himself as an old man sinking under the double burden of age and sorrow. He continues with tender and paternal expressions to the princess, who, like Mary, had chosen the better part, and signs himself "her daily orator at the throne of grace."

The next communication between Mary and Sancroft was in the beginning of the year 1688, when the Princess of Orange had received that remarkable letter from her father, describing to her his alteration of religion. He was certainly led by her mother, his first wife, Anne Hyde, into the Roman Catholic profession, and confirmed in it by the long and virulent sermons against it, the only spiritual pasture provided by Dr. Tillotson. The princess was very proud of her skill in controversial argument, and very desirous that the Archbishop of Canterbury should admire it as much as she did herself. But her former letter, pretty and condescending as it was, had not been responded to according to her expectations. The Princess of Orange had, however, at last, an almoner who suited her much better than saintly Ken or apostolic Hooper, or even than quaint simple old Covel. The courtly Dr. Stanley undertook the chaperonage of the private and confidential letters between the father and the daughter, which he hereby offers to the perusal of one whom all circumstances led to be a violent opponent of the father. How could the princess and her present spiritual adviser doubt that showers of praises must fall upon her from the pen of Sancroft?

"*Dr. Stanley to the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

"*The Hague, Jan.* 24, 1687-8.

"I suppose your Grace hath heard that the King hath not been wanting to press his daughter here to be favourable to popery; but lest you should have

heard more than is true, I presume to acquaint your lordship with what hath passed, her Royal Highness being pleased to make me privy to it, and giving me express leave to communicate it to your Grace. Whatever reports have been raised, King James hath scarcely ever either spoken or written to our excellent princess, to persuade her to popery, till our excellent princess," continues Dr. Stanley, "seeing this letter, written with the king's own hand, was resolved to write an answer herself, as her father desired, without consulting any of us (*her chaplains*), that he might see she was very ready to give an account of herself. The very next day being post day, she made haste, and wrote a letter to King James of two sheets of paper (which she afterwards read to me), which truly I can, without flattery, say was the best letter I ever saw, treating King James with that respect which became her father and her King, and yet speaking her mind freely and openly, as became the cause of religion, and that she hoped that God would give her grace to live and die in that of the Church of England."

Dr. Stanley kindly offered the primate the copy of this letter; indeed he must have sent it to him, for he begs that his grace would be pleased to write his commendations of the princess, and secretly send them to Dr. Tillotson, who would forward them to her Royal Highness; "and if your grace doth take some notice of her carriage in this affair, as I have related it, I believe it will be very acceptable to her." Stanley eulogized the controversial abilities of the princess, and intimated that "she would be

highly gratified by Sancroft writing somewhat in commendation of her letter."

The archbishop shrank from the impropriety of discussing the private correspondence between the royal father and daughter. With all his caution, it was, however, impossible to avoid a collision with the king. James, who was governing without a parliament, thought proper to reiterate his "declaration for Liberty of Conscience" in the spring of 1688, and, by an order in council, dated May 4, required his bishops to send it to their clergy, with orders for it to be read in all churches on Sunday, the 27th of May. This declaration amounted to an announcement that it was the king's pleasure, by the exercise of his royal prerogative, to dispense with the penal laws and acts of uniformity, leaving every man free to worship God according to his own conscience. But, as it was no part of the duty of the clergy to promulgate the royal declaration, and as the unhappy fact that the sovereign was not a member of the Church of England caused his motives to be regarded with suspicion, Sancroft called a meeting of prelates and eminent churchmen at Lambeth, in which, after long and earnest consultation, they resolved to address a petition to the king, "praying to be excused from reading or distributing his late declaration for Liberty of Conscience," stating "that their objections proceeded neither from want of duty or affection to his service, but from motives of conscience, because it was founded on a dispensing power which had been declared illegal by parliament."

The petition was drawn up and written by Sancroft

himself, and signed by him; Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph; Turner, Bishop of Ely; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; White, Bishop of Peterborough; and Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol.

Late as it was, the last-named six prelates passed over to Whitehall, but without the archbishop, who was in ill-health. The object of the six prelates was to obtain a preliminary conference with the Earl of Sunderland, to acquaint him with their intention of petitioning the king to excuse them from reading the declaration, and to get him to ask his Majesty to appoint the time and place for them to have the honour of presenting it. They earnestly entreated Sunderland to read the petition himself, that he might explain its purport to the king beforehand, to avoid taking his Majesty by surprise. This, if Sunderland had been a faithful minister, he would gladly have done, in the hope of softening matters so as to avert a collision between the king and his hierarchy; but, being a secret-service man of the Prince of Orange, he did his utmost to precipitate the rupture, refused to look at the petition, and induced the king to see the prelates the same evening, though it was ten o'clock. Thus it was that the petition was presented by Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, instead of Archbishop Sancroft.

On being introduced into the royal closet, the six bishops knelt and presented the petition. The king received it with a gracious countenance, and, looking upon it, observed, "This is my lord of Canterbury's handwriting."

"Yes, sir, it is his own hand," replied the bishops.

The king read the paper, and perceiving the intention to resist his order, folded it up, and said, "This is a great surprise to me; here are strange words. I did not expect this from you. This is a standard of rebellion."

"We would lose the last drop of our blood," replied the presenter of the petition, Bishop Lloyd, of St. Asaph, "rather than lift up a finger against your Majesty," and this sentiment was echoed by the rest.

"I tell you this is a standard of rebellion," repeated the king.

Down fell Trelawny, the Bishop of Bristol, on his knees, exclaiming, "Rebellion, sir! I beseech your Majesty not to say so hard a thing of us. For God's sake do not believe we are, or can be, guilty of rebellion. It is impossible that I, or any of my family, should be so."

"We rebel, sir!" exclaimed Turner, Bishop of Ely. "We are ready to die at your feet."

"Do you question my dispensing power?" demanded the king, angrily. "Some of you here have printed and preached for it, when it was for your purpose."

"Sir," replied White, Bishop of Peterborough, "what we say of the dispensing power refers only to what was declared in parliament."

"The dispensing power," observed the king. "was never questioned by the men of the Church of England."

"We are bound," said the Bishop of Bath and Wells, "to fear God and honour the king. We desire to do both. We will honour you; we must fear God."

James, with increasing wrath, exclaimed, "Is this what I have deserved, who have supported the Church of England, and will support it? I will remember you that have signed this paper. I did not expect this from you, especially from some of you. I *will* be obeyed in publishing my declaration."

He dismissed them in anger, with this haughty speech: "God hath given me this dispensing power, and I will maintain it."

The same night the petition of the bishops, protesting against the dispensing power assumed by the sovereign as illegal, was vociferated by hawkers through the streets of the startled metropolis, in the same way as is now done by the vendors of the evening papers when any remarkable public event has occurred, a practice which was then without precedent.

The king, who was exceedingly offended at this undesirable publicity being given to what had passed in the privacy of his closet, regarded it as an outrage on the part of the prelates. He sent a stern intimation of his displeasure to Sancroft, complaining of it as a treasonable misdemeanour. Sancroft replied with an expression of deep regret and surprise at what had occurred, protesting, at the same time, "ignorance of the matter, and great perplexity as to how the petition could have got abroad, since he had written it out with his own hand to prevent any

treachery on the part of a secretary, so that there was no copy, only the original document, and that was in his Majesty's own possession." It was, however, certain that the petition was sent to press immediately the bishops left the royal presence: their audience did not commence till ten, and before twelve their petition was bawled about the streets. There were three persons whose after conduct leads to the conclusion that the copy was supplied by one of them — Lloyd, Trelawny, or Sunderland; probably the last, to whom the king, though he pocketed the petition, would naturally submit it for consideration on the departure of the bishops. The publication of this document rendered the breach between the king and the bishops irreconcilable, and was in the end the means of depriving him of the throne.

Nine days were suffered by the king to elapse before he took any decided step tending to demonstrate his displeasure with the bishops. At one time, as he has himself recorded, he had determined to pass the matter over in silence; but his ill-conditioned lord chancellor, Jeffreys, persuaded him that it was incumbent on him to punish them for disobedience and contempt of his royal authority. The minds of the people were so greatly inflamed by the publication of the petition, that the king, regarding the manner in which this had been done as a most unjustifiable breach of confidence, was, in an evil hour, induced to summon the archbishop and the other subscribing prelates to appear before the council on the 8th of June, to answer to such matters of mis-

demeanour as should be objected against them, then and there.

In the interim, the petition was approved by five other bishops, who had not arrived in time to subscribe with the other prelates, but now added their signatures.

On Friday, June 8th, at five in the afternoon, the appointed time, his Majesty came into the council chamber, and the archbishop and the six bishops were called in.

"The king received them graciously," says Sancroft in his MS. narrative of this eventful scene, and the lord chancellor took a paper then lying on the table, and showing it to the archbishop, demanded of him, "Is this the petition that was written and signed by your grace, and which these bishops presented to his Majesty?" The archbishop received the paper, but without taking any notice of the lord chancellor's query, addressed himself to the king in these words: —"Sir, I am called hither as a criminal, which I never was before in my life, and little thought I ever should be, especially before your Majesty; but since it is my unhappiness to be so at this time, I hope your Majesty will not be offended that I am cautious of answering questions. No man is obliged to answer questions that may tend to the accusing of himself."

Provoked by this implied distrust, James so far departed from his wonted courtesy as to exclaim, "Why this is downright chicanery! I hope you do not deny your own hand."

"Sir," said the archbishop, "though we are not obliged to give any answer to this question, yet, if

your Majesty lays your command upon us, we shall answer it in trust upon your Majesty's justice and generosity that we shall not suffer for our obedience, as we must if our answer should be brought in evidence against us."

"No," said James, "I will not command you. If you will deny your own hands, I know not what to say to you."

The lord chancellor then desired them to withdraw. In a few minutes they were called in again, and after they had acknowledged their respective signatures, the lord chancellor informed them that it was his Majesty's pleasure to have them proceeded against for writing and publishing a seditious libel, but that it should be with all fairness, in Westminster Hall, and required them to enter into recognizances for their appearance. Sancroft refused to do so, claiming their privileges as members of the House of Peers. The king told them it was offered as a favour, and to save them from any imprisonment, for they might return peacefully to their respective places of abode if they would enter into recognizances, and he would accept the very smallest amount, making them merely nominal. They were, however, firm in refusing to give them, and were again ordered to retire.

They were presently joined by the Earl of Berkeley from the Council Chamber, who endeavoured to persuade Sancroft and the other prelates to enter into the recognizances; but finding them immovable, he returned to the council, and in about half an hour the sergeant-at-arms came out with a warrant to arrest them, and take them to the Tower; and with

another warrant addressed to the lieutenant of the Tower, commanding him to receive their persons into safe custody till they should be delivered by due course of law.

When the populace, who were in a most excited state, thronging the purlieus of Whitehall to await the event of the summons of the seven bishops before the Privy Council, saw them led out as prisoners under a guard of soldiers, and embarked at Whitehall stairs to be lodged in the Tower, they exhibited the most passionate demonstrations of sympathy and affection. Even the soldiers appointed to guard them knelt and implored their benediction.

The venerable archbishop, whose boundless charities and hospitality, during upwards of ten years' residence at Lambeth, had endeared him to the hearts of the poor, and won the affection and respect of all sorts and conditions of people, endeavoured to calm their passionate indignation at seeing him injuriously treated. He and his companions in durance entreated them "to preserve their loyalty to their sovereign, for they were bound not only to fear God, but to honour the king."

When they entered the barge that was to convey them to the Tower, scarcely could the people be restrained from rushing into the water after them in their enthusiasm. They were cheered from the banks as they proceeded down the river, and when they reached the Tower, and landed at the Traitors' Gate, they were received with more than royal honours, for all the garrison, officers as well as privates, with a simultaneous burst of feeling, knelt

and begged their blessing. Such a scene was never witnessed there before, and probably never will again. Love for the Church of England was the prevailing sentiment, and these seven bishops were regarded as its champions.

It was the hour of evening service, and the captive prelates were permitted by the lieutenant of the Tower the solace of entering the chapel. What a sensation it must have created when these words in the second lesson were read, "I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee. Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

The right reverend prisoners were treated with the utmost respect by the lieutenant, and allowed the liberty of the Tower, and to see any one they pleased. They were visited the next day by a concourse of the nobility and persons of distinction, who had free access to them.

Twice had the Princess of Orange and Dr. Stanley laid siege in good earnest to the loyalty of Sancroft. The Tower imprisonment was hailed by them as the best chance in their favour that the rashness of the king had given them. Such treatment they naturally concluded would excite a desire of revenge in the primate's bosom. Dr. Stanley addressed a letter to him by command of the Prince and Princess of Orange, expressive of their admiration of the conduct of himself and his fellow-prisoners, and their sympathy for their sufferings. Sancroft made no response to it.

"All men," wrote Dr. Stanley, "that love the

Reformation do rejoice in it and thank God for it, as an act most resolute and every way becoming your places (bishoprics *we suppose he means*). But especially our excellent prince and princess were well pleased with it (notwithstanding all the king's envoy here could say); they have both vindicated it before him, and given me command in their names to return your grace their hearty thanks for it, and at the same time to express their real concern for your grace and all your brethren, and for the good cause in which your grace is engaged. And your refusing to comply with King James II. is by no means looked upon by them as tending to disparage the monarchy, for they reckon the monarchy to be undervalued by illegal actions. Indeed we have great reason to bless and thank God for their Highnesses steadiness in so good a cause."

No response did all these notes of exultation elicit from the venerable patriarch of the Anglican Church. Bowed down with sorrow, mourning over the wounds that beloved church was receiving from the king, whose duty it was to protect her, he anticipated no very great amelioration of them from a foreigner whose belief varied between deism and fatalism.

The imprisonment of the bishops only lasted seven days. They were removed from the Tower, on Friday, June 15th, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, to the Court of King's Bench, being brought thither by the lieutenant of the Tower about eleven o'clock. They were received with great respect by the bench, and immediately accommodated with chairs, a civility

without precedent in cases where the crown prosecuted. The information against them charged William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other six bishops with consulting and conspiring one with another to diminish the royal authority, prerogative, and power, by maliciously and scandalously fabricating and writing, under the pretence of a petition, a pernicious and seditious libel, and causing it to be published, in manifest contempt of the king and against his peace.

The archbishop stood up, and offered a paper to the court, containing a plea in behalf of himself and the other six, that they should not be compelled to answer to the charge at that time, but be allowed sufficient time to prepare their defence. This request, though contrary to the practice of the court, was granted, and the attorney-general gave notice that their trial would come on that day fortnight. The court admitted them to bail on their own recognizances, which they did not then refuse to give. The archbishop was bound to appear under a penalty of 200*l.*, and each of the bishops in 100*l.* They were then permitted to return to their own homes. They were received by the crowd outside the court with rapturous acclamations, bonfires were made in the streets at night, and enthusiastic demonstrations of popular rejoicing continued till morning.

Short as the imprisonment of Sancroft and the six bishops had been, it was productive of the most disastrous consequences to James II., by producing an irreconcilable feud between him and the Church, at that time so dear to the people of England. It

was the more ill-judged on his part because it deprived the birth of his son—which occurred two days after their arrest—of the most important and unquestionable of witnesses, the Archbishop of Canterbury; for if Sancroft had been present on that occasion, and deposed that he was in the chamber when the prince was born, no one would have dared to impugn his testimony. As it was, the Orange faction took occasion to convert his enforced absence into a presumptive evidence that a spurious child had been imposed on the nation.

The trial of the seven bishops came on at the appointed time, June 29th. Westminster Hall and all its approaches were thronged with anxious spectators. The bishops, when they entered, were accompanied by upwards of thirty gentlemen of the highest rank. The trial lasted the whole day. The jury, being unable to agree, were locked up during the night, without fire, candle, or food, to consider their verdict. At six in the morning they sent word to the lord chief-justice they were agreed. He and the other judges accordingly took their places on the bench, and at ten o'clock the aged primate, who with his fellow-prisoners had waited in a state of trying uncertainty all night, were brought into court. When the jury, through their foreman, Sir Roger Langley, returned the verdict of "Not guilty," the Marquis of Halifax, waving his hat over his head, cried "Huzza!" The lords and gentlemen took up the shout from him. In an instant it filled the vast hall, and was repeated by the crowds waiting in Palace Yard and round Westminster Abbey, from

whence, like the roll and roar of thunder, it was carried in and through the city of London, and thence, as fast as it could fly, over the whole kingdom.

Surrounded by gratulating friends, and followed by shouting thousands and tens of thousands, the emancipated prelates left Westminster Hall. It was St. Peter's day, and the bells were chiming for morning prayers. The venerable primate extricated himself from the ovations of the excited populace by entering the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, attended by the six bishops who had been imprisoned, tried, and acquitted with him. They now united with him in offering up their prayers, praises, and thanksgivings for the mercies lately accorded to them. The portion of Scripture for the day, substituted for the epistle, was part of the twelfth chapter of Acts, recording St. Peter's miraculous deliverance from prison. The acclamations and rejoicings of the people continued all day, and were prolonged through the night.

Illuminations in those days were chiefly done by vast voluntary bonfires. The lord mayor did all he could to suppress them, but in vain. The window illuminations were generally in the form of seven golden candlesticks, of which the longest, in the middle, represented Archbishop Sancroft, the six, surrounding, the bishops.

A large silver medal was designed and struck on the occasion, having a half-length portrait of Archbishop Sancroft in the centre, and those of the six bishops associated with him in his imprisonment and trial grouped round him.

The original oil painting from which this popular

group was taken is in the collection of Walter Strickland, Esq., of Cokethorpe Hall, in Oxfordshire, a most valuable historic relic, as preserving contemporary portraits of these seven distinguished prelates, who were at that time the objects of popular idolatry.

The Prince of Orange failed not to send the most flattering congratulations to the primate and the other six bishops, through Compton, Bishop of London, with whom he was in constant correspondence. They returned a polite answer by the same prelate, but without in the slightest degree forfeiting their duty to their sovereign.

During the four stormy months that succeeded these events, Sancroft carefully avoided entangling himself with politics, and employed all his thoughts and energies in the maintenance of order in the Church, and the extension of education. He was also desirous of effecting a bond of union with all the more moderate grades of Protestant Dissenters, by making such concessions as would remove some of their objections to join in the worship of the Church of England.

He expressed this generous liberality of feeling in a letter to his clergy, dated July 26th, 1688, wherein he exhorts them—

"To have a tender regard to our brethren the Protestant Dissenters, when occasion offered to visit them at their houses, and to receive them kindly in their own, and warmly and most affectionately to entreat them to join with us in daily fervent prayer to the God of peace for a universal and blessed union of all reformed churches, both at home and abroad."

The hostile preparations of the Prince of Orange interrupted, and indeed prevented, the progress of Sancroft's apostolic project "for a comprehension with the Dissenters." King James became aware too late of the ill-advised course he had been running, and issued a command to Sancroft to come to Whitehall, accompanied by all the bishops who were in town, and give him their candid advice in the present emergency. The conference took place on the 3rd of October, when Sancroft, having obtained full liberty of speech, entreated his royal master to desist from the unconstitutional acts which had displeased his people and placed him in the present painful predicament. He went on to recite a long list of grievances, which the king promised should be redressed. The archbishop was then requested by his Majesty to prepare a form of public prayer, to be read in all the churches, for averting the dangers which threatened the nation.

The king sent for Sancroft and the bishops on the 2nd of November, to show them a passage in the Prince of Orange's declaration, stating "that he had been invited over by several of the lords spiritual and temporal." "I am fully satisfied of the innocence of my bishops," said the king, "yet I think it only proper to acquaint you with this statement."

Sancroft, after thanking his Majesty for his good opinion so graciously expressed, protested that "the assertion as regarded himself was utterly false, for that he had never held the slightest communication with the Prince of Orange, nor could he believe that any of his episcopal brethren had given him any such invitation. For my part," continued he, "I

have but one king, him to whom my allegiance is naturally due, and which I have voluntarily renewed in oaths of homage and supremacy."

The king, on this, pressed Sancroft and the other bishops to draw up and sign a paper expressing their abhorrence of the Prince of Orange and his designs. This they declined doing, though all verbally protested their innocence of having invited him, with the exception of Compton, Bishop of London, who had really done so, and now evasively observed, "I have given his Majesty my answer yesterday." It was couched in these prevaricating words, "I am confident that the rest of the bishops will as readily answer in the negative as myself."

The king requested Sancroft and the other prelates to come to him again on the 6th of November, and eagerly demanded if they had brought the paper he required. Sancroft said, "They had not, for they were men of peace, and would not mix themselves up with politics," and reminded the king how hardly they had been treated only for signing and presenting a petition to himself couched in the most deferential terms. He took, at the same time, the opportunity of complaining of a literary affront they had received on the trial from one of his Majesty's judges, who had endeavoured to expose them to ridicule by criticising the petition as a composition, alleging "that they did not write true English, and it was fit they should be convicted by Dr. Busby of false grammar."

"My lord," rejoined the king, "this is *quérelle d'Allemand*, a matter quite out of the way. I

thought this had been all forgotten. For my part I am no lawyer. I am obliged to think what my judges do is according to law. But, if you will still complain on that account, I think I have reason to complain too. I am sure your counsel did not use me civilly."

In conclusion, the bishops said they were ready to serve his Majesty, either in parliament or with their prayers; and so they parted.

That Sancroft was of himself inclined to comply with the king's request, is proved by a document among his papers solemnly denying the allegation of the Prince of Orange in his declaration, but he was probably dissuaded by the Bishop of London and the other secret-service men of the prince from putting it forth. The feebleness of old age rendered him unwilling to act on his own judgment.

The only occasion on which Sancroft united in an address to the Prince of Orange was when the king, having sent the queen and infant Prince of Wales over to France, quitted London secretly to follow them, leaving everything in a state of confusion; and, in consequence of the excited state of the populace, it was considered expedient by the peers and bishops then in town to assemble themselves at Guildhall to deliberate on what was best to be done in this emergency. It was then "agreed, as the king had withdrawn no one knew whither, to request the Prince of Orange to summon a parliament, for the purpose of preserving the public peace and calming all disorders." Sancroft and the other prelates who were at this meeting signed the

address, wisely deeming the assumption of the reins of government by the Prince of Orange, when the chariot of state was left without a ruler, would be preferable to anarchy. He manifested, however, his loyal affection to King James, by being one of the first to wait on him and welcome him on his return to Whitehall. This was their last meeting.*

On the arrival of the Prince of Orange in London, Sancroft was urged to wait on him, but firmly declined. Neither would he attend the Convention or take his place in the House of Lords, even when a

* The assertion that Sancroft ever joined in inviting the Prince of Orange to assume the reins of government, is satisfactorily disproved by the following letter from Dr. Stanley, Chaplain to the Princess of Orange, to Dr. Hickes, written in 1713, twenty years after Sancroft's death.

"*May 26th,*

"SIR,

"I do not remember that I ever heard that the late good Archbishop Sancroft was thought to have invited the Prince of Orange over into England. If any one did charge him with it, I believe it was without grounds. All that I can say as to the matter is that, Anno 1687, when I came into England from Holland, I confess I did desire the archbishop to write to the Princess of Orange, on whom I had the honour to attend, to encourage her still to give countenance to the Church of England; but he was pleased not to write to her. And afterwards, when we were come over into England, and a report being spread abroad that some of the lords spiritual, as well as temporal, had invited the Prince of Orange into England, in my communing with the archbishop, I remember he said to me, 'I am now glad I did not write to the princess, as you desired, for if I had written to her, they would have said that I had sent to invite them over.' This is true, and this is all I can say of that affair.

"I am, sir, your faithful friend, &c.,

"WILLIAM STANLEY."

message was sent to him from the peers requesting him to come.

Notwithstanding the feebleness of his constitution and general delicacy of health, Sancroft regularly attended prayers in the chapel at Lambeth at six in the morning, twelve at noon, three in the afternoon, and nine at night. He was most sparing and abstemious in his diet, and temperate in his way of life, which has been turned to his reproach by his calumniator Burnet, who styles him "a man of monastic strictness and abstraction from the world, dry, peevish, and reserved;" falsely adding, "so that none loved him, and few esteemed him;" whereas it was scarcely possible for any man to be more deeply venerated and tenderly beloved. In proof of the universal esteem in which he was held, be it recorded that, in the midst of these agitating scenes, Sancroft received the high compliment of being elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He declined this honour, pleading his age and infirmities as an excuse, and recommended the Earl of Clarendon as a more suitable person. The university, however, would have no one but the beloved archbishop, and kept the post vacant for upwards of two months, in the hope of prevailing on him to be installed, but he was inflexible.

He declined the appointment of privy councillor to William, and refused to consecrate Dr. Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, which refusal fully accounts for the false and malicious statements of which that unscrupulous writer has been guilty with regard to him. It must also be remembered that

Sancroft had previously incurred Burnet's enmity by declining to sign an order granting him access to the Cottonian collection of historical MSS. John Evelyn's indignant complaints of the loss he had sustained in consequence of having rashly lent some of the autograph letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Dr. Burnet, afforded cogent reason to Sancroft for that exclusion.

The very day the Prince and Princess of Orange were proclaimed king and queen, the princess sent Dr. Stanley and another of her chaplains to Lambeth Palace, to solicit the archbishop's blessing for her. "Tell the princess," replied the uncompromising primate, "to ask her father's; without that I doubt mine would not be heard in Heaven." The chaplains had another errand to perform, that of attending service in the chapel, to report whether prayers were offered there for King James, his queen and son, or for the newly-proclaimed sovereigns. Henry Wharton, the archbishop's chaplain, understanding they were to be present, came to the archbishop and asked him for his instructions. "I have no new instructions to give," replied Sancroft, meaning that no alterations were to be made; but Wharton, who had resolved on taking the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, and perhaps thought he was rendering the archbishop shrewd political service by affecting to misunderstand him, prayed for King William and Queen Mary in the chapel. After the service the archbishop sent for him in great displeasure, and told him "he must either desist from praying for William and Mary or cease to officiate in the chapel; for as

long as King James was alive, no other persons could be sovereigns of the country."

William, anxious to conciliate a person so deservedly high in the esteem of all good men as the archbishop, nominated him one of his privy councillors, but he never acted as such.

Sancroft was earnestly entreated by the Earl of Danby and other members of the new cabinet to officiate at the coronation of William and Mary, but he positively refused either to crown them or take the oaths required. "How can he, who hath sworn that King James II. is the only lawful king of this realm, or that he will bear faith and true allegiance to him, his heirs and successors, take those oaths to an usurper?" wrote Sancroft, in a remarkable paper, entitled "The Present State of the English Government Considered," January, 1688-9.

To those friends and well-wishers who represented the injury that would result to his worldly fortunes if he persisted in this determination, he replied with a smile, "Well, I can live on fifty pounds a year." This was less, in fact, than his patrimony in Suffolk. A man has little to fear whose pecuniary requisitions are limited to so low a scale.

The court, aware of the affection and reverence of the nation for the apostolic primate, hesitated to proceed to extremities with him, and merely suspended him from his office on the 1st of August, 1689; but the queen, finding him at the end of six months immovable in his determination not to violate his conscience by taking the oaths of allegiance to her and her consort, executed the sentence of deprivation

on the 1st of February, 1690, against William, Archbishop of Canterbury. She deprived, at the same time, Turner, Bishop of Ely; White, of Peterborough; Lake of Chichester; Ken, of Bath and Wells; Lloyd, of Norwich; and Frampton, of Gloucester, for the like offence. Lloyd, of St. Asaph, and Trelawny, of Bristol, were the only two of the seven prelates committed by James II. to the Tower who forfeited their oaths of allegiance to him by transferring their fealty to William and Mary. The political conduct of these prelates gave rise to the popular saying, "King James sent seven bishops to be tested at the Tower.* Five were proved to be true gold, and two only prince's metal." Lloyd was preferred to the see of Worcester, Trelawny to that of Winchester.

Dr. Beveridge, who was nominated to supply the place of Ken, in the see of Bath and Wells, asked Sancroft's advice how he should act. "Though I should give my advice, I do not believe you will follow it," replied Sancroft. Beveridge assured him that he would. "Why, then, when they come to ask, say *nolo;* and say it from the heart. Nothing is easier than to resolve yourself what is to be done in the case," answered the uncompromising primate, drily. Beveridge refused to accept the see.

Systematic attempts were made by the base pamphleteers of the period to inflame the passions of the mob against the archbishop and his nonjuring brethren. They styled them "the Holy Lambeth Club," and accused them of designs to bring in

* Where the mint and apparatus for the assay of metals for the coinage then was.

popery, of inviting the King of France to invade the realm, holding a correspondence with M. de Croissy for that object, and composing prayers for the success of King James in Ireland. Sancroft and the other nonjuring bishops determined to treat these calumnies with silent contempt, but the dissemination of a pamphlet of a decidedly murderous tendency, entitled, "A Modest Enquiry into the Causes of the Present Disasters," convinced them that if they regarded the safety of their persons, they must no longer permit such calumnious imputations to remain unnoticed. They accordingly published a vindication, in which, after mentioning the charges that had been put forth against them, they deny the whole in these words:—

"We do here solemnly, as in the presence of God, protest and declare that these accusations cast upon us are all of them malicious calumnies and diabolical inventions; that we are innocent of them all, and we defy the libeller to produce if he can any legal proof of our guiltiness therein. . . . Who the author of this libel is we know not; but whoever he is, we desire, as our Lord hath taught us, to return him good for evil. He barbarously endeavours to raise in the whole English nation such a fury as may end in *De-Witting* us (a bloody word, but too well understood). But we recommend him to the Divine mercy, humbly beseeching God to forgive him."

This allusion to the ferocious massacre of those great and good men, the pensionary De Witt, and his brother the admiral, in Amsterdam, by the Orange mob, who had been incited to its perpetra-

tion by a false and incendiary accusation, points too plainly at the Dutch king, as the suborner of the pamphlet, to be misunderstood in th se days when that dark tragedy was fresh in the minds of men.

Sancroft did not acknowledge the authority of William and Mary, and paid no heed to their sentence, but continued at the palace, exercising his accustomed hospitality and charity, merely observing, "that he had committed no crime that could justly cause his degradation; so if the Queen wanted his house at Lambeth, she must either come, or send, and thrust him out of it by personal violence; for leave it in obedience to her mandate he would not."

His see was filled up by the appointment of Dr. Tillotson, April, 1691, to the primacy; but Sancroft continued to keep possession of Lambeth Palace. On the administration of the holy communion in the chapel after the appointment of his successor, Sancroft performed the office of consecrating the bread and wine himself, one nonjuring clergyman reading the prayers, and another preaching before him. Feeling, however, that it would be necessary for him soon to withdraw from the palace, he sent for his two chaplains, Needham and Wharton, into his chamber, and after thanking them for their faithful services, told them "the time was now come when they must part."

Needham respectfully inquired, "Why his grace said so?" He replied, "A successor to my benefice is now appointed, and I can do you no more good, while it may be both prejudicial and dangerous to yourselves if you remain in my service."

They had taken the oaths to the existing government, and he wished not to be a barrier to the preferment which would doubtless reward their compliance; but with a burst of affectionate feeling, Needham exclaimed, "I differ, indeed, from your grace in matters of opinion concerning the state, but I fear no danger from attending on your person, and shall only be too happy if I may be permitted under any circumstances to serve you, and I believe my brother Wharton is of the like mind." To this Wharton assented.

"Will ye so?" replied Sancroft. "Then go on in God's name!" And both remained as long afterwards as he would allow them, and paid him the most dutiful attention.

The archbishop, on the 20th of May, received a peremptory order from the queen to quit the palace within ten days. To this order he paid no sort of regard, and the process of ejectment by law was begun without delay. He was cited to appear before the Barons of the Exchequer on the first day of Trinity Term, June 12th, to answer a writ of intrusion brought against him in the king's name, in which he was accused of "having entered *vi et armis* into Lambeth House, part of the king's possessions, in the vacancy of the see, and forcibly taken and held possession of it." He appeared by his attorney several times, but always avoided putting in any plea in which the names of the present sovereigns were mentioned, or their title acknowledged. Judgment, of course, passed against the nonjuring archbishop, and he retired from Lambeth Palace the

same evening, June 23rd, attended by his nephew, Mr. Sancroft, who was the steward of his household, Dr. Paman, the friend of his youth, Mr. Nicholls, and Mr. Jacob, not having so much as acquainted his chaplains with his intention. He took a boat at Lambeth-stairs, and crossed over to the Temple, where he went to a private house, called the Palsgrave's Head, in Palsgrave Court, near Temple Bar, to which he had previously sent his books and papers.

The next morning his two chaplains, Needham and Wharton, came to wait upon him. He received them affectionately, and asked them to read the service of the day, which they did, and continued to officiate daily before him for some time. He remained in that house, of which he only occupied the second floor, about six weeks. While there, the loyal Earl of Aylesbury coming to visit him, he opened the door of the apartment himself to admit him. Struck with this token of the reverse of fortune that had befallen the deprived primate, and the contrast between his present humble abode and its mean furniture, from the state with which he was accustomed to see him surrounded at Lambeth, the noble visitor burst into tears; and as soon as he had conquered his emotion enough to speak, he told Sancroft how deeply he was affected at the change he saw, and how unable he was to repress his grief.

"Oh, my good lord," replied the deprived archbishop, "rather rejoice with me, for now I live again."

CHAPTER IV.

ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT went forth from Lambeth, after he had been in the receipt of its large revenues fourteen years, poor as when he first entered it, taking nothing with him but his staff and his books. He had devoted all the incomings of his see to the noble objects of amplifying small livings, assisting in rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral and founding Chelsea College, in liberal hospitality to the clergy, and boundless charity to the poor, almost entirely feeding those of Lambeth. The day after he left the palace he sent them a farewell present; his household establishment there was broken up at the same time, and his steward paid all his servants up to the following Michaelmas.

Sancroft left London for ever on the 3rd of August, 1691, and arrived at his native village of Fressingfield, in Suffolk, on the 5th; thus performing the journey, a distance of ninety miles, in two days, an uncommonly quick rate of travelling for that period.

"When once I got into the coach," writes he to his friend, Sir Henry North, "I resolved, according to my usual impatience, to push on the journey,

and play it off as fast as I could endure it, and accordingly we went at the utmost stretch, as you have heard. My weariness soon went off, but methinks some weakness still remains."

In another letter he says:—

"Our health, God be thanked, is as it used to be, or rather better. The sweet air and quiet of this place is much to be preferred to the smoke and noise of London."

His Lambeth chaplain, Henry Wharton, came to visit him two days after his arrival at Fressingfield, and found him well and cheerful. Both Wharton and his own cousin, the Rev. Mr. Green, offered to attend him as chaplains in his retreat, but he replied, with thanks, "I must now be my own chaplain; it suits not with my present condition still to keep up that piece of state." Besides, the old house was too full to have room to accommodate any supernumeraries.

The old paternal mansion, Ufford Hall, to which he had returned in his old age, appears, during the long term of years that had elapsed from the period when he left it in 1657 to travel on the continent, to have been the home of his brother and other members of his family. Unwilling to disturb the domestic arrangements of his married nephews, Sancroft had ordered a cottage to be erected for himself at the end of the garden, where he might live near them, without interrupting them or being disquieted by the noise of their children. This cottage home was progressing when the deprived archbishop arrived, but not so near its completion as

he could have wished, for the workmen had deserted their hods, trowels, hammers, and saws, for the more agreeable occupation of working in the hay- and harvest-fields.

"We build not," writes Sancroft, "at the rate we travelled at, though, hay and harvest being in, we have recovered all our gang. Yesterday we had thirty or forty at the raising of the gallery, and it stands now in my view, from the window I write by, like the bones of a dead body which you have read upon at Chirurgeons' Hall, tacked together with wires; but it will take so much time to daub and tile, to clothe and cover it, and St. Bartholomew is so near with his dews and mists, that I despair of dwelling in it this winter."

On the 11th of November the deprived primate writes:—

"Our work without doors ended with the last month; which, had it been as severe as October sometimes is, we could not have finished in this month; but we have a winter's work still to do within doors, in paving, and *planchering* (Suffolk for flooring), and daubing, and ceiling, and plastering, and glazing, and wainscoting, making doors, laying hearths, etc., etc.; so that we find it a very troublesome thing to bring a new (as well as an old) house over our heads. In the meantime, the old tenement is packed as close as it can well be, from end to end, with ourselves, and children, and servants, and workmen. Yet our contentment here is as great, and I should be unthankful should I not acknowledge that our health is rather better than else-

where; our food plainer, but eaten with a better appetite; our course of employment and action the very same, only not *scened* so illustriously, nor set off with such good company and conversation. The trouble of visits is well abated, and the hard weather and ill ways which are at hand will put an end to them, and we shall be in as great retirement and solitude as our enemies, or we ourselves, could wish. We make shift to say our prayers together daily, though not in so much company nor in so proper a place as at Lambeth; but God, I trust, will accept us."

In a previous letter he tells his friend his cough is not so loud or troublesome to himself or others as it used to be at Lambeth; and now he says, "My native air hath been very kind to me."

Sancroft felt much solicitude for his friend the deprived Bishop Ken.

"It grieves me," he writes, "to have missed, when I was so nigh it, the seeing of my reverend brother of Bath and Wells. I am not surprised to hear that his innocency and courage was so bold as to appear openly, but am, I confess, that he did it safely. In that condition God preserve him and the rest, especially my dear brother of Norwich."

For himself he refused the proffered civility of a friend of having his foreign correspondence transmitted through the secretary of state's office, or franked by any of the government officials. All the nonjuring clergy were objects of suspicion, but more especially the deprived primate who headed that list.

"The spirit of calumny," writes he, "the perse-

cution of the tongue, dogs me even into this wilderness."

In reference to the secluded life he had been leading at Fressingfield ever since he had retired to Ufford Hall, he says:—

"I was never so much as once out of this poor house and the yards and avenues since I came first directly from London into it."

Those yards and avenues, to which the venerable archbishop confined his walks, are still distinctive features in the approach to that secluded mansion. In consequence of the enclosure of the park-like green which then surrounded the house, those avenues have now become lanes between cultivated fields, but the yards remain unchanged; and we could almost realise the form of the venerable primate pacing beneath the spreading branches of the picturesque yew-trees flanking the entrance-gate of the front court, under whose shadow he had sported in infancy and boyhood with his brother and sisters.

After he retired into his native Suffolk he allowed his beard to grow, which, becoming very long, gave him a hermit-like appearance. So much was he beloved and revered in that neighbourhood, that whenever he appeared in the village the people were accustomed to kneel to him for his pastoral benediction.

It is an extraordinary fact that he inspired with the most ardent enthusiasm, at this period, one of the hardest and earthiest of all mortal minds that had been shone on by the light of genius—that of

Jonathan Swift, who commemorates the primate's noble self-sacrifice in his "Ode to Truth," a poem little known, but well deserving of being rescued from oblivion. We give the following brief quotation :—

"Thus Sancroft, in the greatness of retreat,
Shows lustre that was shaded in his seat;
Dim glimmerings of the prelate glorified,
Which all his purple robings served to hide.

"Oh, whatsoe'er our levellers deem,
There are degrees above, I know,
The angel-muse, herself,
Has told me so,
Where souls of purest truth throned in the day,
Sit clad in light of brighter-woven ray.
There some high place to Sancroft will be given
In the metropolis of heaven;
Chief of the mitred saints,
And from archprelate here,
Translated to archangel there."

The crowded state of Ufford Hall was unfavourable to his studious and reflective habits, and Sancroft found it expedient, on the advance of winter, to provide himself with a temporary abode till his cottage should be completed. The instrument by which he appointed Dr. Lloyd, the deprived Bishop of Norwich, his vicar in all ecclesiastical matters, is dated from his "hired house at Fressingfield, February 9, 1691(2)."

Sancroft did not allow the legality of his deposition from the primacy by William and Mary, whose title to the sovereignty of England he always refused to acknowledge in any way. In the deputa-

tion of his office to Dr. Lloyd, he states "that, having been driven by a lay force from the house of Lambeth, and not finding in the neighbouring city a place where he could conveniently abide, he had retired afar off, seeking where in his old age he might rest his weary head; but as there were many affairs of great moment to be transacted in the Church which could be best ordered by one resident in London or its vicinity, he appoints Dr. Lloyd his vicar, and commits to him all the authority belonging to his archiepiscopal office."

The Reverend Baptist Levenge, Bishop of Sodor and Man, though he had taken the oaths to William and Mary, could not refrain from expressing his respect and admiration for his old friend and late ecclesiastical superior, the deprived nonjuring primate, to whom he addressed the following affectionate and reverential letter:—

"*March* 28*th*, 1691.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Being to take a tedious journey, upon Easter Monday I intend to set out to my desolate place, my Patmos, your grace used to term it, I cannot but send this to beg your blessing and good prayers along with me, these dangerous times.

"I had, ever since I had the honour to know you, a very high veneration and respect for your grace, nor is my value at all lessened for you by the diminution of your fortunes. Calamity is but the touchstone of your virtues, and through this cloud your sincerity, your constancy, and other excellent endowments shine the brighter, and thereupon

heighten my esteem for the most pious and admirable owner of them. I dare say no more, for your grace's modesty permits it not; yet still give me leave to love and honour you, and, as an abundant compensation, be pleased to bestow your benediction upon

"My lord,

"Your grace's most dutiful son, and

"Most obliged humble servant,

"B. S. M."*

It was not till the 17th of September, 1692, that Sancroft's cottage was so far completed as to allow of his taking up his abode there. On the 27th of that month he writes to Sir H. North:—

"I have now slept ten nights in my new lodging, and would gladly say, if it so please God, *in nido meo moriar;* but the changes of the world are so many, and the malice of men so great, my lot may be that of the prophet, 'Arise and depart, for this is not your rest.' If so it be, God's will be done. Behold the servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to His word."

His intense desire of peace and quiet in this obscure corner of England did not prevent the deprived archbishop from being an object of suspicion to the Court, and he was often accused of seditious meetings and secret correspondence with the agents of his old master.

* Tanner MSS., vol. xxvi., Bodleian Library. Baptist Levenge was appointed Bishop of Sodor and Man, in 1684, when Dr. Lake was translated to Bristol. Levenge died in 1698.

"I think if I should immure myself between four walls," writes the venerable recluse, "I should, notwithstanding, be thought to send and receive letters and intelligence, I know not whether by the pigeons of Aleppo or Leyden, or perhaps by the old romantic post, Sir Pacolet on his wooden horse. It is somewhat strange that I should be accused to one prince of having invited his Highness of Nassau to invade my native country, and to another of inviting his cousin the King of France hither; whereas I should as soon have consulted the witch of Endor, were she to be found, to bring about anything I desired, as to have made either of those addresses.

Queen Mary could not be satisfied without sending spies occasionally to see how the deprived primate was engaged. Sometimes her agents found him employed in his garden, but mostly in arranging his predecessor Archbishop Laud's diary and papers for publication.

Sancroft had wholly weaned his mind from all care for the pomps and state which necessarily surrounded him at Lambeth.

"It is long since," wrote he to his friend, "that I said of that great pile, even while I was in it, the old Leonine verse—'*Nunc mea, nunc hujus, sed post ea nescio cujus.*' When I was suddenly driven out of it at eight or nine o'clock at night, I wish it were known how cheerfully I turned my back upon it, and how soundly I slept the night following under another man's roof. But, now in this cottage of my own building (this lodge in a garden of cucumbers, *questa povera mia capanna*), I am as well to my contentment

as the greatest he *qui late et laxe et magnifice habitat:* All my fear is, lest I should be forced from hence too, for I would fain say, if I durst, as holy Job did, '*in nido meo moriar.*' But, alas! he was mistaken, and so may I, should I say so; and therefore I lay my hand upon my mouth and say nothing; but as it pleaseth God so come things to pass. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof, as wisdom itself said. . . . Afford me your prayers, dear friend, that when I remove from hence (and that cannot be far off), I may, by God's mercy, have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Sixteen years previously, Sancroft, ever mindful of the one great event which must happen to all living, had, when Dean of St. Paul's, paid a flying visit to his friends and kindred in "the old house at home," and chosen the quiet nook in the green churchyard of Fressingfield, in the angle between the eastern side of the church porch and the southern wall of the church. He had thus provided, with a view of preventing the improper fashion being followed in his own case, then and till within the last few years so prevalent, of desecrating the house of God with the remains of corrupt mortality.

Nearly opposite to that spot which, while in sound health, he had chosen for his *domus ultima*, Sancroft caused a comfortable cottage to be built for the parish-clerk, and also a sort of temperance hostelry for the shelter and accommodation of persons who came from the distant parts of that large scattered parish to attend divine worship at Fressingfield church, so that they might bring their cold provi-

sions there, and take their meal in the recess between morning and evening services. These primitive edifices still remain in good repair, and greatly add to the picturesque effect of that beautiful churchyard, which hangs on a gentle green swelling hill. The vicarage, with its pretty garden and fruitful orchard bowers, is pleasantly seated on an opposite eminence above the road, and a little rill runs below the white-railed causeway. Sancroft's school is close at hand, and has been a blessing to the rising generations for nearly two centuries; and under the judicious superintendence of the present learned and benevolent vicar, the Rev. W. R. Colbeck, formerly tutor of Emmanuel College, continues to flourish.

Sancroft had seen spring twice fling her green mantle over the pastoral meads of Fressingfield since he had been ejected from his archiepiscopal palace, and found rest from the turmoils of public life in his native village. The infirmities of age now increased rapidly upon him, and he was desirous of devising his paternal inheritance to his beloved nephews without making a will, which would require to be proved in the courts of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, the legality of whose title he never acknowledged.

While in this perplexity, Mr. Roger North, who had been the steward of his archiepiscopal courts, came to visit him in his Fressingfield cottage, and advised him to evade this difficulty by making a deed of gift of the property to his nephews, reserving a life interest in it for himself. Sancroft gladly

availed himself of this suggestion, and immediately acted upon it by requesting Mr. North to draw up the deed then and there. Much surprised was that gentleman at the small amount of property which he, who had been nearly fourteen years primate of England, had to devise. "It touched my spirits extremely to see the low estate of this poor old saint," is Mr. North's comment on the glorious poverty of the deprived archbishop.

In the commencement of August, 1693, Sancroft began seriously to apply himself to the self-imposed task of editing the diary and papers of Archbishop Laud. But it was all too late. The brain at seventy-seven is not in a state to support severe literary labour, even when undertaken *con amore*. The original of Laud's diary, with many of the papers relating to it, lay before him on his desk, and he was earnestly employed in noting down his comments and observations, when he was stricken, August 25th, with the slow, intermittent fever, which put a stop to his work and confined him to his bed.

Anticipating a fatal termination to his illness, he expressed an earnest desire to see his late chaplain, Henry Wharton, for the purpose of consigning to him the completion of his task. Wharton, in the mean time having heard of his illness, hastened to visit him, and arrived at Fressingfield on the 31st of October. Sancroft told him "that he had often designed to prepare the papers of Laud for publication, and having at last set about it in good earnest, he had been interrupted by an attack of sickness, that would probably end in death, and feeling his own

inability to complete the design, he wished to bequeath it to his care." He then caused the papers, together with all the notes and collections he had made on the subject, to be placed in Wharton's hands. Fatigued with this exertion, his voice became indistinct, and on Wharton requiring information on several points, especially how the papers came into Archbishop Sheldon's hands, from whom Sancroft had received them, he answered, "These are material questions, but I am weary with speaking; my spirits are faint, and I cannot at present tell you more—you must come again."

Wharton revisited him on the 21st of November, and perceived that he was rapidly drawing near his end. Sancroft himself had from the very commencement of his illness looked death calmly in the face. In his greatest sufferings he was accustomed to call to mind the example of the Saviour's patience, and would say, "As a lamb carried to the slaughter, He was dumb and opened not His mouth."

"That which came nearest to a complaint," records the narrator of his closing scene, "was only a description of his wasting condition, in these pious words, 'Thy hand is heavy upon me day and night, my moisture is like the drought in summer.' I am low, but must be brought lower yet, even to the dust of death; but though He kill me, yet will I trust in Him."

On the occasion of Wharton's last visit, Sancroft bade him look over his papers, which had not been opened or put in order since his removal from Lambeth. Wharton commenced the investigation in the

presence of his dying patron, and continued it till he observed so unmistakable a change come over him, that he thought it better to desist and retire from the chamber. Sancroft roused himself from the death-like faintness that was creeping upon him, and took his last leave of Wharton with the kindest demonstrations of affection, giving his blessing twice in the most solemn manner as he knelt by his bed-side. He expressed, in the most humble manner, "repentance of all his sins, and his hopes and assurance of a better state of existence."

Henry Wharton scarcely survived his beloved and revered patron sixteen months, having only lived to publish the first volume of Archbishop Laud's diary and remains. He gave the whole credit of his extraordinary success in his literary and theological career to the encouragement and assistance he had derived from Archbishop Sancroft, to whom, notwithstanding the opposition in their opinions in regard to the settlement of the government, he continued tenderly attached.

The arrival of his other faithful chaplain, Mr. Needham, was peculiarly welcome to the dying archbishop, for he had empowered him, at his last visit, to fulfil his intention of presenting his choice and valuable library of classic and scientific books to Emmanuel College, Needham having taken upon himself the care of removing them from the warehouse at Lambeth, whither they had been sent by him previous to his ejection from the palace. The mission had been performed satisfactorily by Needham, who was the bearer of a letter of thanks from

the master of Emmanuel College, gratefully acknowledging this important gift and token of the affectionate remembrance of their learned and beloved archbishop. Sancroft was exceedingly pleased with the letter, and signified his wish that the more learned and scientific portion of his library at Fressingfield, which he had retained for his own use, should, after his death, be added to his gift to Emmanuel College; observing, "that he intended part of his books to be left for the use of the family there, for instance, so much of history, geography, and the arts as might form a good library for a gentleman, but that books of learning should be sent to the college, there to be kept entirely together as a monument of his great affection for learning, and the delight he had taken in it all his life; adding, that he was very unwilling to have that library dissipated, the collection of which had been one of the greatest comforts and pleasures of his life."

After solemnly bestowing his blessing on Needham, the dying primate said: "You and I have gone different ways in these late affairs, but I trust heaven's gates are wide enough to admit us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart."

Mr. Needham modestly attempted to explain the motives which had influenced his conduct, to which Sancroft replied: "I always took you for an honest man. What I said concerning myself was only to let you know that what I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart. Yea, in the great integrity of my heart."

He had intended to receive the sacrament from Mr. Edwards, the ejected minister of Eye; but Dr. Trumbull, who had formerly been his chaplain, and was now a nonjuror, came accidentally to see him the day before he died, and he thankfully availed himself of his ministry.

About an hour before his death he told those who stood round him that he retained the same thoughts of the present state of affairs as those under which he had acted; and that if it were to do again, he should quit all he had in the world rather than violate his conscience. He concluded by putting up these two hearty and earnest petitions to God, "that He would bless and preserve His poor suffering Church, which by the revolution is almost destroyed, and that He would bless and preserve the exiled king, the queen, and the prince, and in due time restore them to their just and undoubted rights."

A short time before he expired he called for the Book of Common Prayer, and though one was brought to him of the smallest print, he himself turned to the commendatory prayer in the office for the sick, and ordered it to be read. This done he solemnly composed himself for death, and gently breathed his last sigh a little after *midnight* on the morning of Friday, November the 24th.

He was interred on the night of Monday, November the 27th, in the spot he had chosen sixteen years before, in Fressingfield churchyard.

A plain, handsome, altar-shaped tomb, with his armorial bearings, his mitre, and crosier sculptured on the black marble slab that surmounts it, covers

the remains of the venerable primate. The sides are faced with white polished marble, veined with grey, and bear the following inscriptions, which he had prepared with his own hand, with instructions for placing them. On the right side:—

"P.M.S.
LECTOR, WILHELMI, NUPER ARCHIPRÆSULIS
(QUI NATUS IN VICINIA),
QUOD MORTI CECIDIT, PROPTER HUNC
MURUM JACET; ATQUI RESURGET:
TU INTERIM SEMPER PARATUS ESTO, NAM HORA QUA
NON PUTAS DOMINUS VENTURUS EST.
OBIIT 24° NOV. ANNO DOMINI 1693;
ÆTATIS SUÆ 77."

On the left side:—

"P.M.S.

"William Sancroft was born in this parish. Afterwards, by the providence of God, Archbishop of Canterbury; who, after he had lost all which he could not keep with a good conscience, returned hither to end his life, where he began it; and professeth here, at the foot of his tomb, that, as naked he came forth, so naked he must return. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; as the Lord pleaseth, so come things to pass. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Over his head the following verse from St. Matthew, xxiv. 27:—

"As the lightning cometh out of the east and

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shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

Though upwards of a century and a half have passed away, the tomb and its autobiographical inscriptions remain in perfect preservation. His memory is held in traditional veneration by the villagers of Fressingfield, whose forefathers owed their civilizing education to his munificent care. A square space, richly carpeted with green turf, has been railed off to preserve this monument from accidental injuries.

The entry of Archbishop Sancroft's death is preserved in the parish register of Fressingfield, as well as the record of his birth. The assertion of his unscrupulous libeller, Burnet, of his having raised a large estate out of the revenues of Canterbury, and left it to his family, has been fully disproved in Sancroft's documentary life by Dr. D'Oyley, who had access to the family papers of his representative, Mr. Holmes, of Gawdy Hall.

The small silver chalice and patina used by Sancroft in his domestic chapel, and his little clock in a black and gold case, are in the possession of Mrs. Hopper, one of his collateral descendants, at Starston vicarage. His episcopal carved oaken chair, a portion of his library, together with his most interesting portrait in middle life, are preserved at Gawdy Hall, the seat of his youthful representative, Sancroft Holmes, Esq.

Swift, a keen and observant contemporary, has written this indignant comment in the margin of his copy of "Burnet's History of His Own Times," "False as hell," against the statement that "Sancroft

was too intent on enriching his nephew, to have courage to oppose the measures of the court." But the best contradiction is supplied by Burnet himself, in the following heartless sneer at Sancroft's poverty, and the frugality necessitated by his narrow means. "He died in the same poor and despicable manner as he had lived for some years." Truly, false witnesses require good memories.

The books presented by Archbishop Sancroft to Emmanuel College were valued at 2500*l*. In these, and in building and furnishing the cottage, which he compared to a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, the savings of his long life were invested.

His small estate in Fressingfield was his patrimonial inheritance.

We can scarcely conclude his biography more appropriately than with the following lines on his last years and death, by the late Rev. William Mitford, literary editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine:"—

"He left high Lambeth's venerable towers
For his small heritage and humble bowers.
* * * *
Now with his staff on his paternal ground,
Amid his orchard trees he may be found;
An old man, late returned, where he was seen
Sporting, a child, upon the village green.
How many a changeful year had passed between,
Blanching his scattered hair, yet left him there
A soul kept young by piety and prayer!
That to his mourning friend could meekly tell,
'Be not for me afflicted, it is well,
It was in my integrity I fell.'"

DR. JOHN LAKE,

BISHOP SUCCESSIVELY OF SODOR AND MAN, OF BRISTOL, AND OF CHICHESTER.

JOHN LAKE was born at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and was baptized on the 5th of December, 1624. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town, and made so rapid a progress in his studies that he was admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge, in his thirteenth year. His tutor at St. John's was the learned Mr. Cleveland, whose life he subsequently wrote, and whose works, in conjunction with Dr. Drake, Rector of Pontefract, he edited and published in 1687. He took his degree of B.A. at a very early age, and distinguished himself no less for loyalty than learning. He was arrested, together with a considerable party of ardent young royalists, by the Parliamentary Commissioners, for refusing to take the Covenant, and put into strict confinement—not being suffered to stir without the gates, or to take the slightest exercise or recreation.

During the time of his restraint young Lake sedulously pursued his studies. At last he escaped, and, repairing to Oxford, entered the king's service as a volunteer. He distinguished himself at Basing

House by his intrepid conduct in several successful sallies, and became one of the undaunted defenders of that stronghold of loyalty. He was so fortunate, however, as to escape the sanguinary massacre inflicted by Cromwell on the valiant garrison, who were for the most part put to the sword, in revenge for their gallant defence and the contempt with which they had treated his summons to surrender.

Unintimidated by the fate of his brave companions in arms, young Lake continued to fight gallantly for King Charles in the defence of Wallingford, and served four years, with dauntless courage in that hopeless cause, as a stripped and impoverished cavalier.

His love of learning induced him to return to his academic studies. He refused to take the Engagement with no less firmness than he had rejected the Covenant. He succeeded, however, in 1647, in obtaining ordination from one of the deprived prelates, and entered publicly and fearlessly on his interdicted vocation.

He preached his first sermon in his native town of Halifax, July 26, 1647. Not being suffered to remain there without taking the Engagement, he removed to Oldham, whence, after a warm controversy, he was ejected by the Puritan party, and effectually silenced for a time.

To render his case the worse, our adventurous young cavalier divine, on leaving the army for the Church, had married, and in addition to his personal struggle for subsistence, had at this anxious crisis a wife and young helpless family to support.

On the death of the incumbent of Leeds he was presented to the vicarage of that town, but met with so much opposition from the Puritan party, who wished to introduce Mr. Bowles, that it was found necessary to call in a company of soldiers to secure his induction into the church, the doors having been barred against him by some of the more violent of his congregation. As this took place before the Restoration, Lake must have had some powerful and influential friends on the other side, notwithstanding his well-known affection to the royal cause.

At a post-Restoration entertainment given by Bishop Gunning to the members of St. John's College, Lake, over whose head the wear and tear of twenty years had not passed in vain, appeared as one of the guests without being recognised, but his agreeable conversation induced the bishop to inquire whether he belonged to that college.

"Yes," replied Lake; "I studied here very hard without once going out of the gates."

This led to the explanation that he was one of the young cavalier students who had suffered a long imprisonment there on account of their principles. Lake was recommended, in 1661, by the royal letter of Charles II., to have the degree of D.D. conferred on him by the University of Cambridge, which was accordingly done.

Lake preached his first synod sermon at York, with which the dean was so greatly pleased, that he sent a copy, without the author's knowledge, to Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London. That prelate sent for Lake, and collated him to the rectory of St.

Botolph's, Bishopsgate, May 22, 1663. He was made prebend of Holbourn, June 11, 1667, and formed a friendship with Sancroft which lasted as long as he lived.

The following letter was addressed by Lake to Sancroft, when the latter requested him to preach as his substitute on Passion Sunday in one of the city churches, before the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral:—

"HONOURED SIR,

"It was my unhappiness to be from home when you called upon so obliging an account this day. The favours which you have heaped upon me from time to time suffice not, unless you accumulate them with honours also, for it is the greatest to be your *Lunodamonum*. With such as I have, therefore, I shall appear in your place, not stead; not as your representative, but your foil. In earnest, sir, it will be a passion sermon to all that expected you, and find me there; and give me leave to say, in the words of truth and soberness, there can scarce be a greater disparity or disappointment. However, I accept it as a pledge of that undeserved value which you are pleased to set upon me, and that I may not too much reproach your judgment, I shall study the more to deserve it. It is almost enough to make me able that my lord of Hereford and yourself have considered me so; at least it is my duty to try.

"My lord, I would have attended you myself if you had thought fit, but that I am to preach at a

solemn funeral on Wednesday. So soon as that is over I shall not fail to wait upon you if your journey prevent it not, or upon my lord of Hereford if it do, and then give him the assurance which I hereby give yourself, that I am,

"Your great honourer,

"And humbly devoted servant,

"JN. LAKE.

"*March* 15, 1668."

In the following autumn Lake obtained the rich living of Prestwich, in Lancashire. Soon after, his clerk falling dangerously ill caused a report of the death of that official; whereupon, as it was a place which included many advantages, a gentleman of the name of Clifford got a much-valued friend of Lake's to make interest with him for the appointment, which he did, sending various testimonials of Clifford's merit.

Lake, who was at that time enjoying a tour in Lancashire, did not receive the letter till long after date, which, together with the impossibility of complying with the request, elicited the following frank, yet complimentary letter of apology from him:—

"REVEREND SIR,

"As you upon all occasions are ready to testify your undeserved respects to me, so I would not seem guilty of the least disrespect towards a person whom I so much and deservedly honour. It is, therefore, a double trouble to me, both that I make so slow a

return to yours, on behalf of Mr. Clifford, which, through my ramblings up and down amongst several friends in Lancashire, came slowly to my hands, and that I cannot make a satisfactory one now; and it is a further circumstance of trouble to me that you should think there needed any testimony but your own. Your simple testimony, which did me so much service and reputation not long since, might, both in justice and gratitude, suffice with me. After all, it is my unhappiness to be somewhat entangled already. Not that I have made any promise of the place, for I would not seem to bury my clerk alive, but having buried about eleven or twelve weeks ago a prudent, sober, and faithful servant, who collected my tithes, and the clerk lying sick and weak as he still doth, I have retained one Mr. Hunt to do it, who was clerk of St. Antholin's before the fire, and now liveth within my parish, and I know hath the clerkship in his eye, and if he shall prove his fidelity to me I can scarcely look off him. This, sir, is the very truth of the case, and, therefore, I hope I shall have your excuse if I do not make Mr. Clifford a certain promise; but if the place become void in my time, and Mr. Hunt succeed not in it, I hereby assure it to Mr. Clifford, for the nomination, by the custom of the parish, as well as by canon, is wholly in myself, and I shall be glad of such an opportunity to testify myself—

"Your humbly devoted servant,

"J. LAKE.*

"*November* 16, 1668."

* Tanner MSS., vol. xliv. 61, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Lake was next made prebendary of Fridaythorpe, in the cathedral of York, and given other preferments, not one of which was of his own seeking.

His zeal for the restoration of good order and discipline in the church, especially his determination to abolish the irreverent custom into which the people had fallen, of walking about the aisles of the cathedral and talking during the celebration of divine service, excited great ill-will among the vulgar. This broke out with great violence in October, 1680, on his being installed archdeacon of Cleveland, when the most painful scene in his life occurred. The rabble forced themselves into the church in great numbers, wearing their hats, and raised a tumultuous riot.

Lake, whose courage was indomitable, rose from his seat, and taking off the hats of those who were within reach, admonished them on the sacrilegious nature of their proceedings in the house of God, bidding them either remain and join in the service, or leave the church. Awed by the impressiveness of his language they retired, but presently after a fresh crowd collected and burst open the south door, and defied him in the most brutal language, and endeavoured to provoke him to strife. Lake, however, preserved his temper, even when, without the church, they followed him home, and but for the courageous promptitude of Captain Honeywood, the deputy-governor, would have plundered and pulled down his house.

The following Shrove Tuesday a fresh outbreak took place, in consequence of Lake's determination

to stop the heathenish license claimed on that day by the sturdy apprentices and young men of York. It had been their custom from very ancient times to ring one of the cathedral bells, which they called *the Pancake bell.* This practice obtained in other places in Yorkshire, for in Dr. Lake's native town there was a popular rhyme circulated as a proverb, in reference to the inauguration of Shrovetide festivities—

> "When Pancake bell begins to ring,
> All Halifax lads begin to sing."

But Lake was determined that in York Cathedral no singing should be tolerated, save to the glory of God. The dean and chapter advised him to wink at the saturnalia, and not to stir up the rabble by contesting the privilege which they had enjoyed from time immemorial, of having the minster, from crypt to tower, thrown open for the pleasure of themselves and their country cousins on Shrove Tuesday. Lake, however, courageously endeavoured to prevent the desecration of the minster, first by reproving the rabble, and then by taking steps for their expulsion. They assailed him, as before, with brutal ferocity, and would have torn him to pieces, if some of the more moderate had not interposed and advised him to retire, unless he wished to be slain on the spot. "I have faced death too often in the field," he replied, "to shrink from the danger of martyrdom in the performance of my duty: I should be sorry if any of your lives were to be endangered through your cruel and cowardly attack on me; but leave

the ground at your bidding I will not." He was with difficulty rescued by the governor and his assistant force.

Though Dr. Lake might have retired to either of his livings, his high spirit would not cower before the storm; and he continued, at the imminent peril of his life, to reside in York till he had convinced his ferocious adversaries that they were not to convert the house of God into a place of idle riot. His firmness and courage finally conquered.

Through the friendship of the Earl of Derby, Lake was nominated to the bishopric of Sodor and Man, and consecrated in December, 1682. It was a very poor see, but he cheerfully undertook the office, though at no small self-sacrifice, as he had to give up much more lucrative preferment at York for the sake of this almost barren mitre. His enemies at York could not believe that he would actually resign the rich prebend he held in that city for the empty dignity of the Manx bishopric; and one of his great adversaries, Mr. Stainforth, who was making interest to obtain his house and preferment, promulgated an invidious report that Dr. Lake meant to retain his prebendal residence and living there. Lake frankly mentions this invidious rumour in a confidential letter to his friend Sancroft, to whom he thus writes in reference to the injurious rumour:—

"I am so far myself from the least thought of keeping my residentiary place at York, that a design hath been for some time driving on for Mr. Stainforth to succeed me in it, and he and I were discoursing of it at that very time when your grace's letter came to my hands;

and on all hands it is submitted to my lord of York, and if I am capable of doing any other good office to Mr. Stainforth, I shall cheerfully requite the bad offices which I know he hath done to me with that also. I shall add no more to your trouble, save only to assure your grace that it is a very great satisfaction to me that I am coming under your more immediate conduct; and whatever cometh in my way, whilst I may have your advice and assistance, I can neither faint nor miscarry.

"I beseech God long to continue your grace an ornament and a blessing to His Church, and to return into your bosom all those undeserved favours which your grace hath reflected upon your most obedient and most humbly devoted servant,

"Jo. Sodor."

Lake was much valued by the Archbishop of York, who considered his talents and learning deserved a more extensive sphere and a better reward than the bishopric of Sodor and Man, as we learn from his confidential letter to his friend Sancroft,—

"*March* 31, 1684.

"I intended your grace," he says, "the trouble of a few lines, to beg your prayers and blessing before I set out for the Isle of Man in May next; but am now engaged to give your grace trouble upon another occasion, to which I am invited and encouraged by my lord of York; otherwise the reverence which I have for your grace, and the consciousness of my own defects, would effectually have restrained the presumption.

"The occasion, may it please your grace, is this. The late Bishop of Carlisle being dead, my lord of York, *ex mora motu*, hath prompted me to put in for the bishopric, and hath promised all his favour and furtherance, which I took myself obliged to accept; but still with this difference, if your grace shall not only approve but please to promote it also; for as there is no hope of succeeding in it without such concurrence, so I can religiously profess that I affect not to be, or have anything which stands not with your good liking. I am, therefore, bold to offer this to your grace, but presume not to urge it at all; and may I but continue in your good opinion, it will abundantly suffice your grace's most humbly devoted and most obedient servant,

"J. SODOR."*

But higher preferment awaited Lake. Charles II., who, whatever were his own faults, seldom nominated any other than worthy men to his hierarchy, had once been deeply impressed by a sermon on the death of the good, pious, and loyal citizen, Deputy William Cade, which Lake preached before him at Whitehall, on the anniversary of his Restoration, so far back as May 29th, 1671. This sermon had been published subsequently, under the title of the "True Christian's Character and Crown;" and was so much approved by his Majesty, who had been previously much interested in the youthful adventures and loyal achievements of the preacher as an Oxford cavalier, that he declared he would make an English

* Tanner MSS., xxxiv.

bishop of him when a suitable opportunity occurred.

Thirteen long years had however passed away since the royal declaration was uttered, and it was not till Sancroft induced Dr. Turner, who was then Bishop of Rochester and chaplain to the Duke of York, to mention Dr. Lake to his Royal Highness, and solicit his influence with the king in his behalf, that he might be appointed to the bishopric of Bristol.

Turner wrote from Windsor to Sancroft that Charles remembered his promise:—

"*April 20th*, 1684.

"According to your grace's directions, I have moved his Royal Highness and the king in favour of the Bishop of Man for Bristol. His name is received by our princes with so much kindness as will facilitate his nomination. I have also performed your grace's commands in representing this business to the Earl of Rochester, who very readily meets your grace's motion for this worthy person, though I perceive his lordship's inclinations are leaning towards another. But my lord Duke of Beaufort not coming yesterday to Windsor, all I can do is to write my good Lord Clarendon such an account of the present design, for removing Dr. Lake to Bristol, as may be showed to his grace, which is but necessary;" the Duke of Beaufort having named a friend of his for the bishopric of Bristol, which see, small as its emoluments were, was just at that time eagerly sought.

"I shall take the bishopric of Bristol, if it falleth to my share, not only contentedly, but joyfully and thankfully," writes Lake to Dr. Paman, April 30th,

1684, "if it can be but so contrived that I may be entitled to another year's profits of the bishopric of Man, which I shall be perfectly at or before Michaelmas next, that is so soon as the harvest is cut down; but otherwise I shall be a great loser by the one, and I doubt a greater by the other. To make this appear more clear and reasonable, not only the small value of the bishopric of Bristol is to be considered, in respect whereof, for thirty-two years together, in Queen Elizabeth's time, it had no proper bishop of its own, but was held *in commendam* by the bishops of Gloucester; but that hitherto I am entitled but to the year's profits of the bishopric of Man, and these amounting but to 282*l.*, whereof I have yet received but 4*l.* 5*s.*, and I shall not receive the rest without much trouble and expense, and shall lose part of it after all, for the poverty of that island is very great, and not to be conceived by any but those who have been upon the place. I know my Lord of Derby may, if he pleaseth, favour me in this; but I cannot tell whether I may expect it in this case, and therefore would not be left to his courtesy, if either by dispensing with me to hold the bishopric of Man so long (and I am far from desiring to hold it any longer), or by deferring my translation to Bristol. As to the finishing acts of it, if it could be helped, sir, I would not insist at all, much less so far upon this, if my case and condition did not require it. But if this cannot fairly be obtained, or not without too much concern to my lord of Canterbury, I shall, nevertheless, go on with a cheerful freedom, and rely upon that Providence which hath carried this matter

on so far against my own inclination, and ever be what you have made me,

"Your zealously devoted friend and servant,

"J. SODOR."*

A week after the date of this letter Lake, who was then at York, received a most kind and satisfactory letter from Sancroft, announcing his appointment to the bishopric of Bristol by the king's express desire, through the recommendation of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to which Lake replied:—

"*York, May 7th*, 1684.

"I received your grace's (I know not whether more kind or condescending) letter, with the most grateful sentiments of which a soul no larger than mine was capable. Not that the bishopric of Bristol itself was so surprising and transporting, but the mediation of his Royal Highness, his Majesty's ready favour and grace, the cheerful and unanimous consent of all the other honourable persons present, and I had almost said, above all, your grace's peculiar respects, did affect me with equal wonder and delight, and it will be the engagement of my whole life to walk in some measure worthy of them. This would also inspire me with courage enough to encounter all the difficulties that lie in my way, if the greatest difficulty of all, the discharge of my duty and the consciousness of mine own defects, were not too just an alloy to it. However, I shall go on, *cum bono Deo*, and may the end be prosperous and happy, for which

* Tanner MSS., xxxii. 45, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

I shall humbly commit myself to that wise and gracious Providence which hath brought me on hitherto I matter not the way."*

Unfortunately for Lake, he had the ill-luck, on being consecrated Bishop of Bristol, to inherit a fierce quarrel which had been going on for several years in this very poor but stormy diocese, between his predecessor the late bishop and two very bellicose members of the chapter. One of these was the dean, Mr. Samuel Crossman, a person apparently well worthy of his name; the other, Mr. Prebendary Richard Thompson, who had almost tormented the late bishop out of his life. One of their annoyances to the late bishop was to let out the canon's little marsh, contiguous to the episcopal palace, as a dock for the repairing and building of ships; against which nuisance the bishop vainly protested, and finally petitioned the king, declaring "that the noise and evil smells occasioned by this proceeding was most injurious to his health, and that it would be impossible for him to continue to reside there, and the revenues of his see were too small to admit of his hiring another house; and that Mr. Crossman had refused to pay the customary dues; so that the Bishop of Bristol, having neither lands nor revenues to pay for servants, must be his own slave and wait upon himself."

All, however, was calm on Lake's first arrival, as we find from his letter to his friend the primate, dated Bristol, September 18th, 1684, in which

* Tanner MSS., xxxii. 50, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

he says, "I was so perfect a stranger to all persons and things at Bristol, that I found nothing to advertise your grace, save what was not worthy of your grace's notice, my safe arrival there, and my reception more civil and kind than I could expect." He then proceeds to lament the unhappy divisions and distractions he found in the city of Bristol, inflamed and distracted as they were by Sir John Knight, a most troublesome busybody, who was always stirring up strife, and had been the means of inducing one Mr. Roberts to take orders while lacking seven months of the canonical age. Mr. Roberts had imposed on the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and also on the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, by producing false testimonials of his age; and being supported by the Duke of Beaufort in person, he obtained institution to the living against the wish of the parishioners, who had set their hearts on a different person. They proceeded against Roberts in the Court of Arches.

Matters were carried on stormily, and the poor bishop was rendered very uncomfortable amongst the contending parties. In the midst of the strife the bellicose dean died, but, unhappily for all lovers of peace and quiet, he was succeeded by the equally bellicose prebendary, Thompson, and the king declared in his favour, although he had treated Sancroft with personal disrespect. There were ecclesiastical irregularities in his institution to the deanery, to which the bishop and the more orthodox portion of the chapter objected; but his violence overbore every one. He was accustomed, when any difference of opinion

occurred in the Chapter House, to strike his hand upon the table, and maintain his own, by crying in an authoritative voice, "*I* lay it down for a maxim. I am Dean of Bristol." He set his face against weekly communions in the cathedral, which Lake desired to establish; drove one of the minor canons out of Bristol by his injurious treatment, and persecuted another till he took to his bed with illness brought on by a series of insults and vexations.

Lake found himself less able to withstand this ruffianly dean than to cope with the pancake rabble of York. His letters to Sancroft are many and piteous on the subject of the annoyances to which he was constantly exposed by this person, whom neither concessions could mollify nor courage daunt.

To increase the difficulties of the bishop's position, the choir of the cathedral was in a dilapidated condition, and the chapter almost in a state of insolvency; so that, as Lake pithily observed, "there is much needed to be done, and very little to do it with."

In the midst of these disquiets Charles II. died. The ceremony of proclaiming his successor, James, Duke of York, king, is thus communicated to Archbishop Sancroft, by Lake:—

"*February 8th, Bristol.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"We received the news of the death of his late sacred Majesty this morning, with that regret which became our loyal duty. Immediately thereupon the mayor of this city called the magistracy together,

and resolved upon proclaiming his present Majesty, James II., with all expedition; and it was accordingly performed about four of the clock this afternoon, with all the ceremony and solemnity which this place and the time admitted. The magistracy were all in their scarlet, I present with them in my robes, the militia of the city all drawn together; a vast crowd of people, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and as loud and hearty acclamations as could possibly be imagined. In this posture this leaveth the city full of peace and joy, and the magistracy, who are very zealous for his Majesty's honour and interest, I doubt not will from time to time give a good account of it. I presume, by an express which goeth to the Duke of Beaufort, to signify thus much (though in scribbling haste) to your grace.

"Begging your grace's blessing, I am,

"Your grace's most heartily devoted servant,

"Jo. Bristol."

Matters proceeded more peacefully, even in stormy Bristol, during the first few days of the new reign; but, within the month, when Lake writes to Sancroft touching an exchange with the bishop of Durham in the duty of preaching at Whitehall, he says, "I shall not fail, *cum bono Deo*, to be in London upon Saturday, the 28th of this month, March, and shall then crave leave to lay before your grace the state of our cathedral. At present all things continue as I formerly represented them.

The dean (if I may call him so) neither acts nor appears. Whatever applications are made to him, or the necessities of the church require, he will do nothing; and what he designeth, unless to decline my visitation, passeth all understanding but his own."

The dean at last thought proper to write a long letter of apology and explanation to Sancroft, in which he said: "The commencement of the differences between himself and the late Bishop of Bristol originated in their dispute on the case of one Mrs. Allis, who had been baptized at Glasgow by an unqualified layman, the butler of Sir John Home; and that she, having scruples as to the validity of baptism so administered, was desirous of being re-baptized, for she had felt herself sorely disquieted by three sermons preached by him, Richard Thompson, before his institution to the deanery, on the sacrament of baptism; that the late bishop had urged it, but he, Richard Thompson, considered it not only unnecessary, but profane, and had used very strong language against both the late bishop and the present, who had reiterated the opinion of his predecessor on the case of Mrs. Allis. But, in conclusion, he (the dean) signified his great regret that he had suffered himself to use such intemperate expressions towards the bishop, and declared his readiness to make any apology that should be required of him, and to submit to his visitations and such regulations in the cathedral as his lordship deemed necessary."

A truce being thus proclaimed by the belligerent

dean, Sancroft gladly availed himself of the services of his friend, Dr. Lake, on whose stainless principles he well knew he could confide, for the purpose of restoring ecclesiastical order and discipline in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, and afterwards in that of Salisbury, in which arduous commission he was associated with the Bishop of Rochester and other eminent dignitaries of the Church.

Lake was summoned to London in consequence of Monmouth's rebellion. King James considered the presence of this loyal prelate would be very serviceable in keeping so important a place as Bristol quiet, and requested him to proceed thither without loss of time. Lake, who was at that time confined to his bed with a severe fit of the gout, unable to move hand or foot, hesitated not to yield prompt obedience to his sovereign's command, though under the necessity of being carried to his coach. He was in great danger of falling into the hands of the insurgents by the way, but safely accomplished the hazardous and painful journey. He gives the following account of his arrival in a letter to Sancroft, dated July 8th, 1685:—

"I found the city in a great ferment," writes he, "the rebels being within five miles, on the Somersetshire side; and the next day the alarm was still hotter, they being within four miles, on the Gloucestershire side, where the city seemed less defencible; ever since that we have been on our guard, being fully satisfied that their eye was mainly upon this city; and if the Duke of Beaufort had not been timely sent hither, and conducted himself with all

prudence and diligence ever since, it had certainly become a cheap and easy prey to them.

"At present we are celebrating, with all expressions of joy and triumph, the late happy victory obtained against the rebels, who are now totally dispersed; and this, accumulated with the news that the late Monmouth and Grey are taken in Dorsetshire, which is newly brought to the Duke of Beaufort; but of this he waiteth a confirmation.

"And now may it please your grace," continues Lake, "I hope it will not be unseasonable to commend Mr. Heath to his Majesty for the vicarage of St. Nicholas; and the case seemeth to require dispatch, for the dean and chapter of Bristol, who are, indeed, the proper patrons, have presented already; but a lapse having occurred to the king, Mr. Heath is willing to try the king's title with the presenters at his own peril, and I shall take truce with the presentation until we know the result.

"If I durst take confidence, I would presume, with respect to myself, to tell your grace that I have been advertised this day that the Bishop of Chichester is dead, and if your grace could think fit to move for that bishopric for me, it would be more convenient than Peterborough; but in this, as in all other things, I must refer myself wholly to your grace."

Sancroft recommended his old friend earnestly to the king, who cordially acceded to his request, and appointed Lake to the vacant see of Chichester; in a happy hour for him, as the dean had just made a fresh break out, and even proceeded so far as to publish a virulent pamphlet of abuse against him.

Lake alludes to this attack in his grateful letter of thanks to the primate for the welcome appointment to the see of Chichester:—

"I shall hasten up with all convenient speed," writes he, "and reckon it amongst my deliverances to be freed from the impertinence and insolence of our dean; who, by way of further answer to my articles of visitation, hath exhibited such a rhapsody of libellous and scandalous matter as seemeth to emulate if not outvie the d[ean] of Sarum."

Lake's translation to the see of Chichester took place in October, 1685. After announcing his safe arrival in that city to Archbishop Sancroft, he proceeds to consult him on various important points connected with his episcopal arrangements:—

"The sermons," observes he, "in our cathedral were wont to be in the body of the church, until Bishop Carleton, for wise and just reasons, removed them into the quire, and I have hitherto continued them there, and was not prophet enough to foresee any occurrence which might incline me to a thought to the contrary. But as this city is singularly factious and fanatic, and may be very prone to set up their conventicles again, and the Quakers have set up for themselves already, and the great William Penn is expected to speak amongst them to-morrow, so I would prevent it in the more sober and moderate sort of them, if possible; and I think one proper expedient to that purpose is the returning of the sermons into the body of the church, where is both much more room and much better accommodation for hearing (wherein the religion of those men mainly

consisteth) than the quire doth. I dare not be confident that this will attain the end; but it hath a tendency to it, and it will at least stop the mouth of a very plausible pretence, viz., that there is not a sermon in the whole city on Sunday forenoon, but only in the cathedral, and that the quire will not receive the third part of the people if they should generally come in; nor is there any sermon constantly in the afternoon, except in that part of the cathedral which is applied to the use of a particular parish, nor another living that is in any measure competent to maintain a constant preacher. All which is most undoubtedly true.

"I therefore humbly offer this to your grace's consideration, and shall wait your direction in it, but what we do we must do quickly. For mine own part I humbly conceive that it may not be amiss to try the experiment; and with some other expedients that perhaps may be found out, I hope, that with some losses, we may prevent greater inconveniences. If it be thought advisable, I shall take it upon me as mine own act and deed."

In his next letter Lake notifies "that conventicles are set up in most of the great towns in the diocese, and that papists are very busy to make proselytes, but with little success. They have indeed gained four or five," continues he, "in one parish, but they are poor, mean persons, who bring neither credit nor advantage to their church; nor do I hear of so many in the whole diocese beside, and yet divers of the most considerable persons in our part of the country are zealous that way."

"One other little errand this hath, to introduce a son of mine, who, on his way to Cambridge," continues Lake, "is emulous to beg your grace's benediction, as I also do, in the name and behalf of

"Your grace's, in all humble duty and obedience,

"Jo. Cicestr."

In a letter, dated June 18th, 1686, Lake, after thanking Sancroft for conferring the living of All-hallows, Barking, on Mr. Gaskarth, a worthy clergyman in whose behalf he had interested himself, proceeds to give a very curious account of his first visitation, which he had extended as far as Rye, the utmost limit of his diocese, and apparently a sort of *terra incognita*, which none of his predecessors since the Reformation had ventured to enter, so completely was it considered out of the region of civilized beings. Lake himself, as he says, "did not proceed thither without some difficulty, by reason of the ways thither; where" continues he, "no man alive hath seen a bishop before. In my passage by the sea coast I saw some churches wholly destroyed, and the parishes depopulated; some others in great decay, almost all poor and mean, and in disorder enough, inasmuch that some parishes have never yet had surplice or service book since the happy Restoration. One, which hath indeed but one family, and that of quakers, belonging to it, though the parsonage is worth at least forty pounds per annum, hath nothing but naked walls, and these not in the best repair; and such lumber as the quaker hath no place in his house bad enough for, he layeth there.

"On my return, I thought to have passed through the wild, and to have confirmed East Grinstead, Horsham, and some other places; but there I was bid stand, though perhaps I went further than a wiser man would have done, and so must remit that until the ways are in better condition."

After this melancholy description of his episcopal progress in that decayed and desolate district of his bishopric, Lake concludes his letter by mentioning "that since his return to Chichester the mayor of Rye had sent him copies of some extraordinary passports which had been presented by foreign gentlemen coming to Rye, on their passage to France; the passports being sealed with a Benedictine seal, a bishop in his habit, with his crosier, and the pope's escutcheon." These were probably some of King James's foreign Roman Catholic friends, whose appearance and singular credentials caused so much astonishment, not only to the Mayor of Rye, but to the learned Bishop of Chichester.

Lake, during the three years he held the see of Chichester, succeeded in establishing weekly communion in the Cathedral, in restoring the sermons to the body of the church, and also in drawing great numbers of conscientious dissenters to the worship of the Church of England.

He was one of the seven bishops who, in June, 1688, incurred the royal displeasure for petitioning to be excused from reading the king's declaration of Liberty of Conscience; for which offence he also was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. The particulars of that event having already been related in

the life of Archbishop Sancroft, need not be repeated here.

Lake continued to exercise his episcopal functions quietly in his diocese till the landing of the Prince of Orange brought him again on the arena of public life as a spiritual peer. He then united with the primate, and others of his faithful brethren, in endeavouring to persuade the king to take such measures for the security of the Church and constitution as would probably, if adopted in time, have preserved the crown to the male line of the Royal House of Stuart. The vacillation of James, and the treachery of some of his less conscientious advisers, rendered the judicious counsel of his prelates unavailing.

Lake was one of those who subsequently advocated a regency in behalf of James's son. The votes were so closely balanced that the crown was bestowed on William and Mary by only a majority of two. Lake gave his vote in favour of the regency; and then retired to his diocese, refusing to transfer his homage to the new sovereigns.

This refusal excited great animosity against the conscientious bishop. He was assured by his friends and well-wishers that, if he persisted in his determination, his suspension would take place on the 1st of August, and his deprivation would follow on the 1st of February.

"No matter," he replied. "I will not take oaths which my conscience condemns. The hour of death and the day of judgment are as certain as the 1st of August and the 1st of February."

The 1st of August came, and he was suspended;

but his time on earth was now short. On the 27th of the same month he was seized with shivering fits, accompanied with convulsions: a malignant fever followed. When his physicians, who saw the alarming nature of his symptoms, administered very strong and painful remedies, the deprived prelate smiled at their solicitude. "And is life worth all this at threescore years and five?" asked he. Nothing, he knew, could arrest the fever, and he prepared for death with unruffled serenity. To the weeping friends who attended him he made a declaration of the principles which had governed his life in these impressive words:—

"Being called by a sick, and I think, a dying bed, and the good hand of God upon me in it, to take the last and best viaticum, the sacrament of my dear Lord's body and blood, I feel myself obliged to make this short recognition and profession. That whereas I was baptized into the religion of the Church of England, and sucked it in with my milk, I have constantly adhered to it through the whole course of my life, and now, if so be the will of God, I shall die in it. And whereas the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience I take to be the distinguishing character of the Church of England, I have incurred, in consequence of my adherence to these principles, a suspension from the exercise of my office, and expect deprivation. I find in so doing much inward satisfaction, and if the oath had been tendered with peril of my life, I could only have obeyed by suffering. I desire you, my worthy friends and brethren, to bear witness of this on occasion, and to believe it

as the words of a dying man, who is now engaged in the most sacred act of conversing with God in this world, and may, for aught he knows to the contrary, appear with these very words in his mouth at the dreadful tribunal."

Lake entered into his rest three days after this profession of his principles, departing this troublous life peacefully on the night of August 30, 1689. Thus he escaped deprivation, as he died in the interim between his suspension and the day appointed for his ejection.

Dr. Patrick, his successor in the see of Chichester, expressed lively satisfaction that he was not called upon to supersede any of the deprived bishops, but was nominated to a see that was vacated by the natural death of its last possessor. Dr. Lake was interred in St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, simply and without pomp.

DR. THOMAS WHITE,

BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

THE name of Thomas White claims honourable remembrance among the worthies of the Church of England distinguished by the emphatic title of the "Seven Bishops of the Tower." He occupies, it is true, a less prominent position on the page of public history than either of the six prelates with whom he conscientiously united in petitioning to be excused from executing the unconstitutional mandate of their short-sighted sovereign, James II.; but so immaculate was his character, that not even political malice ventured to assail him as an individual.

He was born of respectable parentage, at Allington, in Kent, in the year 1630, and being early deprived of a father's care, had to work his own way in life. His widowed mother, a grave and holy matron, found a home in the house of a wealthy kinsman, Mr. Brookman, of Richborough, in Kent, through whose influence probably she was enabled to place her fatherless boy, in the first instance, in the royal foundation of King's School, Canterbury.

That well-known theologian, the Rev. John John-

son, vicar successively of Margate, Cranbrooke, and Appledore, who, as a contemporary, could scarcely have been mistaken, when preaching the anniversary sermon for King's School in the year 1716, and recapitulating the names of the distinguished men who had benefited by that institution, observed, "It produced in the last century two mitred heads, for I am well assured that the memorable Thomas White, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, was a scholar here, and I need not tell you that he was one of those seven prelates who made so notable a stand against arbitrary power in the year 1688; and yet afterwards, by his conduct, made it appear that his love to English liberty had not at all tainted the affection which he bore to his own natural lord and sovereign."*

It could, however, have only been the rudiments of his education that Bishop White received at King's School, Canterbury, since it is certain that he was early removed to the Grammar School at Newark-on-Trent, where he speedily distinguished himself by his genius, industry, and learned attainments, and was remarked for his singular personal strength, courage, and pugilistic skill. He was accustomed to say "that he ever looked back to his school days, at Newark, as the pleasantest and happiest of his life."

After completing an honourable scholastic career at Newark, he was entered as a sub-sizar at St. John's College, Cambridge. His talents, industry,

* Quoted by the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, M.A., in his valuable little work, "Memorials of King's School, Canterbury."

and learning dignified this lowly position, and finally elevated him above it. On taking holy orders he obtained, though in the days of the Commonwealth, the lectureship of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and became noted as one of the most eloquent preachers in London.

After the Restoration he was preferred to the Rectory of Allhallows, Barking, in Thames Street, where he was admired and followed by crowding thousands as the most popular preacher of that day.

It is stated, in a contemporary MS. in the British Museum, that he was once in attendance on the Bishop of Rochester when that prelate was to officiate for the first time at Dartford, on which occasion a ruffianly trooper of King Charles II.'s guard insulted them both, and treated the bishop with brutal and unprovoked insolence; and when Dr. White reproved him for his irreverent conduct, he, presuming on his gigantic figure, challenged them both to fight it out with him; on which White, remembering his own unrivalled prowess in his school-boy days, as a personal champion, was so far provoked as to depart from clerical dignity by inflicting condign chastisement on the ill-mannered bully, and compelled him to ask the bishop's pardon for his incivility, and lead his lordship's horse to the stall, which he had previously prevented him from approaching.

King Charles was highly amused at the story, of which he had heard only an apocryphal report, and facetiously told Dr. White "that he should

impeach him of high treason, for committing a personal assault on one of his guards." But when Dr. White explained the provocation he had received, and the unprovoked insolence with which the trooper had treated both the Bishop of Rochester and himself, the king greatly commended him "for the spirit and personal courage with which he had acted in teaching the fellow better manners," and promised to remember him when an opportunity of conferring a suitable preferment occurred.

The living of Bottesford was presented to Dr. White by the Earl of Rutland, and he actually attained the happiness of becoming the vicar of Newark, that dearly-loved town to which he owed the precious boon of a liberal education—the education that had been to him more than an inheritance of silver and gold, by enabling him to fight the battle of life victoriously, and to gladden the heart of a widowed mother by his scholastic fame and the honourable place he had won as a dignitary of the church, for the Archdeaconry of Nottingham was also conferred upon him.

On the marriage of the Lady Anne, the daughter of the Duke of York, to Prince George of Denmark, he was made her domestic chaplain. As the Lady Anne occupied the important place in the royal succession of heiress-presumptive to the throne, after her father and childless elder sister, the Princess of Orange, the appointment of so firm a churchman and excellent a character as the apostolic, learned, and eloquent Dr. White, became a matter of general satisfaction. All England, indeed, looked anxiously

to him as the person on whose influence the religious principles of their future sovereign in a great measure depended.

Dr. Thomas White had in his youth and early manhood seen many calamities befall the Church of England. The lesson he had learned from this adversity was, that to give the poor good sound instruction, and for her clergy to train them in practical observance of the precepts of the Church, was the way of heal and weal alike for Church and people. Considering the paucity of the education and mind of Queen Anne, she seems to have worked out these principles after her accession to the crown to the utmost extent of her ability.

Her fostering conduct to the Church is the best part of her career in life, and this was assuredly owing to her spiritual adviser, Dr. Thomas White. There was no other holy and purely disinterested person who enjoyed her confidence in opening life excepting White, whose influence could have worked on her mind for good. Neither her preceptor, Compton, Bishop of London, nor her tutor, Dr. Edward Lake, were characters likely to induce abnegation of selfishness, or to render her what she truly became, the nursing mother and generous benefactress of the Church of England.

Dr. White was consecrated Bishop of Peterborough October 25th, 1685. He was, on the suspension of Compton, Bishop of London, appointed, with the Bishop of Durham, and Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, to exercise ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the diocese of London. This was both a delicate and difficult

office, and the Bishop of Rochester expressed lively satisfaction that so holy and wise a man, as Dr. White, was associated with him in its responsibilities.

White, on his return to Peterborough, considered it his duty to investigate the state of his see, and was shocked on discovering how greatly the number of pluralities had increased since the Reformation, and in the course of years extended to an amount highly detrimental to the good of the Church, and the increase of Christian congregations. After serious reflection on the evils to which this practice gave rise, he submitted to the primate, Archbishop Sancroft, the following list of cases which he regarded as serious abuses, and entreated his counsel for reforming abuses of the kind.

"What limitations," he asks, "are to be given to pluralities in the cases following?

"1. When one man has from one to three or four and five curacies to supply, and they do not altogether make up a competent livelihood? Many of which are I believe to be found in the northern parts of Lincolnshire.

"2. Where one man holds a curacy and a vicarage or rectory, and perhaps lives at neither, but yet supplies them both by turns?

"3. Where one man has two benefices with cure, and devolves them both upon curates to supply; he himself not being detained from them by any other employment, but chooseth some city or great town to reside in for his secular convenience?

"4. Where pluralities belong to a residentiary in some cathedral church, and are supplied by curates,

the incumbent never residing, or hardly ever seeing his parishes for several years."

"I believe," adds White sadly, "there will be instances met with of all these cases in that great circuit, and I shall humbly beg your grace's instructions and commands about them, which I shall choose to follow rather than my own weak judgment, and in this and all other my understandings do most earnestly crave the aid of your grace's prayers and your blessing." *

Bishop White continued to devote unremitting attention to the reform of ecclesiastical discipline in his diocese; and although he had always been treated with especial courtesy by King James, he joined heart and hand with Archbishop Sancroft and the other five prelates who signed the petition, praying that sovereign to excuse them from reading and promulgating the royal declaration of Liberty of Conscience. He also was one of those who presented that petition to the king; he was subsequently committed to the Tower, as one of the seven, and was tried and triumphantly acquitted with them.

Anxious to avoid all political excitement he retired to his diocese, and occupied himself wholly and solely in the zealous performance of his episcopal duties during the stormy period of the Revolution which transferred the throne of England to William and Mary.

It was naturally expected that White, as the favourite chaplain of the Princess Anne, would

* Tanner MSS., vol. xxxi., p. 289., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

remain attached to the fortunes of his illustrious patroness; but nothing could induce him to forfeit the oath of allegiance he had sworn, or to countenance her unfilial conduct to her royal father, who, whatever had been his faults as a man and a sovereign, had ever been the tenderest and most indulgent of parents to her.

White was not a man to hesitate between duty and expediency. However painful the sacrifice was, he gave up the service of the Princess Anne, and all the prospects it opened, in no remote vista. He refused to take the oaths of allegiance to the new sovereigns, was suspended on the 1st of August, 1689, and finally ejected from his bishopric and deprived of all his other preferments on the 1st of February, 1690—in a word, reduced from affluence to absolute indigence.

He had made no provision for himself from the revenues of the rich benefices he had enjoyed, considering himself as merely the steward and distributor of the goods of the Church for the benefit of the poor and the extension of scholastic institutions.

The whole of the property, real and personal, which this self-denying and conscientious prelate had amassed, during the thirty years he had received the wages of the Church, did not amount to more than 2000*l.*; and that this was devoted to charitable objects, the following extracts from the will he made after his ejection from the see of Peterborough afford satisfactory testimony. He was at that time in very ill health, and looking forward to his demise at a much earlier period than it occurred. This docu-

ment is so truly edifying, in the spirit of Christian humility, love of God, and zeal for His service, that it cannot be otherwise than interesting to the reader:—

"In the name of God, Amen! I, Thomas White, D.D., late Bishop of Peterborough, have reflected often upon the occurrences of my former life, and often looked forward to the end of it, *whither* I am hasting through several infirmities of body which now afflict me, and the burden of almost sixty-two years of age; but being of sound understanding and memory, do make and constitute this my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following:—

"First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, giving most humble thanks unto Him not only for the manifold mercies which He hath vouchsafed me in order to the comfortable passage of my life—but for the infinite love He hath shown to the world in sending His only Son Christ Jesus to be the Redeemer of mankind; and particularly that I, being born in a Christian country, was early admitted into the holy Catholic Church of Christ, and have enjoyed the privileges and benefits thereof through life, and more especially that by Divine grace and favour I was instituted and brought up in that religion which is professed and established in the Church of England, which, after due inquiry and examination, I esteem the best constitution and safest way to heaven which is in the world (oh, that my deluded countrymen would think so too!), being far from the dangerous corruptions of Popery and the many im-

perfections which other parts of the Reformation are subject to.

"I do, moreover, beg of God, my Heavenly Father, full and perfect pardon for all my sins, being conscious to myself of manifold neglects and manifold violations of my duty! For Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake forgive me all that is past, and grant that all the defilements I have contracted through the lusts of the flesh, the vanities of the world, and the temptations of the devil, may be cleansed and done away with, and the remainder of my life may be wholly devoted to Thy service and glory, that I may be presented unto Thee without spot and blameless at the last day!"

He devises 10*l.* for the benefit of the poor of the parish in the which he should happen to die. To the poor of Peterborough, Bishop White gives 240*l.* to be laid out in land; 10*l.* out of the rents being for the poor of that parish, and the remainder for the minister as a reward for his pains in the distribution of the 10*l.* (devoted) to the poor of the parish. The 10*l.* was directed to be distributed in the church-porch on the 14th of December annually, to twenty poor families (reckoning the husband and wife for one person), who shall exactly and distinctly repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, without missing or changing one word therein.

"And," continues the bishop, "I do desire withal it may be observed that I do design this gift not only as a corporal, but as a spiritual alms to do good unto the souls as well as the bodies of the

poor, having with sorrow of heart taken notice of the inconceivable ignorance which prevails among the poor people that they are (at least very many of them) Christians only in name, but know not why they are so—nor what it is to believe, or practise, or pray for, or to answer the demands of the Christian profession.

"To encourage them, therefore, to learn the foundations of the Christian religion, I have bequeathed this charity.

"My further will is, that this part of my last will and testament be transcribed by the parish above mentioned, and be locked up in the parish chest; and that on the last Sunday in November, after morning service, the rector, vicar, or incumbent do read this part of it to the poor and the inhabitants of the said parish in the church-porch."

The like sum, with the same provisoes, he bequeaths to the parish of Newark-upon-Trent, that well-beloved home of his school-days, and to which his labours in the cure of souls were devoted with spiritual joy in early manhood. Moreover, he left to the library of the church of Newark 1200 volumes for the use of the town, in consideration of his attachment to it as the place of his early education.

White recovered from the complication of complaints under which he was suffering at the period when he made this will.

He alludes to the nature of his peculiarly painful and dangerous malady in the following interesting letter to his beloved friend, the deprived Archbishop Sancroft:—

"*Eaton, July 29th,* 1692.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Being acquainted with Dr. Paman's intention to wait on your grace, I am desirous he should carry with him some signification of my deep respect and duty, which I know not how to express better than by congratulating that settled and uninterrupted health which I hear you enjoy at seventy-five years old, and that greatness and constancy of mind which makes you happy in the loss of everything which all the world understands and admires.

"I had about a month ago an account that my brother of Bath and Wells [Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells] was in a good state, and have received two letters from my brother Robert of Gloucester [Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester], full of cheerfulness and generosity of temper, that show his sufferings make no other alteration on the bravery of his spirit, but only to improve it. Among other things, he rejoices that, with the loss of his bishopric, he has likewise lost his gout, and looks on it as a happy exchange. He seemed very desirous to know how he might write to your grace, to which I gave him some directions, and therefore suppose you may have heard of him by this time. Dr. Paman will tell you how severely I have been handled with a fit of the stone in the kidneys very lately, but, blessed be God, the pain is gone off, and I have been at more peace in my bladder the last week than I have enjoyed these two years and upwards.

"I wish your grace the continuance and increase

of all good things, and humbly beg your blessing and prayers in behalf of,

"My lord,

"Your most obedient and dutiful servant,

"THO. PETRIBOURG."

White assisted two of his brethren, the deprived Bishops of Norwich and Ely, on the 23rd of February, 1695, in consecrating Thomas Wagstaff, the nonjuring Chancellor of Lichfield and ejected rector of St. Margaret Pattens, to the office of suffragan Bishop of Milford. White was at that period lodging in the house of the Rev. Mr. Giffard, in Southgate, and the ceremony was performed there, in the presence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, the uncle of the Queen and her sister the Princess Anne.

Wagstaff derived no emolument from the office to which he was thus appointed. He had studied physic before his admission into holy orders, and after his deprivation he practised the healing art with great sucess for a subsistence, but continued to wear his clerical gown to the end of his life.

The meek and heavenly-minded Thomas White survived his ejection from the see of Peterborough upwards of eight years, living in great privacy a devout life of poverty and self-denial, held in great reverence by his friends, and disarming the malice of his political opponents by the blameless and apostolic tenor of his conduct.

His last public appearance was by the side of Sir John Fenwick, when that unfortunate gentleman

mounted the scaffold on Tower Hill, the 28th of January, 1696-7, to suffer the death to which he had been illegally and unconstitutionally doomed by the revival of the old Tudor iniquity of condemnation by attainder.

The more reflective of the people regarded with patriotic indignation so gross a violation of the boasted privileges of British subjects, resorted to by those who professed to have become the champions of the laws and liberties of Great Britain.

Great disgust was also expressed when it was known that the new primate Tennison, with Compton, Bishop of London, Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, and others of the prelates of the Revolution, had broken through the humane custom which had hitherto prompted the lords spiritual to withdraw from the House on such occasions, and had unclerically given their votes for the bloody doom which sent their illegally-condemned countryman to the block in the flower of his days.

The murmurs deep, not loud, that pervaded the spectators of the tragic scene were hushed to affectionate awe when they saw the attenuated form of the deprived Bishop of Peterborough, whom many of them well remembered as the eloquent rector of All-hallows, Barking, the most popular preacher of the day, and venerated as one of the holiest of men, who had renounced rank, riches, and political power for conscience' sake, appear by the side of the victim, whom he came to comfort and support in that dread hour.

Nothing could be more gallant and courageous

than the demeanour of Sir John Fenwick as he stepped on the fatal scaffold. Looking calmly round, he gracefully saluted the gentlemen who came to see him die; but he spoke to no one but the deprived Bishop of Peterborough. Earnestly they two prayed together for their country and for their king, whom, however, they did not mention by name.

The last time the rich voice of Dr. White—once so familiar in that district to the listeners who had been wont to hang on every word that proceeded from his lips—was heard, was when he invoked his solemn benediction on his death-doomed friend.

Sir John Fenwick expressed his wish to make trial of the block. He kneeled down, and ascertained the best way of placing himself for the stroke of death. He rose again, and took an affectionate leave of the Bishop of Peterborough. It seems that this devout Christian had forbidden his penitent to be accessary to his own death by making any signal for the descent of the axe; for Sir John Fenwick, when he finally placed his neck on the block, said to the executioner, "Man, I am ready for aught that may be done to me, but expect no signal from me."

Sir John Fenwick then said fervently a short prayer, at the end of which the headsman skilfully despatched him with one blow. A few months after this solemnity Dr. White entered into his rest. He died in London, on the 30th of May, 1698, having lived in great retirement ever since his deprivation.

His funeral was solemnized on the 5th of June. He was buried in St. Gregory's churchyard vault, in St. Paul's.

His remains were attended by the nonjuring bishops, Francis Turner of Ely, Lloyd of Norwich, and the Irish Bishop of Kilmore, who with two others of the deprived brethren supported the pall. Forty of the ejected clergy, and several of the Jacobite nobility and gentry followed the hearse; but on the request of Turner, that he or some other of the nonjurors should read the burial service, being rejected by the Dean of St. Paul's, who appointed a conforming minister to officiate, the whole of the mourners withdrew.

Turner, Bishop of Ely, gives an account of the circumstances, in the following curious letter to his brother, which is now for the first time unfolded to the general reader:—

"MOST DEAR SIR,

"I acquainted you with the sad occasion of my being in town last week. There I stayed till yesterday, that I might attend the funeral on Saturday night. It was earnestly desired by many that I should perform the office at the grave (in St. Gregory's, *i.e.*, in the churchyard, for there is no church). I yielded, if it might be permitted, which I told them would hardly be, and that my poor name would never pass muster. Yet the curate of the place agreed with all the ease and respect imaginable. But his *de facto* dean, Dr. Sherlock, coming to know it, forbade it expressly, nor could any intercessions prevail with him to suffer any one of the deprived, not the most obscure or least obnoxious, to officiate. This did not hinder me nor anybody else from waiting on the

corpse to the grave, the Bishop of Kilmore and myself with four others holding up the pall. As soon as our bearers set down we made our exit; and all the clergy with most of the gentry followed.

"The great reason alleged by Dr. Sherlock for refusing it was the daring imprudence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Ken) for burying Mr. Kettlewell even in his habit. Is not this a precious manikin of a dean?" *

The passage in the deprived bishop's will, in which he leaves his unostentatious directions for his funeral, is peculiarly touching:—

"Having commended my soul unto the mercy and grace of God, I do appoint my body to be buried in the churchyard of the parish wherein I shall die, without any funeral pomp, sermon, or expenses above ten pounds; and without any monument or inscription, saving this upon a little stone, *if it may be allowed.*— 'THE BODY OF THOMAS WHITE, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, DEPRIVED OF THAT BISHOPRIC FOR NOT TAKING THE OATHS OF ALLEGIANCE AND SUPREMACY ESTABLISHED IN 1689, IS BURIED HERE IN HOPES OF A HAPPY RESURRECTION."

Meekly and simply as the saintly Bishop of Peterborough set down the facts he desired to have engraved on the "*little*" stone that was to record his numble "*Hic jacet,*" it seems they were too strong for the prosperous Bishop of London to admit into the Cathedral of St. Paul's; for his dust has namelessly

* Indorsed "for the Rev. Dr. Turner, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford." Tanner MSS., Bodleian Library.

mingled with that of the parishioners of St. Gregory,* the adjunct to the stately metropolitan church. But such a fact would not vex the soul of a man who left only ten pounds to bury his body, and the rest of his slender store to the poor.

* Brown Willis says in his 'Cathedrals,' that Bishop White was buried in St. Gregory's Church, now part of St. Paul's Cathedral. *without any monument.*

FRANCIS TURNER,

BISHOP OF ELY.

CHAPTER I.

FRANCIS TURNER was more intimately connected with the Court than either of the seven prelates whose memorials are progressively unfolding in these pages. His mother, Margaret Windebanke, was the daughter of Sir Francis Windebanke, Secretary of State to Charles I. His father, Dr. Thomas Turner, successively Dean of Rochester and Canterbury, was chaplain to that unfortunate prince, whom he accompanied to Scotland and attended in many of his wanderings. Two of Francis Turner's maternal uncles were in the service of the king, who made the eldest Governor of Blechendon House. To the king's great surprise and mortification, Windebanke, surrendered this important stronghold to Cromwell, the lieutenant-general of the Parliament, with the great store of arms and ammunition it contained, conduct for which no reasonable excuse could be assigned. He was tried by a military commission, found guilty of treason and cowardice, and con-

demned to be shot. Notwithstanding the great interest of Sir Francis Windebanke, this sentence was executed, on which Lieutenant-Colonel Windebanke, his younger brother, threw up his commission, became a deadly foe to the royal cause, and finally attained great political power and influence in the cabinet and councils of William III.

Francis Turner was born at Canterbury, in the year 1636, just before the breaking out of the great rebellion, and was trained from infancy in principles of loyal affection to his Church and king. His father was, in consequence of his ardent attachment to both, ejected from all his preferments, so that the early days of Francis Turner were overshadowed with care and disciplined by adversity; the deprivation of income subjecting the family to the misery of stinted meals, and all the privations consequent on a reverse from ease, comfort, and luxury, to absolute want.

He received his education in the college of William of Wykeham, at Winchester. While there he formed a tender friendship with the celebrated Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, a friendship that endured through life. They were united by a reciprocity of sentiment and pursuits as schoolboys—both were poets—both were studious, enthusiastic, and loyal—both distinguished themselves by their ardent love for learning—both were to become bishops, patriotic champions of the Church, and finally martyrs to their principles. Francis Turner, being one year older than Ken, was the first to leave Winchester for New College, Oxford, in the

year 1655. He was soon followed by his beloved friend; their intimacy was increased by time and sympathy, and became a source of mutual happiness to both.

The degree of B.A. was taken by Francis Turner in the year 1659, of M.A. in 1663, of B.D. and D.D. in 1669. He had been previously admitted into holy orders at the Restoration, when the preferments of his father, Dr. Thomas Turner, were restored. The living of Therfield, in Hertfordshire, was presented to Francis Turner in the year 1663.

Dr. Isaac Brassine, writing June 31, 1667, to the father of Francis Turner, tells him "he sends his lately published book for a new year's gift, and shall commend it to the good care of your worthy son, Francis Turner, a person precious to us for his piety and learning beyond his years."

Therfield was formerly dependent on the royal abbey of Rumsey. The church was a noble structure, but had suffered much during the civil wars, and was almost in a state of ruin when Francis Turner was inducted into the rectory. At his own expense the youthful rector restored the choir and chancel, erected a groined roof over the chancel, and paved the floor with polished marble.

He was doubtless assisted in his work of restoration by the suggestions of his friend, Sir Christopher Wren, who was occasionally his guest. Eulogistic Latin verses were addressed to Francis Turner on his munificent improvements to his church, by Thomas Wright.

While resident at his beloved rectory, Francis

Turner indulged his poetic feelings by writing lines "On the Prospect of the University of Cambridge, from the top of the hill near my house at Therfield."

"Hail, to those sacred mansions soaring high,
Methinks a glory near each chapel dwells;
Christ's colours streaming there of crimson dye!
Each offering like the balm of Gilead smells,
Which, mixed with odorous gums, all meaner scents dispels.
* * * * * * *

"Let thy good angels, Lord! the place frequent—
Send from thy treasures of celestial grace
Those gifts thy Holy Spirit oft has sent;
Send them, blest Father, on that chosen place,
Lift up thy light serene on those that seek thy face.

"Thou bad'st thy heavenly meteor take its stand
On thy travailing temple, in the way
Where Moses led them through the barren sand;
As thou wert in the meteor, so I pray,
Through yonder sacred roofs dart thine inspiring ray.
* * * * * * *

"Son of the Father, who the world didst frame,
And didst redeem the world with thine own blood,
And tak'st away our sin, O thou, the Lamb!
To that blest colony of thine be good;
Wash them from earth for heaven with thy rich purple flood!"

There is a very primitive letter, in the Rawlinson MSS., from the old Dean of Canterbury, Francis Turner's father, to his son Thomas, afterwards the Master of Corpus Christi, Oxford, announcing that their mother had sent half a dozen shirts between him and his brother, and was desirous of being certified that her maternal present had been safely received in Oxford.

Francis Turner was collated to the prebend of

Sneating, in St. Paul's, in 1669. In the following year he was elected Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was greatly honoured and beloved.

He assisted in fostering the genius of Matthew Prior, whom he first brought into notice when an undergraduate at St. John's College. Prior had addressed in the first instance some very elegant lines to his accomplished master, entreating him to inspire an obscure and unfriended muse.

> "So to the blest retreats she'll gladly go,
> Where the saint's palm and muse's laurel grow;
> Where, kindly, both in glad embrace shall twine,
> And round your brows their mingled honours twine;
> Both to the virtue due, which could excel
> As much in writing, as in living well."

The high moral tone of Francis Turner's conduct, character, and works, had indeed won for him such universal respect in St. John's College, that this gratefully-turned sentence might be regarded as a well-merited tribute, rather than a compliment, for it was the truth.

Excessive study and a solitary life were inimical to his health, and he writes to his mother in the year 1674, confessing "that he had been ill from overburdening his mind and giving up bodily exercise; but was resolved to follow her advice, and bestow more time on his body to keep it in better plight; that he feels his solitary evenings, but labours daily to resign himself to the will of Him who hath promised that all things shall work for good to those who love Him."

The next thing our learned recluse did, was to relieve his dulness by falling in love, considering that his Heavenly Creator had not thought it good for man to be alone, even in Paradise.

There was a strong friendship between Francis Turner and the apostolical Peter Gunning, his predecessor in the see of Ely. To this worthy prelate he confided his desire of marrying Anna Horton, a most charming and exemplary young lady, maternally descended from the noble family of Ferrars, and fairly endowed with fortune.

He had now been fourteen years in holy orders, and being of a melancholy disposition, was weary of celibacy, especially after he had seen the fair Anna Horton, and became acquainted with her good qualities.

In the autumn of the year 1676, he announces the approaching change in his condition to his friend, Archbishop Sancroft, in the following quaint and original terms:—

"*October* 14, 1676.

"HONOURED DEAR SIR,

"The deference my father enjoined his sons to have for you and your particular kindness, oblige me to acquaint you with a great concern of mine, and to desire your blessing and your prayers for me; for I am, to-morrow, with God's leave, to marry one Mrs. Horton, in the chapel at Ely House, and so receive the Church's benediction from the sacred hands of my lord bishop himself, my spiritual father, without whose participation, consent, and satisfaction, I have not done this thing; nor without

the maturest consideration of all my own circumstances and of the person I am about to marry. My great inducements were, a thousand pounds' debt was contracted by my building in so many places, though scarce anybody knew of this but my good lord of Ely (to whom I owed good part of it), and then my own natural and habitual melancholy was another more prevailing consideration. But nothing wrought in me more than the great security (if I may communicate it of one that is so near being my wife) of a person that, if the world be not extremely mistaken, is of good piety and good nature, as well as kindness; at least all men speak well of her. I refer you to Dr. Stillingfleet to assure you of this, for he is not unacquainted with her, though altogether ignorant of my affair till Thursday last, when he asked me, and I did not deny it, although I desire your leave till I declare it, as I will by the conveying her to Therfield, with your leave, within these four days.

"I did not intend to finish it so hastily, but some prudential reasons make it necessary."

The bridal of Francis Turner and Anna Horton took place, as specified by him, in St. Etheldreda's Chapel, on the 18th of October, the marriage service being solemnized by Bishop Gunning, and the wedded pair went to reside at Therfield Rectory.

Francis Turner resigned the mastership of St. John's College on his marriage, and gave himself up to the comforts of domesticity. The union was most felicitous, and for upwards of two years the young

divine was in the enjoyment of perfect happiness; but in the beginning of the year 1678 he was bereaved of his young, lovely, and beloved wife. Mrs. Turner died in childbed, on the 28th of January, and her death was attributed to the unskilful treatment of the Quaker nurse or midwife by whom she was attended.

Mrs. Turner was only in the twenty-eighth year of her age, and inexpressibly dear to her husband. He buried her in the chancel of Therfield Church, and composed and preached her funeral sermon. The fair tomb he erected to her memory is a touching memorial of his love and grief. The elegiac Latin verses with which it is inscribed are his own composition, commemorating her virtues and singular endowments, and "entreating the tears of the reader for his bereavement and sorrow at the loss of this honoured and holy matron."

It is impossible for anything to be more loving and reverential, than the following touching letter, which was addressed to him by his wife's mother, about seven weeks after their mutual bereavement:—

"*March* 28.

"DEAR SON,

"I hope these may now find you safe and well at London. My inquiries must ever pursue you, for I cannot satisfy myself, nor may, without apparent ingratitude, forbear continually to renew my thanks, which become every day more and more due, for your multiplied favours. The abundant kindness in your last letter, as an addition to all the former, con-

stantly followed by real endeavours to oblige us all, justly claims more acknowledgments than can possibly here be inserted.

"I were unworthy the name of a Christian, or, indeed, of a human creature, if my concern were other than what it is for your happiness. That I have borne a great part with you in this affliction is really true, and might that have been any ease to yours I should with more cheerfulness have undergone it; for my daily infirmities remind me it will not be long before I may hope to meet this my dear child, who is but gone before me, and then we need never more fear parting; but that you may live happily many years upon earth, not only I, but all are concerned to pray. The God of Heaven bless and prosper all your undertakings for His glory, and the good of His church and kingdom.

"I was troubled to hear of your disappointment in the dream of your resting-vault, but there is a Providence in everything, and by the ordering of this affair you have not only approved the greatness of your love to the deceased, but also given, I think, an unparalleled example of the conquest over yourself, in composing and delivering her funeral sermon, the copy of which, if you please to intrust me with, it is most just I should observe your injunction, which I here faithfully promise, and whilst I live shall never part with it.

"I am mighty well satisfied to hear our dear little girl continues in a healthful and thriving condition, and beseech God Almighty to bless her and give you much comfort of her

"My sons at Oxford shall be ready to attend you when or wherever you please to command them. I am sure they can never be in better and more desirable company. There shall be care had of your horse to be ready against the time you speak of sending; but the men say it is not safe to take him from grass into the stable till about ten days before his journey, because they are fearful of his feet, though now he runs they appear well.

"It is time now to put an end to this scrawl and your trouble, for which I beg your pardon, and shall add no more, but that I am,

"Dear sir,

"Your most unfeignedly affectionate

"Mother and servant,

"D. HORTON.*

"I must not omit my dearest service to my honoured good sister. My husband, and daughter Davy, and all here, speak abundance of love and service to you, of which they beg your acceptance.

"*For the Reverend and Worthy Dr. Turner, at his house in Amen Corner, at the end of Paternoster Row, London. These.*"

The fondly loved and early lost wife of Francis Turner left one infant girl, named Margaret, on whom the desolate widower lavished the unbounded affec-

* Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

tion of his heart. Francis Turner never married again.

He ceased not, however, to cultivate his poetic talents. His 'Hymn before Sleep' is worthy of becoming better known than it is, for the sweet spirit of devotion that pervades it. It is too long for insertion, but the following verses may serve as a specimen:—

THE SLEEP HYMN.

"Our day's labour at an end.
Now 'tis time to take some ease,
Sleep, our nature's gentle friend,
Waits our weary limbs to seize.

"Minds, in tempests all the day
Racked with cares, and overprest;
Drenched in deep oblivion, they
All the night lie charmed to rest.

"'Tis the God of Nature's will
To bestow this sweet repose—
This soft medicine to distil—
Balm of human pains and woes.

* * * * * *

"Tired with labours of the day,
Though our bodies sleep controls,
Hearts awake, to Christ shall pray,
Rest and centre of our souls."

These words are more musical sung than recited. Try them to the melody of the New Year's Hymn—

"Whilst with ceaseless course the sun."

As the son of the loyal Dean of Canterbury, Francis Turner was well known to the king and the Duke of York, and at the recommendation of

Sancroft he was appointed chaplain to his Royal Highness, for although the duke had unhappily joined the communion of the Church of Rome, he always kept a chaplain of the Church of England in his household; not only because it was an indispensable matter of royal etiquette that he, the heir-presumptive to the crown, should do so, but for the sake of the Protestant portion of his establishment, and the ladies of the Church of England in the service of the duchess and the Princess Anne.

Turner was in attendance during the duke's exile in Scotland, and found himself treated not only with liberality, but very great kindness and even confidence; moreover, his Royal Highness promised of his own accord to use his influence with the king his brother, that Turner might have the appointment of Dean of Windsor and Royal Almoner on the decease of the present incumbent of those offices, who was not either aged or ill at that time. "Yet," writes Turner to Sancroft, "I perceive by his Highness, who must be allowed the character of the best master, that he presses the business on farther to the secretary than I wished during the Dean of Windsor's good health, which I pray God to increase, and beseech your grace to believe. As I do not set my heart or thoughts upon this thing, so I would rather go without it (though my name be up) than push for it indecently. But having this occasion to touch upon the affair, I will presume to acquaint your grace that I now better understand what I may expect from my lord Bishop of London than I did when I took my

leave of your grace; for I have received by my brother (his lordship's chaplain) a very obliging message, 'that, though considering what Dr. —— expected from him, he could not think it proper for him to be active for anybody else, yet he would be perfectly indifferent, and would be very well satisfied if your grace would fix it for me, and that he is very sorry he could not appear for me actively.'

"I think fit to inform your grace of this, as it would have troubled me if your grace and my lord of London had but seemed to differ in a business where I was concerned.

"My lord, for want of other company I have more discourse with the duke than otherwise should come to my share, and upon all occasions I find he places his hopes altogether upon the episcopal party, and mainly upon the bishops themselves, your grace especially; wishing and desiring that your grace will take all opportunity of encouraging the king (that was the duke's own word) to be steady in well chosen resolutions, and laying before his Majesty how fatal a thing it would be now to trace back again the ground he has gained, and how mighty safe to stick by his old friends and the laws.

"I send this by the black box, which cannot miscarry." What a wonderful box that must have been! "I have nothing," continues Turner, "to entertain your grace withal from hence, unless it be this, that our John a Leyden party grows not more numerous to appearance, but more extravagantly wild in their notions, and divided into many hopeful schisms among themselves. On the other side our Common Prayer

Books do sell, the booksellers tell me, in great numbers in Edinburgh." And this in spite of Mrs. Anderson the king's printer's widow's patent monopolising the printing and selling of all Bibles and Prayer Books, and the shameful types and absurd errors of the press which pervaded all those printed in her office.

If the Duke of York did no other good in Scotland, he at least put an end to this dreadful abuse of the royal privilege, and threw open the Bible and Prayer Book monopoly to the people of Scotland. No doubt his learned and zealous episcopal chaplain, Dr. Francis Turner, was an active instrument in this admirable work.

The Duke of York instructed Turner to write to Sancroft in behalf of Mr. Gordon, a missionary chaplain of the Church of England, who had been working very hard, in the then English colony of New York, for the propagation of the Gospel.

"I give your grace this trouble," writes Turner, from Edinburgh to Sancroft, August 19th, 1681, "by the duke's command, in favour of this bearer, Mr. Gordon, a clergyman born in this country, but one who has served his Royal Highness several years at his plantation of New York, for which the duke, like a gracious master, thinks he owes him some kindness; but besides this public service, he is now in hard circumstances, for when he was very young he was so ill advised as to give a bond to my Lord Privy Seal that he would resign a small living, which his lordship conferred upon him, if his resignation were demanded. Now, upon my lord's entering into the

faction against the duke, this bond is threatened to be sued."

To what paltry exercises of spite did the party against the brave royal admiral descend, that even a hard-working missionary clergyman of the English Church was marked out for ruin by that mean-souled faction, because his services had been acknowledged and appreciated by the duke, although he was unhappily of a different communion.

Gordon was not, however, devoid of friends. "The good Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the living is," continues Turner, "encourages him, as he assures me, to stand the trial whether such a bond be valid or not, and some great men are forward enough to stand by him. His Highness gives me order to make it his request to your grace that you will confer some employment upon him, or procure him some from the king, for his support and maintenance."

Lucky Mr. Gordon! The unprovoked and most unkind persecution of my Lord Privy Seal, seeking to deprive him of his poor incumbency, was the means of interesting the most illustrious patrons in his behalf, who had both the power and the will to endow him with ecclesiastical preferments of which he had never before ventured to dream.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a pleasant sojourn in Scotland, Francis Turner, on the Duke of York's recall to England, returned with him to London, and took up his abode in his prebendal house at Amen Corner.

He was appointed Dean of Windsor and Lord Almoner to King Charles early in 1683, and on the 3rd of July the same year, he writes in the following grateful strain to Sancroft, who had recommended him to the king for the vacant see of Rochester.

"My heart is so full that I shall go down to the Oxford entertainments with too great a load upon it, unless, with your grace's permission, I may ease it to you. My lord, let me state my case to you thus in short. I have eaten your bread these eighteen years at Therfield, for that living, in equity, was yours. When you left a deanery and a living it was your condescending goodness to make it mine.

"Though I owed my place in St. Paul's to the king and the duke's favour, yet the kindness with which your grace managed that business for me with my lord of London, and your treating me ever since with that high rate of obligingness, particularly in this

affair of Windsor, has made me *think thanks*, rather than be troublesome with so many express acknowledgments. And on last Sunday morning your grace did so perfectly surprise me with another heap of favours, that I have scarcely yet recovered my amazement, so as to go along with my discourse on the subject. I had rather go to my knees, and beseech Almighty God to make me and keep me humble, and able in some measure to serve the Church and your grace.

"I will say no more, but only repeat one passage in a letter, which I did presume to write to your grace upon your promotion, that if the good old Dean of Canterbury, who is now in Heaven, were as your grace is now, at Lambeth, I could not pay him truer duty and service than I was resolved to pay your grace; wherein I did but fulfil the will of the dead, for he directed me to do so, and to be ever advised by you, as he commanded my two younger brothers in his written will, leaving an estate between them, that if any unhappy difference fell out between them, they should not offer to go to law, but should be determined by his most honoured friend Dr. Sancroft, [then] Dean of St. Paul's.

"My lord, I think fit to acquaint your grace that two persons of note in the duke's family have, within these two days, sifted me at such a rate as (though I sent them away no wiser than they came), I am apt to suspect that my master, in the overflowings of his affections, may have given out some intimation of this business, of which his Highness and your grace discoursed in his closet.

"I think that you may please to consider whether my lord of Clarendon should not be told something of it by your grace, rather than it should come to his knowledge by some other way; besides, he may prepare his noble brother to be directed in it by your grace.

"I shall only add, that if your grace persists in your favourable opinion that I am capable of serving you at Rochester, I shall be very well contented if St. Paul's may be left for my winter quarters in case my way to Westminster should be obstructed. But to make room for the most worthy Dr. Beveridge, and for my own sake too, I cannot but wish the design of my succeeding at Westminster may not fail."

A delay of two months occurred before the day of Francis Turner's consecration to the bishopric of Rochester was appointed. The appointment caused general satisfaction; but it was hailed with peculiar joy by his venerable friend, Peter Gunning, Bishop of Ely, who wrote to congratulate him on his accession to the hierarchy, in the following affectionate terms:—

"*Sept.* 3, 1683.*

"MY DEAR LORD AND BROTHER,

"I have longed for this day now these many weeks since, and hearing of it weekly from Mr. Everard, and yet still the hope deferred was almost the only personal sickness I have felt, so that you may believe that my health and business will not

* Tanner MSS.

only permit me, but be promoted by this slow journey to you, to be a glad witness of your promotion. Your election, my good lord elect, seems everywhere, to all your friends and enemies, if there be any such, so welcome, and such good tidings, that it is easily believed to have been (as the word of the canonists is) "*electu per spiritu sanctu.*" You are no less welcome, I assure you, to the Church than to the Court. God be blessed, that He hath put it into the heart of the king and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"My feeble hands, such as are the hands of a poor man, full of infirmities, I have lift up unto God for you, that He would bless, direct, and prosper you in your procedure, and by all degrees of ecclesiastical honour and spiritual joy, till you come into that everlasting.

"Surely, therefore, if God bless and keep me in my journey, you shall most readily have not only *protensur manur*, but also the friendly embraces of my arms. I hope to be in London on Thursday night, the 13th of this instant, in order to the 16th.

"My humble and hearty service to your good mother. I rejoice in her joy, and comfort now of her old age. God bless your young daughter. One St. Peter had no more that was read of after his apostolate.

"I thank you for my venison, which we intend here to spend on Sunday next, the day of our thanksgiving.

"God be ever most gracious to you, my dear brother, and bring us together to partake eternally in the joys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and, in order

thereunto, make us, in our united stations, serviceable unto His Church, with acceptable services to our great master, in whom I rest.

"Your most faithful, affectionate servant,

"Friend, and brother,

"PETER ELY."

This most interesting letter of the aged prelate concludes with a postscript, relating to the recent destructive fire in Ely, which, though of more personal connection with the biography of its future bishop, Francis Turner, is well worthy of record as a contemporary document of that event, and indicative of the pious feelings of his venerable friend and correspondent, who communicates the following particulars:—

"By a high wind leaping from one street to another at a quarter of a mile distant, our fire at Ely, so dangerous in more places than one, yet through God's great mercy, was seasonably stopped after some fifteen houses, such as they were, were burned; God very graciously staying His rough wind, and turning it towards the fields, outwardly, not upon the town or churches, which otherwise had been in great danger.

"*Indorsed.—To the Right Reverend Dr. Francis Turner, Lord Elect Bishop of Rochester.—These.*"

The consecration of Francis Turner as Bishop of Rochester duly took place, but, in consequence of his office of Lord Almoner to the king, he was much

oftener at Court than would otherwise have been the case. He writes to Sancroft from Windsor, in July, 1684, about the Bishop of Lichfield, whom the primate had suspended for misconduct, notwithstanding the avowed patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland, whose son, the Duke of Southampton, had married his niece. The duchess therefore, as a mother, of course would endeavour to misrepresent the matter to the king. Sancroft had requested Turner to explain the real state of the case to Charles.

"I thought it of importance enough to trouble your grace," writes Turner, "with a short account how I performed your commands in the Bishop of Lichfield's affair. I discoursed it largely with the duke, and it was his opinion that I should wait upon him to his Majesty to tell the story. Accordingly, his Royal Highness beckoned me in the drawing-room, and the king, whose hand the Bishop of Bristol (Lake) and I had lately kissed, demanded of me, pleasantly, 'What news of the reverend father?' I did in few words acquaint his Majesty with the case, and he well approved what had been done, and spake of the man with the utmost contempt. All this was aloud and openly in the circle.

"Then followed a great deal of raillery upon the sordidness and refractoriness of the unhappy man. Your grace has nothing more to secure in this business, except matters of form at the Commons, unless the cause be removed into Westminster Hall, where I am told the delinquent places all his hope of success, which he is not likely to get at Whitehall or London.

"The Lord Keeper assures me that he has spoken to the king extremely home in this business, and his Majesty declares he will do nothing to the prejudice of the Church and its discipline."

Sancroft carried his point triumphantly in respect to the suspension of the simoniacal bishop.

Turner, in his next letter to Sancroft, mentions a personal request the Princess Anne had preferred in behalf of her chaplain; "the first she had made for anything of the kind, and this entirely her own, and by no means to be represented as a suit of the duke her father."

On the death of his loved and venerated friend, Peter Gunning, Francis Turner was translated to Ely, where he was most affectionately received; and went to reside with his widowed mother and promising child Margaret, who was the sole joy and comfort of his widowed heart.

The death of Charles II. occurred soon after his consecration to the see of Ely. Francis Turner was appointed to preach the coronation sermon at the inauguration of his old master and royal friend James II.

Soon after his arrival at the episcopal palace of Ely, a series of curious and deeply interesting letters were addressed to him by a poor Quaker, who had been incarcerated for more than five years in the jail of that town. The name of this unfortunate person who had been cruelly torn from his wife and family, and prevented from exercising his harmless trade for their maintenance, was Samuel Cater; he was apparently a man of good education, and of

infinitely less formality than persons of his community generally were at that period, since he scruples not to address the bishop by his title, and speaks of the king and other dignitaries by theirs; which renders them documents of great interest, especially as it is perfectly original matter never before published.

This is the opening of Samuel Cater's first letter:—

"For the Bishop of Ely.

"Friend, whereas it is come to pass that thou art come to this great place to be bishop of this diocese of Ely; whereby, as I understand, thou hast great power in this country, either to keep in prison or to set at liberty such as are cast in and committed upon such cases as relate to matter of conscience or conscientious scruples relating to the worship of God. However, of this I am satisfied, through long experience, that which way thou dost incline, either to show favour and gentleness towards them that dissent from your way of worship in this country, or desire to have the laws severely put in execution, that way I find them that are the more inferior officers under thee will and do observe to carry themselves towards us who are in their hands; therefore I thought it expedient to lay before thee my condition, who am in present sufferings at this time in this prison in Ely, and for no other cause than conscience."

It is certain that Turner extended some kindness to the poor prisoner, from the testimony of the following letter which is here given:—

"Right Reverend Father in God! My most Reverenced Lord of Ely! Right Honourable and most Honoured Lord High Almoner to the King! I did think that the proper duty of the season (betwixt my last letter and this) was prayer to God, to assist you with His Holy Spirit of grace and wisdom in the concerns wherein your lordship was engaged upon the great change that the God unchangeable had made (in the face of the earth under us and the sky above us), yet with the least change of the estate of the poor of England that probably could be expected or hoped for. Blessed be the Lord our God who has the hearts of kings at his command; and blessed be our sovereign lord the king for his contributing so cheerfully to the same by a gracious wise compliance. We did read in the prints how happily the solemnities of the king and coronation did proceed; and I read in your printed sermon (conveyed unto me by my Lord Hewett's servant this week) an excellent composure of pious and religious eloquence and prudence. In this you were concerned as sole and chief, though in the former as a star in a constellation of heavenly lights. The reading of that makes me afraid to send anything penned by myself to the sight of your lordship, and to the censure of your lordship's judgment. But yet I hope the maturity of your lordship's wisdom will be ready both to pardon the follies of youth and the dotages of a decayed old age. And in a good degree of confident assurance of this, I present unto your lordship my humblest thanks for all your former favours bestowed upon me innumerate, and my joyful congratulation

at the happy dispatch of all your parts in both the parts of the coronation solemnity—I mean what concerned both the regal magnificence and the religious prudence required to make it excellent.

"I know not what I need to insert but a tender of most humble duty to your lordship's reverend mother and her dear grandchild. I will pray for no cause nor thing then but for my conscience towards God, for through the help and assistance of His grace I have so carried myself in my conversation amongst my neighbours and countrymen, as that I can with a good conscience say, what hath any man against me, except it be for the law of my God and for my obedience unto Jesus Christ, as I believe I ought to obey him; for which cause, about five years and four months since, I was summoned by the bailiff to appear at the quarter sessions; and when I was there I was asked whether I would take the oath of allegiance; but I being conscientious of an oath, told them that for conscience' sake I dare not swear at all; for Christ Jesus, whom I desire to obey, commands us not to swear at all, Matthew the 5th chapter, verse the 34th; also, James the 5th chapter, verse the 12th; upon which the jailor was commanded to take me away and to keep me close prisoner, which command he observed with great severity.

"After which, through the instigation of some whom it would have become better to have manifested a more Christian spirit, he stirred up the bishop against me, so that while I was kept a close prisoner upon the other commitment as before, the writ (*capias capiendo*) was brought against me and

delivered into the jailor's hands; upon the which I was kept about three years so close that I might not go home to my family but twice all that time. Once I had leave from the bishop to see my wife when she was like to die, and another time upon the like occasion by the leave of another; but after these three years' close confinement the late bishop grew more gentle towards me, and either by his order, or his permission, I had liberty to go home some day every week to take care of my family, and to go to my market to buy firkins of butter for the cheesemongers in London, by whom I am employed as a factor for several of them, as it is well known to the country; which liberty continued until near the time of thy coming to town, and then Robert Maw of Littleport threatened the jailor, as he saith, that if he did not keep me a close prisoner he would complain to the see. I was then called in, and have been kept ever since from going to my market, or to my harvest, or into country to take up moneys upon returns, which is a great hindrance to me in my business, and a wrong to them I am employed for.

"Now it is upon me to lay this my suffering condition before thee, not knowing whether thou mayest know whether there be such a one now in bonds; or if thou hast heard of it, it may be from some that may endeavour to render things at the worst, which is not well for any so to do, let them pretend what they will, for love worketh no ill to his neighbour, but it is said, Romans the 13th chapter and verse the 10th, 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' And now, having laid this my suffer-

ing condition before thee, I shall leave it to thy consideration, hoping that a spirit of moderation and tenderness towards them that are in suffering may appear in thee, that I may receive some ease by thee from the straitness of my bonds, which if I do, I shall take it kindly at thy hands; and I do believe thou wilt never have cause to repent thee, for Christ saith 'blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.'

"From him that truly desires the good of all men.

"SAMUEL CATER.

"Ely prison, the 5th day of the seventh month, commonly called September, 1685.*

"*For the Bishop, at his Palace in Ely.*
These."

* Tanner MSS., Oxford.

CHAPTER III.

THE unthankful office of attending the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth on the scaffold, in conjunction with Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Tenison, and Dr. Gilbert Burnet, was assigned to Turner. Both Turner and Ken have been severely censured for urging the duke to express some signs of contrition for the bloodshed and misery of which his rash enterprise had been the cause; but he was perfectly callous to the sufferings of his devoted followers, and to everything but his own personal troubles. Instead of expressing the slightest penitence for his misconduct as a husband, he gloried in his illicit attachment to Lady Henrietta Wentworth, for whom he had forsaken his ill-treated wife, while he lavished her wealth on his paramour. It was not, therefore, surprising that ministers of the gospel endeavoured to awaken the self-deluded man to a sense of his guilt, in order to prevent him from entering into eternity without praying for pardon and peace for the breach of God's commandments against adultery and homicide, for whoever incites rebellion is undoubtedly guilty of a breach of the sixth article of the Decalogue. It is possible that Francis Turner,

who was of an ardent, impetuous nature, might allow his feelings to carry him too far; but he was no time-server, for he incurred the displeasure of his royal master, King James, by a very strong sermon against the errors of the Romish Church, which he preached on the 5th of November following.

Lady Russell writes to her spiritual adviser, Dr. Fitzwilliam:—"Lord Bedford expresses himself hugely obliged to the Bishop of Ely, your friend, to whom you justly give the title of good, if the character he very generally bears justly belongs to him."

Even Burnet, "that accuser of the brethren," as he has been shrewdly styled by an ecclesiastical writer of the period, speaks of this prelate in the following terms:—"Turner, Bishop of Ely; sincere and good-natured, but of too quick imagination and too defective judgment." This appears to have been pretty near the truth.

The following quaint letter was addressed to Turner soon after this by the Rev. Barnabas Oley:—

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, MY MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY LORD,

"I know not whether it be the greater incivility, to forbear congratulating your coming to settle at your London palace, where you will find store of great employments to waste those spirits which you have re-collected at your Bromley retirement, or to crowd in this (vain parenthesis of a letter of mine) amidst those throngs of businesses and addresses which will so press upon your lordship

as to be troublesome, if they were not tokens of authority to your lordship, and joy at your felicity. But my lines shall be few only to tender my most humble duties of bounden thanks to your good lordship for all your signal favours bestowed upon my unworthy self, and to beg more; namely, your episcopal blessing when you read these rude lines, and your daily remembrance of me in those prayers you make for miserable sinners. I beseech your lordship to present my most humble duties to your dear and venerable mother. Give me leave to insert my due respects to all your domestics that were servants to my good lord your holy predecessor. There is a *disciple*, Mrs. Clark, widow, a convert of my lord's, at Whitehall, that has been sore exercised in afflictions. I pray Mr. Ouldham or Mr. Binks to visit her. I do it sometimes by letters; but they be not powerful (as St. Paul's was), no more would my conference be if I was personally present. The Papists will not fail to assault her anew if they have the least notice that she be not assisted. I do know my duty, Lord make me fit to do it. I pray daily for your lordship, your order, your dear mother, and your little daughter, motherless, as to her immediate mother, but well provided for in the doubled cares of father and grandmother.

"*To the Right Reverend Father in God, Francis, Lord Bishop of Ely, my much honoured lord, at Ely House, in Holborn, London. Humbly present this.*"

There are a great many more of Oley's quaint letters to his loved and venerated bishop, Francis Turner, among the Tanner Collection in the Bodleian library, but rather elaborate and prosy, though valuable specimens of the style of old-world clerical correspondence. The death of old Barnabas Oley, which occurred the year after Francis Turner's consecration to the bishopric of Ely, was deeply lamented in his parish, where he was succeeded by the Reverend Thomas Jessop, a parson of the Trulliber class. It is impossible to refrain from smiling at the catalogue of his misdeeds and unclerical conduct which Mr. Charles Cesar, a gentleman in the next parish, placed before Bishop Turner, in reply to his inquiries as to the manner in which the said unworthy successor of Barnabas Oley performed his parochial duty.

"*Great Gransden, May* 31*st*, 1686.

"My Lord,

"In obedience to your command, I have made some inquiry how Mr. Thomas Jessop performs his duty in his own parish. But it is a hard task to give your lordship a particular account whether he curtails and mangles the divine service in his own church, or reads it as he ought to do. For, my lord, there is not one in his parish but goes to plough and cart, and those, too, so ignorant, being bred and taught by his doctrine and example four-and-thirty years, that there are few or none can read the psalms alternatively, or make the responses as the Church enjoins us. And good Mr. Oley hath taught us in Great Gransden that it is our duty to keep our own

parish church, and for that reason I have not employed any but those of his own parish to watch him; and this is all I can find by them. That before Mr. Oley died he (Jessop) never wore the surplice but upon communion days, and that was but twice a year, Christmas and Easter days; and now since my complaint of him he doth wear it every Sunday, and also upon Whitsunday he had a small communion. And Saturday last, May 29th, his bells chimed in by nine o'clock in the morning, because he was to go to Potton Market, which he does every Saturday, and hath always one chamber there, where the country people borrow money of him from 5*l.* to 100*l.*, where he gets money also by writing of bonds for himself and others. And he keeps this custom in his parish. For the dead—if their friends pay him ten shillings he will preach a funeral sermon. If ten groats, the corpse shall come into the middle alley of the church while evening prayer, or only the psalms and lesson appointed be read. But if they will not pay him 3*s.* 4*d.*, then he will only meet the corpse at the grave, and make a quick dispatch for the common fee for burial. But I cannot hear that he ever met the corpse at the church gate, reading those places of scripture as the Church commands, or ever wore the surplice at burial of the dead before my last complaint to your lordship. I am glad, my lord, that my complaint has made him more mindful of his duty than formerly, but I doubt it is more *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*. However your lordship deals with him in his lifetime, it is very probable that your lordship may present a more deserving clerk at his

death, for he is sixty-four years old; and upon this account I humbly presume to make a motion to your lordship, which, if I could be so happy to obtain, in getting a conditional promise from your good lordship, that if Mr. Jessop should die when you are Bishop of Ely, that your lordship would please to present Mr. Willis Atkins, our deserving vicar of Great Gransden, to be rector of Little Gransden, which would cause him to leave his fellowship at Clare Hall College, and live constantly amongst us; which would be a great obligation not only to me, but to my neighbours in both parishes, and to Sir John Hewett, your kinsman, for Sir John and Mr. Atkins began their acquaintance at Clare Hall, both of them eating their commons at table there. And truly, my lord, it will be esteemed a civil respect to the memory of our dear friend, the Reverend Mr. Oley, for I am sure it was his great desire that his successor might reside constantly in our parish, and if he could have had any assurance of this from Clare Hall College, he had given fifty pounds yearly augmentation to our vicarage for ever; but now, my lord, Gransden has lost the benefit of Mr. Oley's good intention, and the college will not make any augmentation to our vicar, though they have the rectory and a lordship too in our parish. But if your lordship will be so merciful and charitable to make this conditional promise aforesaid, to our large parish with a small vicarage of 30*l.*, it will revive our drooping spirits, and make us all pray most heartily for the prosperity and long life of your lordship; and then Mr. Oley's large vicarage house may be made

use of, and do more charitable good deeds, which now is likely to stand empty and cost our vicar some charge to repair it.

"Mr. Saywell, the rector of Willingam, hath borrowed Mr. Atkins' pulpit for next Sunday, and we do all expect a funeral sermon for our late reverend vicar. Mr. Atkins hath persuaded S. Wright, a Bachelor of Arts, an ingenious man, to be our schoolmaster in Gransden, if Mr. Thursby will encourage him with a yearly allowance, which is warranted by Mr. Oley's last will; and I am very confident it was Mr. Oley's design, when he built the brick schoolhouse chiefly at his own charge. Good my lord persuade Mr. Thursby to do this great piece of charity to poor Gransden.

"I am,

"My lord,

"Your lordship's most humble and faithful servant,

"CHARLES CESAR.

"*These to the Right Honourable Francis, Lord Bishop of Ely, at Ely House, near St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn, London—Present.*"

A still more amusing description of Parson Jessop's manner of performing his duties is given by Mr. Cesar a few months later; an account difficult to read without laughing, though doubtless it was a matter of grievous vexation to all the parishioners of Little Gransden, and their learned bishop, Dr. Francis Turner.

Mr. Cesar appears to consider Parson Jessop's conduct on the 5th of November peculiarly atrocious; though possibly his employing himself in leeching his poor neighbour's inflamed eyes was a much more charitable occupation than anathematising Christians of a different creed for the abortive plot of a party of fanatic lunatics in the reign of King James I. Be this as it may, Cesar's commentaries are too racy to be omitted.

"*Great Gransden, Nov.* 18, 1686.

"My Lord,

Having had the honour and encouragement to receive two kind letters from your lordship, I am bold to trouble you with a third concerning my near neighbour, Mr. Thomas Jessop, rector of Little Gransden, in Cambridgeshire, in your lordship's diocese and jurisdiction. My lord, since the death of our late reverend vicar, we are very sensible of that great and inestimable loss of Mr. Barnabas Oley, for now we have no settled vicar to live with us; we never have the happiness to see a clergyman but on Sundays; none to visit our sick and bury our dead; no public prayers on fasting days or holidays, which makes us desirous to walk to Little Gransden church for the benefit of public prayers; and we should be most heartily glad if we had a reverend, learned, and orthodox clergyman there; but our case is not so happy. For upon Friday, the fifth of this November, I designed to go thither, and did order my servants to give me notice when it began to chime at that church; but hearing nothing till my clock struck eleven, I went immediately, and found all the doors

of that church and chancel shut. I went then to a farmer's house near the churchyard, and inquired. They told me that the second peal was rung about nine o'clock, but no bells stirred since. Then I sent to Mr. Jessop, to know if he intended a sermon, homily, or prayers, appointed for the Gunpowder Treason. His answer was, 'that he had been hindered by a patient that wanted eye-sight,' and Mr. Jessop was then setting of horse-leeches to the man's ears, but he promised to hasten to church. And I do verily believe that it was past noon before we began morning prayer, and then he hurried it over, loud and fast, more like a schoolboy than a grave divine, without sermon or homily. Yet it wanted but six minutes of one o'clock when I came home to dinner. A festival turned into a fast-day. In the prayers for the royal family, he named King Charles, but presently said King James; and for the Princess Anne of Denmark, he said, Anne, the Princess of Denmark. My lord, I humbly beg your pardon for this trouble from

"Your most faithful, humble servant,

"CHAR. CESAR.

"*These to the Right Honourable Francis, Lord Bishop of Ely, at Ely House, in Holborn, London. Present.*"

How the parishioners of Little Gransden settled matters with their droll vicar, no existing evidence appears.

Turner was much troubled with two of his maternal

uncles, sons of Mr. Secretary Windebanke, who appears to have had a very numerous progeny, two of whom were unprovided, and in great poverty.

Christopher and Francis Windebanke were constant beggars to their nephew, the Bishop of Ely. They were residing in France, and appear to have become Roman Catholics, but that did not prevent the bishop from ministering to the necessities of his sick and suffering kinsmen. Francis Windebanke says, in one of his letters, "We are both full of acknowledgments for your lordship's charity to us. This is the more obliging, as it proceeds from your generous heart, and without any solicitation on our side, and we cannot but bless God with all our souls, who moves your good nature to succour your poor distressed uncles, whom all other assistance fails."

Francis Windebanke writes again in March, 1686, acknowledging further charity from the bishop, and complaining of the unkindness of their prosperous brother, Dr. Windebanke, one of the court physicians, in misrepresenting matters to him, lest he, too, should have to render his aid.

"Your lordship's continual favours and charity to my brother, as well as to myself, oblige me to perpetual acknowledgments, and most humble thanks for your last of the 15th of February, which has been infinitely welcome, and the more, because it was less expected, it being beyond expectation, that, so soon after your great charity of ten pounds, by Mr. Hill, you should please to augment the sum by this last supply. There is none but your generous heart, so

full of piety and goodness, that could invent so many ways to exercise your liberality towards your poor old uncle, who owes you the preservation of his life, by the subsistence you please to furnish him. I dare promise that he employs every moment of it in begging of Almighty God to reward as bountifully so many good works, and in this duty be certain I shall ever join with him. I have given him your lordship's letters, that he may consult his friends about the performance of the good advice you give, to make his design succeed, and I shall give you an account of that by the post, which may, perhaps, come sooner to your hands than this, that I intend to send by Mr. Hill; and henceforward I shall make use of Sir William Trumbull's packet to send to your lordship, and beseech you to convey yours to me by the same way, for he is extraordinary civil to my brother, and has sent me a compliment, that he will come to see me, with his lady; and I doubt not, he will be careful to send me your letters. The gentleman to whom you addressed this last packet, made me pay 36 sols for it, and I believe the other way will be cost free.

"I am glad your lordship has inquired into my Spanish (?) sister's debts, and that you have discovered by her son that they are not so formidable as my brother, the doctor, did heretofore report to you; which, I confess I never believed, but saw, as plainly as I do now, that it was a mere fiction of his to hinder my poor brother Christopher's return, for fear of being burthened with him there; which appears visibly by what your lordship writes, that her son assures that whatsoever debts she has, they are to

such persons as will never require them of her husband; but I never showed the doctor's letter to my brother here, for fear of increasing his affliction."

This letter, from Francis Windebanke, is quickly succeeded by the following from Christopher.

"*Paris, May* 14, 1687.

"My Lord,

"A month at the least, after the date of your lordship's letter of the 7th of March, it was given me by a very honest gentleman, Mr. Cresset, governor to the Lord Hinchingbrook, with the enclosed succour, bearing date the 26th February; for both which I must always acknowledge myself extremely obliged to your lordship. It is a charity towards a poor relation, unfortunate and undone, not otherwise by his own means, than by his offence against Almighty God. Indeed, I did want that assistance very much, as it came very seasonably, and I render your lordship my most hearty thanks for it, and the more because I receive none from anybody but yourself. My Lady Hales is in good health, and accompanies her true affections, with my sister's and mine, to your lordship, my most dear sister, and all the rest of our relations. Mademoiselle de Coursillon hath left the convent long since, but not her correspondence with nor her kindness to my sister, who she writes very often to, and sends her, for me, a bottle of wine sometimes, or some such little testimony of her kindness, though I never had the honour to see her; but whenever she desired it, I have been very diligent

in going on her errands to Mr. Temple and others. I deferred giving your lordship this trouble till the arrival of Mr. Hill, in hopes, as your lordship mentioned in yours, he would have brought a letter from your lordship for my sister, that our answers might have returned together. We condole the loss of my Lady Rochester, whose sickness we find hindered your lordship from giving my sister that satisfaction, which to her, is the greatest imaginable. We are both very much joyed that my most dear sister, your lordship's mother, is so vigorous and in so perfect health. That God Almighty will be pleased to continue it to her, to your lordship, and the pretty lady, your lordship's daughter, with all the rest of our relations and friends, is the daily prayer of,

"My most dear lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionate

"Humble servant,

"CHRIS. WINDEBANKE."

There was no end of these family begging letters. Neither Colonel Windebanke, nor the court physician, Dr. Windebanke, would be troubled with them, or do anything to assist their unprosperous brothers and sisters, so the dead weight of those insatiable beggars fell entirely on the bishop. Even after his deprivation, his uncles Christopher and Francis Windebanke continued to importune him with their begging letters, and to acknowledge his charitable benefactions in reply.

His widowed mother and motherless daughter con-

tinued to reside with Francis Turner at the palace at Ely as long as it continued to be his home.

The following interesting particulars of both are thus communicated to the bishop, during his absence in London, by a female relation who was staying at the palace at Ely with Mrs. Turner. It must be remembered that "Poor Miss," as she calls Margaret Turner, could not have been older than nine years at the time when worthy Mrs. Grigg appears so apprehensive that her good manners should be marred by her three boisterous cousins.

"My Lord,*

"Had not Mr. Archdeacon and Mr. Roper been exact in giving your lordship an account of all that could have justified my taking the liberty to write, I should not have permitted myself to have been silent; though I confess it would have pained me to disturb your lordship's peace with the ill news of Mrs. Turner's indisposition, whose heart bears up bravely under what creates fears in all about her, who must needs be sensible how great a loss it will be when God re-demands her. The hopes she has of seeing your lordship next Monday revives her, and indeed all at Ely House. Poor Miss has a great cold, but it no ways disturbs her play. I tell her she has discarded all discipline but what comes from Martin; and that she had spent her time better in educating her dear lord's ducks, than she has done these two months under the government of her three cousins,

* Rawlinson MSS., letter 98.

who are pretty children, but most unsuitable companions for a brisk virgin whose wit and growth make it high time to guard her from ill impressions. Her tender-hearted grandmother is so sensible of the injury her late diversions have done her, that I dare say she will choose to have her darling at Richmond next year if the same sparks return to Holborn, where I own I have done penance, finding it impossible to signify anything to a child I sincerely wish as well to as to my own soul, and for her sake long to be gone."

In her postscript, Mrs. Grigg observes:—

"The Papists loudly proclaim my lord of Ely a seditious preacher. God Almighty protect his lordship and all that are like him."

During his prosperity Turner exercised unbounded charity in almsgiving, and rendered liberal and effective service to the French refugees. He established a church and ministry for them at Thorney Abbey, enabling them to exercise their own worship without conforming to the liturgy of the Church of England. Notwithstanding this great liberality, the report was circulated that he intended to force conformity to the Church of England upon them. "No," replied the bishop, "I never mean to thrust our prayers upon them, or our orders on their ministers, against their wills."

He had visited their settlement at Thorney Abbey, and conferred with Monsieur Le Pla, their leading man in that district, about the appointment of a learned minister from among themselves, who would

not oppose the Church of England, especially as many of them had, since their arrival in England, received ordination at their own solicitation, from the Bishop of London and himself.

"M. Le Pla," writes Turner to a clergyman in his diocese, near Thorney Abbey, "assured me I should be very well satisfied in the person, which surprised me the more to hear of one fixed there almost a year before I had the least account of him, and at last to see him in a grey coat."

On the whole, Turner, notwithstanding his mildness and apostolic conciliation, found this foreign importation of Lutheran and Calvinistic sectarians a queer and somewhat troublesome charge in his diocese, especially as stormy times for the Church were at hand. After mentioning the sensible behaviour of the French ministers recently ordained by himself, Turner says, "They have voluntarily proceeded to officiate to congregations where the Common Prayer Book had never been so much as heard of; but he will not importune, nor so much as invite the French minister, to whom he had just been introduced at Thorney Abbey, to follow their worthy example. They," continues he, "understand our Church and themselves. Since this gentleman is unwilling, I shall not be forward to press him, nor easy to admit him to orders, since he is so indifferent. But, as they never consulted me before they settled him, so I hope they will give themselves and me no further trouble in the matter. They have a man in whom they are satisfied, and, whether I am or not, they reck not, and, I suppose, will not much concern

themselves, as long as I am no way uneasy to them, which, if I could, yet I would not be."

Though Francis Turner owed nearly all his preferments to the generous friendship of his royal master, King James, when Duke of York, to whom he was personally attached, he steadily opposed the unconstitutional proceedings of that monarch after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. Nevertheless, James, presuming on their former intimacy, made some attempts to tamper with him after he and the other six bishops were released from the Tower, before their trial.

Turner was, however, firm and uncompromising, and no less earnest in his resistance than Sancroft and the others; yet, when the king was driven from the realm, he deeply regretted that matters had been pushed so far. He testified the greatest concern for his calamities, and was deeply moved on reading the letter the fugitive monarch left on the table at Rochester, stating the reasons which impelled him to leave England.

From that moment Francis Turner laboured to effect a counter-revolution. There was great diversity of feeling among the hierarchy on that point. Turner thus expresses himself in a confidential letter to Sancroft, January 11, 1689:—

"We came home from Lambeth four bishops in my coach, and we could not but deplore our case that we should disagree in anything, and such a thing as the world must needs observe. But their observing this, and insulting thereupon, makes it necessary for us in our own vindication to find out something on

which we can agree." He goes on to tell the archbishop that there is to be a meeting that afternoon at Ely House of the most considerable clergymen, to deliberate what was to be done at that crisis, and to listen to Dr. Burnet's arguments on the forfeiture. "I enclose to your grace," he says in conclusion, "another paper which ought to be kept very private, but may be published one day, to show that we have not been wanting faithfully to serve a hard master in his extremity." He proved the sincerity of his professions at the expense of his fortunes, by refusing to transfer his allegiance to William.

On the arrival of the Princess of Orange, Turner told her uncle, the Earl of Clarendon, "that he and some others of the bishops who disapproved the change intended to go out of town, that they might be found at their stations."

Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, visited him before he left Hatton Garden, to learn all he could, and do his best to influence him to the cause of the new king and queen. Dr. Francis Turner replied, "that he would never take an oath to any monarch during the life of James II." When St. Asaph urged the question of what he would do if King James were dead? "It is possible," replied Francis Turner, "I might take the oath to his successor." Evidently meaning to his son.

"On the last day of 1689 the Bishop of Ely was with me," says Henry Lord Clarendon, "and told me that a few days since the Bishops of London and St. Asaph had been with my lord of Canterbury, pressing to know what he and the rest could do

to prevent himself and the others being deprived. Could they make no steps towards the government?"

To which Ely and Norwich replied, "We can do nothing. If the king thinks fit, for his own sake" (here he evidently meant King James), "that we should not be deprived, he must make it his business to devise expedients. We cannot vary from what we have done."

In the meantime the juring bishops frequently met their nonjuring brethren at Lord Clarendon's hospitable board, and discussed the state of public affairs. Dr. Tenison owned one day that there had been irregularities in the settlement of the government; that it were to be wished it had been otherwise, but we were now to make the best of it for fear of worse. The Bishop of St. Asaph said "it was known while things were in debate he had voted against abdication and for a regency, but now things being as they are, and the Prince of Orange crowned king, he looked upon acquisition to be just right." Upon which Clarendon interposed with great heat, saying, "If you preach such doctrine it must not be to me." Words getting high the Bishop of Ely interposed, and made them change the subject.

In order to preserve his aged mother and his beloved child from the excitement and danger to which a continued residence at his episcopal palace at Ely might possibly expose them, Turner removed these helpless but precious objects of his tender affection from that beloved abode to a less distinguished residence till the revolutionary crisis should be over.

Margaret; then just turned of eleven, was permitted to accept an invitation from friends of her father, Dr. and Mrs. Blomer, to stay with them at Bexley, in Kent. The following pretty, unaffected letter, addressed by her to her grandmother, will doubtless be read with pleasure.

April 15*th*, 1689.

"MOST DEAR GRANDMOTHER,

"I hope you will pardon my not writing sooner. It is a duty I confess should have been paid long since, but my being unable to express myself so well as I wish, makes me slow in writing letters; but I beg you, dear grandmother, to believe that I will endeavour so to improve my understanding, that you may with more pleasure receive the acknowledgments I am sure are due to you from me. I hope this fine sunshine will last, that so we may reasonably hope to see you and my dear father speedily.

"I beg both your blessings and your prayers that I may not fail to live as becomes a Christian, and

"Your most obedient granddaughter,

"MARGARET TURNER.

"Dr. Blomer and Mrs. Blomer present you their service; they are very kind to me, and I cannot forbear saying that Bexley is a sweet quiet place.

"*Indorsed.—For Miss Turner's most dear Grandmother—These.*"

Turner was heard occasionally to express passionate regret that he and his six episcopal coadjutors had carried their resistance to King James so far, and

had not entered into recognisances for each other, instead of provoking that misguided prince to send them to the Tower.

Notwithstanding his uneasiness at the state of ecclesiastical affairs and his personal insecurity at this unsettled period, we find Turner continued to add to his already large library; for a literary friend, J. Moord, whom he had commissioned to purchase books for him at an auction, gives the following account of the successful manner in which he had executed a commission for him.

"The other day I was at the auction-house, where I found 'Lilius' and 'Gyraldus,' and bought for you, the first at 30*s.* and the other at 13*s.* 6*d.*, both very reasonable rates, and the 'Lilius' fairly bound and gilt on the back, in two volumes, the other fair, but not so well bound, and have given order that they shall be sent to Oxford on Thursday next." *

Then follows a very interesting notice of the death of Viscount Dundee, with particulars not generally known. "Dundee, as we have the story, died bravely. He charged through Mackay's troops, and through them back again, in which last charge he received a mortal wound by a bullet in his thigh; this he concealed, and commanded the next officer to pursue the victory, while he went a little aside; but as soon as he was out of sight he lay down in a cloak he had commanded his man to spread, and died in less than half a quarter of an hour, charging him to conceal his death till the day was over and the victory complete."

* Letter from J. Moord to Turner, Aug. 13, 1689. Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library.

CHAPTER IV.

THE new sovereigns had observed with uneasiness the absence of the Bishop of Ely from their coronation, and the unconcealed attitude of loyalty he had assumed towards King James. William departed for Ireland, and Mary caused the oath of allegiance to her consort and herself to be tendered to Turner and the other nonjuring bishops, on the 1st of August. It was unhesitatingly rejected by Turner, and his suspension from his episcopate followed as a matter of course.

Then the bishops of London and St. Asaph were commissioned to tell him and the other nonjuring bishops, that if they would only remain quiescent, their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, would not proceed to extremities with them, but, refraining from appointing successors to supersede them in their sees, would leave them in quiet possession of their revenue, and dignities; but they took no notice of this conciliatory intimation. Sentence of deprivation followed in consequence, on the 1st of February, 1690. Turner boldly protested against the validity of this sentence in the market-place of Ely, and courageously continued to preach

in his robes every Sunday, in the chapel of Ely House, Hatton Garden. His ministry was attended by thronging crowds, among whom the queen's uncle, the Earl of Clarendon, always appeared in a conspicuous place.

In the absence of King William, Queen Mary thought it more prudent, instead of taking active measures, to send Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to tell Turner privately, "that their Majesties having been informed of the great resort of people to his chapel, were highly displeased, and he advised him therefore, as a friend, to shut it up for the time to come."

The deprived bishop did not submit till a second intimation of the peril he was incurring by his contumacity.

"On Tuesday, February 11th," notes the Earl of Clarendon in his diary, "the Bishop of Ely dined with me. He told me that 'the Bishop of St. Asaph had been with him again, and told him plainly he must let no more company come to his chapel;' so that I perceive all people are to have liberty of conscience, but those of the true Church of England."

The queen next assumed a threatening attitude, and although he was her uncle, proceeded to arrest the Earl of Clarendon, the ostensible friend and comforter of the nonjuring bishops, committed him to a prison-lodging in the Tower, and ordered his door to be padlocked.

Francis Turner fearlessly came to visit his incarcerated friend on the 18th of July, but was only permitted to see him in the presence of a warder. He came again on the 21st and 25th, but was told

that the queen had expressly forbidden his access to the noble prisoner, and he was never again admitted. Instead of becoming more cautious in his demeanour after this warning, Turner's impulsive proceedings often caused uneasiness to the more prudent among his deprived brethren, in evidence of which is the following passage in a letter from Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester, to Thomas Turner.

"To your good brother, if you can send it without peril to yourself, my hearty and kind respects, as he sent to me from my lord of Norwich. I was offended with his letter into France *in* all our names as well as his own, because I thought it was most rash and unjustifiable; but I have digested it long ago, and now am as perfectly his as he can be mine."

By the loss of the bishopric of Ely, Turner was delivered from the harassing turmoil of a weary law-suit that had been going on ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth, between the Hatton family and the bishops of Ely, for the valuable demesne of Hatton Garden and Hatton House. Cox, Bishop of Ely, having been compelled, in the twentieth year of that sovereign, to grant a lease to her then favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, of the spacious London palace of the diocese of Ely, with the garden, which was four hundred feet long and almost as many broad, and fourteen acres of pasture at the end thereof, at almost a nominal rent for the term of twenty-one years. Not content with this, Sir Christopher told the queen that he had laid out 19,905*l.* in repairing the house, and he feared he should lose the money unless the bishop or his successors were compelled to pay or bind

themselves to pay that sum. Whereupon the queen wrote to Cox, "that he should make the premises over to her until he or his successors had paid the money claimed by the tenant, and whatever he should please lay out on the estate."

Resistance was long made to this illegal claim and tyrannical behest. At last it was conceded; but Hatton being indebted to the crown in the sum of 40,000*l.* at the time of his death, for his deficits as receiver of the rents of Fee Farm, the queen seized the episcopal mansion and estate in Holborn belonging to the diocese of Ely, and sold it for 7000*l.* to Lady Elizabeth Hatton, the niece of her great minister, Burleigh.

The succeeding bishops of Ely vainly endeavoured to obtain restitution of this valuable estate. At last it was decided that the Hatton family should pay somewhat by way of compensation. Turner's successor, Bishop Patrick, agreed to submit to the award of Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax, and others, including Lord Nottingham himself, the father-in-law of the then Lady Hatton, namely, for her to keep the disputed episcopal property, on paying a hundred a year and giving the site for a new church —terms which had been refused by Turner with condign contempt.

A formidable plot against the government and life of the Dutch king was discovered next, in which the complicity of the deprived Bishop of Ely was asserted on the credit of two letters which were found among Lord Preston's papers, when he and Mr. Ashton were arrested, addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Redding, sup-

posed to be intended for the deposed sovereign, king James, and his queen.

The crown lawyers strove to prove that not only Turner, but all the nonjuring bishops were implicated in the design of restoring the deposed sovereign and his family, from the following expressions in the letters, attributed to the deprived prelate:—

"I speak in the plural, because I write my elder brother's sentiments as well as my own and the rest of the family; though lessened in number, yet if we are not mightily out in our accounts, we are growing in our interest that is in Jesus."

In the other letter much the same is repeated. That these letters were written by Turner there was not the slightest proof; but they furnished a pretext for issuing a proclamation for his apprehension, together with that of William Penn. Both were so fortunate as to escape. Burnet observes "that the discovery of this correspondence gave the king a great advantage in filling the vacant sees." This is speaking plainly enough.

The plot was discovered in December. The trials of Lord Preston, Mr. Ashton, and Sir John Friend came on, and they were all condemned to die. Preston purchased his life by betraying his associates; the others perished on the scaffold. The brave Earl of Dartmouth died in the Tower. Clarendon, against whom, as the queen's uncle, it was not considered decent to push the charge of high treason to the death, was released.

When adverting to the dangerous predicament in which his friend, the Bishop of Ely, stood at the time

the proclamation was issued, Sancroft observes "that it would be wonderful, considering my lord of Ely's very remarkable appearance, if he escaped." Francis Turner was singularly handsome, of a commanding height, with a finely formed Roman nose, lofty and expansive forehead, expressive dark eyebrows and eyes, black hair, and a clear complexion. Notwithstanding these personal peculiarities, the deprived bishop obtained a safe retreat from the peril with which he was threatened.

He expresses his solicitude for his aged mother and beloved daughter, at this anxious time, in a most interesting letter to his brother, Thomas Turner, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dated January 18th, 1690-1 :—

"Do your utmost to keep up my mother's spirits, which I hope will never droop, and then I comfort myself in some confidence of seeing her again. For my part, I am vigorously in health, and sanguine in my expectations of better times. Commend me, with abundance of love, to my dearest daughter, and tell her that I assure myself God will bless her the better for her father's calamity, if we both do but bear it as Christianly as we ought.

"God Almighty be most gracious to you all. If you once hear that I am forced to fly, pray write to Tom Newcome about the sale to you, and direct him to advise very privately with your useful friend and mine, Mr. Gilbert, to make a deed valid in law."

The brother of the deprived bishop was then in treaty for the purchase of the reversion of the estate in which their widowed mother was jointured,

that being the property of Francis Turner after her death.

The next day the following letter was addressed by the fugitive bishop to his uncle, Colonel Windebanke, a person high in the favour of the reigning sovereigns, and deep in their confidence:—

"*Monday Night, Jan.* 19*th*, 1690.

"MOST DEAR UNCLE,

"The last thing I do in this world, or at least in this part of the world, is to take my leave of you by this hasty letter. It is not possible for me to see you, and if it were, it would not be convenient for either of us. But I have ordered the matter so as this shall not be delivered nor sent you for three or four days, and if by that time you hear of no great inconvenience befallen me, you may conclude me arrived at a place of safety, or at least gotten far enough out of harm's way.

"I give you this trouble (which I hope can never bring you the least danger) because you are the fittest, and indeed, the only friend I can rely upon to administer comfort to your good aged sister, my mother, which I entreat you to do by letter to my dear brother, the president; for while I lie under such prejudices as I do, it will be some consolation to persons so much concerned for me that I am far enough off, and mighty secure under God's holy protection. I desire my friends will believe that I am not fled for any fear I had of a speedy, fair, open trial, but of a close, expen-

sive, odious imprisonment, which would almost certainly have overthrown my crazy, weak constitution (which nobody knows better than you do). I dreaded not any sentence of condemnation, which, from the justice of the government, I had no reason to apprehend.

"When you go to Whitehall prayers (as you used to do), commend me with my best respects to my good lord Bishop of St. Asaph. I assure myself he is still my friend, because I am certain I am his as much as ever, and that I was always very truly and kindly. I need not entreat his good offices and his prayers; I know I have both, as he never wanted mine when he needed them.

"Tell him for anybody now to pursue me with greater hardships, as marks of infamy, forfeitures, &c., would be next to carrying enmity into the other world; for I am not likely to be farther engaged with this, unless it should please God to restore me in more settled times. His will be done by me and upon me.

"When I am where I would be (if it be God's good pleasure to preserve me), I will give you a better account, and I hope to do it speedily, for the way I go is open enough at this time, and I am under good conduct. I must entreat it, and expect it from your favour and friendship, that you will not suffer this letter of mine to go out of your hands (unless you send it to Oxford, which is best of all), nor let any copy be taken of it; for though I care not who knows I am now out of reach (so that of that you need make no mystery nor secret), yet I am

advised, for many reasons, to leave the rest to conjecture, and give no aim against myself. And so, most dear sir, a long farewell to you. God Almighty be your exceeding great reward for all the tenderness you have always had for me. May it please Him to support and strengthen you too, who have felt your share of afflictions, and to bless all yours, and may He, who is the Father of the Fatherless, be gracious to all mine, and more than supply to them the want of me. Once more adieu.

"Most dear sir,

"I am your most affectionate nephew, and

"Much obliged humble servant,

"FRAN. EX-ELIEN.

"Impart this (I pray) to Tom Newcome (who knows nothing of me), that he, as my steward, may pay what I owe, which is little."

His next letter to his uncle is peculiarly interesting, and is only dated one week later than the preceding. He says:—

"MOST DEAR SIR,

"I pray beat down any report may be raised of my being gone into France (which is false).

"I will take it for granted that a letter which I left for you, of January 19th, was received; in that I promised a further account of myself when I was there where I would be. And I take the first opportunity to tell you I am now past the pikes, and in no danger neither of falling into any of the dikes;

a word is enough to the wise. I avoid writing more plainly, lest this should fall into any disingenuous hands; for could any legal proof be made of my being out of the kingdom, some laws, which else may sleep long enough, may be waked and let loose upon me. I make no matter of it that it should be known to all that I am marched off, but that none should be able to convict me of it. For this, and many other reasons (as because kings have long hands), I neither yet tell the way I am gone nor the place whither I am going; only this much. For the little time that I was abroad heretofore, *the air of a German town agreed with me far better than that of France.* Where I shall fix or settle is somewhat uncertain; but if it please God to give me my own choice, it will be where I may hope to live cheapest and most incognito; to have least to do with the world, and most freedom of access to a library, or at least to a few books, but those the best. Hitherto the companion of my flight has been *Homer's Odysses;* where the story of Ulysses being known at his return, not to his son, but his old dog, set me a-smiling, and a-thinking whether my daughter or her *donne* would be the likelier to know me, as I am transformed. All my trouble is that I must not yet expect to hear from any of my friends, because I cannot assign any place where their letters might waylay me. I heartily pray for their healths and yours, and let me beg of you, sir, now to lay out your thoughts solicitously for the preservation of your good sister's life, that I may see her face with joy once more in this world (if it be God's heavenly will).

"When you meet my good lord of St. Asaph, be pleased to give him my hearty respects and services. Impart as much of this letter to him as you think proper; all of it, without any reserve, if you find him as I left him, my kind friend. (On second thoughts pray do not show it as anything of my writing.) And then do me the favour to transmit (nor let any but our friends at Oxford read it) this, for the satisfaction of my friends at Oxford, to Corpus Christi. But not by the post. Tom Newcome can send it safe, and pray let him have this enclosed. I think not fit at present to write to any of my other relations. These few lines may assure them and you, sir, to ease all your solicitude, that through the tender mercy of God I enjoy a constant vigorous health of body, and a quiet contented mind, and shall do so by the grace of God as long as He of His goodness, whatever He lays upon me, enables me to bear it. I neither want, nor am like to want anything, but the company of my best friends, and yet I am not even now unaccompanied, and *I have the world before me*, as Mr. Milton says our first parents had when they were driven from Paradise.

"Remember me, pray, with all kindness to all that were ever mine, and to all yours. I am yours most affectionately."

Turner's next letter is to his faithful man of business, whom he always addresses as Honest Tom.

"HONEST TOM,

"I trust in God you received mine of January 26, the only letter I have writ to you.

was to assure you that I was got into a secure harbour, though to go a great deal further."

The fugitive prelate proceeds to communicate the following interesting particulars of himself.

"I am in my winter quarters, though not there whither I told you in my last I designed; for the weather proving very hard, with a kind of second winter, and finding a very good reception from an honest family of my own country and my own religion, I resolved to lie still some weeks (or months perhaps) to expect the spring and better days, and to refresh myself; I do not say to recover myself, for my finger has never ached, much less my heart, since I saw you. I live in hopes of seeing you all again, but that as God pleases.

"You'll not wonder if I do not name the place from whence I write this, for fear of a miscarriage by sending the bearer, for I pass here by another name, and it would be mischievous, perhaps, if my quality were known in the place where I am, and I might be pursued hither with ill offices, at least from my own countrymen; where, as I am now, I'm much at ease, and can live cheap, for I keep no servant, and at present need none, those of the family being very ready to do all the little services for me."

He makes the following sensible reflection on the propriety of his beloved daughter conforming her habits and personal expenses to the present change in her fortunes:—

"By the way, since I am my own *valet de chambre*, I leave it to my good mother whether it will be decent for my daughter to have a servant to wait

upon her when her father has none; especially when there are enow in the family to dress her, and more especially since herself, without an attendant, will be charge enough to her grandmother and uncle till I am in condition to reckon with them. But my great consideration," he impressively adds, "is for the good of my child, who ought to learn how to want as how to abound."

The deprived bishop does not disdain to take into consideration the welfare of the faithful attendant whom he thinks it proper, from economical motives, to dismiss from his daughter's service. "I hope," he says, "Mrs. Cliff may be easily recommended to some other service. I'm only sorry she did not dispose of herself heretofore, as I was abler to have done better by her. All I can do for her now is (if she goes, and sure 'tis necessary she should) to assign her five pounds by you, and to promise her (if it ever please God to restore me) to give her more."

He enters at large on the necessity of disposing of his landed property, to preserve it from forfeiture, and promises, "when the sums at which it is valued shall have been realized, he will tell him where the sum of 500*l.* in old gold has been deposited in the hands of a friend, with whom he left it for security on his hasty flight, taking only a few guineas with him for present use."

"These sums put together," he says, "will amount at least to 2000*l.*, which, by the advice of Mr. Gilbert, I desire to place abroad at five per cent. at least, for I would be loth, for my poor dear child's sake, to go deeper than needs be into the main stock."

"As for the goods at Ely, and Ely House," continues he, "it were best they were all, except the lumber, removed and sold outright, saving the wrought bed and plate, and whatever my mother desires to have saved. Speed, and all possible privacy, are necessary in their removal, and I urge their sale, not only for fear of a seizure, but lest the next episcopal usurper should press upon the goods and household stuff for dilapidations. I shall not be so civil to account with such a successor on such a score, and yet I will be just to the bishopric."

He naturally desires his friend to ascertain whether there have been any steps taken towards forfeiture or outlawry in his case. "They talked," observes he, "of a proclamation coming out for me. If there be any such thing, we shall find it in the foreign 'Gazette,' where they box me about bravely, and I as securely laugh at them."

He next refers to matters of peculiar interest to him as an author and a scholar.

"My heart," continues he, "though it be not heavy, would be much lighter if I knew all my books and papers were well disposed of and secured by that worthy friend of mine own I desired to undertake it. I would be glad too, and very glad, to be sure my divinity notes and paper-books (I do not mean as yet to have those boxes sent me which are of Cranmer's transcribing, but those in my own hand) which are in one of the great library boxes, to which you have a key, were sent superscribed to the linen merchant. When they be there he will take his time, and that way they'll come the safest, though, perhaps, not the

soonest. My linen friend knows where I would have the boxes of linen and paper-books to meet me in due time. But as for letters and money, let those come a shorter cut."

A somewhat mystified direction, through what channel his correspondent was to send to him, follows, and then he shrewdly adds, "As for yourself, 'tis best you should know no more, lest you be questioned." In conclusion, he expresses solicitude for "the poor condemned lord," meaning Preston, being unconscious of the base means to which that unhappy man had resorted for the preservation of his life.

Bishop Turner remained not long in his hiding-place, but stole over to Banstead Downs, where his next letter to his brother is dated.

Ban, July 22nd*, 1690.

"MOST DEAR SIR,

"Yours of the 17th, a pregnant letter, came to me late yesternight. I shall transmit Dr. W.'s to his countryman, together with these from you. I had our own printed papers from London, and send you a parcel of them, though I take it for granted you have seen them already; they may serve to make this a packet. What effects they will have, or have had, I can hardly tell at this distance. I am informed that some persons are rather incensed by this means, because (by God's mercy) disappointed; but that the generality were appeased before our vindication appeared. They said, with some sense of humanity,

* The "stead" is erased in the MS.

'that devilish charge must needs be a damnable forgery,' though all moral industry was used to make the rabble credit it, among whom it was distributed gratis, being first abbreviated into half a sheet, and tickets dispersed to set the time and place for Mr. Multitude to meet and perform the execution. Blessed be God *who hath delivered, and doth deliver, in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us.*

"I had special leave, at the request of my brethren, to step for a day or two to Lambeth, to consult and concur with them in this exigency. They made themselves cheerful with me in the midst of this dreadful calamity, to see how fat and fresh a man may look that has *Banstead Downs* for his prison, whither I returned next day, and never once crossed the water to Ely House. I can be nowhere better or easier than I am here, praised be God, who supports me in the day of my distress, so as nothing does greatly disturb me.

"I heartily wish I could give you as comfortable an account of my friend and brother of Bath and Wells as I can of myself. I sent yesterday to see him, but can hear of no amendment. The doctors bleed him often; my lord's grace apprehends they do it too frequently. He would fain get hither again, if he could recover but any tolerable health: may it please God, in whose tender mercy he trusts, not to add sorrow to our sorrow.

"I shall not fail your kind expectations of hearing weekly from me; but be mighty careful what any of you write to me; let nothing reflecting or complaining come, though never so securely, for all *the snares of death compass me.* A word is enough to the wise.

"Now I suppose the time of your journey to the place of your residence is at hand; upon which I have something to say to you, which I have long thought on, and it is this. I understand your resolution to protest against the new election (which sure is not far off); but I do earnestly dissuade you from doing any such thing. It will do me no good, and you the greatest mischief. It will be thought but the partial affection of a brother, and be a little for your credit, but not at all for my honour or the good of the Church, that not one clergyman in my diocese, besides my own nearest relation, should make such a stand. Most of them lately very kindly, without my knowledge, petitioned for my restoring; but I have reason to expect the same men would present an Address of Abhorrence, if I myself should protest my right in opposition to a *congè d' elire*. I shall take another course in due time, by the help of God, and a more effectual. Meanwhile, if I have any authority, either as your bishop or your brother, I must employ it with you to prevent your undoing yourself to no great purpose. God forbid you should concur, or any way countenance such proceedings. Be absent at your choice, and as stiff in the knees afterwards as you please.

"All this advice comes not only from me, and has been well considered. Pray show Mrs. Grigg all this, because it answers a passage in her last to me, *that you were resolved to fall with me.* For the rest of her very friendly Christian letter, the next I send shall be one of thanks to her. Meantime, give her my hearty respects, and to my good mother much duty and

services. My blessing on the poor child, now a perfect orphan, but that you are a father to her. I am,

"Most dear brother,

"Your most affectionate

"Brother in Christ. *

"I hear great offence is taken at our subscribing episcopally to our paper."

Turner's next letter is to his man of business, from which we learn that he and William Penn were, for a while, companions at hide and seek.

"HONEST TOM,

"My last to you, dated the 8th of this month, gave you some hint that I was a little indisposed, but it was only for want of blood-letting in the Spring; and now I have done it, I thank God I have recovered perfect good temper, and live in hopes of letters from you, full charged, from Oxford. My great solicitude is still for Mr. Price's master, though yours to me speaks comfortably; pray carry him or send him my sincerest best wishes and services, and whenever you intend me a letter, first see Mr. Price, and inform yourself how matters stand. As for my friend, his fellow-sufferer, it grieves me to hear how he loses himself, dreaming to drink away sorrow. There are two other gentlemen, with whom I was joined for a third (to my great honour, so I count their reproaches). The two I mean are William Penn and James Graham. If you can learn what is become of

* Signature erased in MS.

them, and whether or no, the former, especially, has offered any bail, or be still under hatches, I should the better know what to expect myself, though I look for nothing but hardships; the best is, I am out of their clutches.

"I do not now write to my brother, for I know not where he is; I suppose keeping his residence; nor do I write again to Oxford, because I assure myself their answers are coming towards me. If my brother be in the Fens, then when you have read this send it to Oxford, safe to my mother, with all my duty to her, and all kindness to all that are hers and mine there. My brother being at my house, may take order about removing the best goods and selling the lumber. I am never like to use them, and believe that the danger of seizing is not over.

"I daily expect to hear of a successor, and then too late you may feel a seizure; an order, at least, to stir nothing, and then all is lost. The pretence of dilapidations sweeps all like a Christmas-box. Whatever comes of that or any other oppression, I am resolved, by the help of God, to be very patient, and never give way to melancholy. I study not only to be contented, but cheerful, in a very low way of living. If I were in a condition to keep a servant where I am, I would have none but honest William; and I have kept him hitherto in some hopes of my return to my station, but of that there is no prospect (though I have no despair of it in God's own time); but, in the mean time, he is out of business. Pray commend me to him, and allow him as you do, till he gets some good service or employment. Assure him, if I am ever so

happy as to recover myself into tolerable condition, then, if it be to his advantage, I will not only take him again, but give him some place in recompense of his faithful services.

"On second thoughts, you were best sell my chariot, else it will be spoilt, unless my good friends at Oxford have any use of it. If it will do them any service let them have it; if not, get the most you can for it. I should be glad to be sure they had made even with you at Hanslop, and you must ply them at Sandhurst. I trust you receive the small interest from Mr. Griffin.

"Farewell, and pray for

"Yours, &c.

"*April* 20, 1691.

"My respects to all that remember me with any favour. Assure them that I (by God's mercy) was never in better health or in better heart."

There can be no doubt that after Francis Turner's return to England he carried on a secret correspondence with the Court of St. Germains, and was deep in Sir John Fenwick's plot. While that bold Northumbrian baronet stood at bay, nearly hunted to the death, the government blood-hounds were keen on the scent of one Grascomb, a nonjuring clergyman, who had hitherto defied all their efforts in tracking his whereabouts. Although the most active of all the pamphleteers who stirred up the fire of insurrection in those times, Grascomb walked invisible through all plots. At last he was ascertained to be in the house of a French silk-weaver, in Spitalfields. The king's

messengers surrounded the house with an armed force then went in and captured a gentleman, who gave his name as Harris. He was, however, identified by several persons there as the deprived Bishop of Ely, Dr. Francis Turner. When he was questioned and asked to give an account of himself, the bishop said, very coolly, "that he had no other account to give, but that he came there to dine, for he did not live there, his lodgings were at Lincoln's Inn."

When he found that the government officials meant to detain him, he wrote to Secretary Vernon (who details this odd adventure in his letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury) and demanded his freedom, alleging "that he held a pass to go to France if he chose, but he had made no attempt to avail himself of it." Secretary Vernon and the other state minister, Windebanke (to whom the bishop likewise appealed), referred him to Sir William Trumbull. The oddity of the case was, that the Bishop of Ely knew as well as they did that the prime minister, Shrewsbury, was himself deep in plot, and was only watching the signs of the times to declare for King James II. The result was that Sir William Trumbull set the dauntless clerical Jacobite at liberty.

He retired to his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn, where he rested *perdu*, varying the monotony of seclusion by occasional visits to Moorpark, that fair oasis in the Southern Highlands of England, cultivated and improved by Sir William Temple. All the doings therein were completely isolated from the rest of the island, excepting the near town of Farnham, by the deep sands of the wild Surrey heaths. Here Francis

Turner was received with great affection by that mysterious statesman, Sir William Temple. We can trace the Christian prelate's influence for good on the mind of Temple's protegé, Jonathan Swift. His noble ode to Truth, written in memory of Sancroft, is endorsed as composed at the request of Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely.

Turner's next abode was with his aged mother, near Bedford Row, as we learn from a quaint letter to his brother, in which it appears that he was again reunited to his dearly-loved daughter. His care about the household goods Honest Tom had removed from the palace at Ely is amusing.

"MOST DEAR SIR,

"I salute you from my little new habitation, where I have lodged these two nights, but it will be two or three weeks ere we get into any settled condition. I think you were best superscribe *to James, at Mrs. Turner's house, two doors beyond the sign of the Two Brewers in Bedford Bounds, by Bedford Row.* This is prolix, but I cannot shorten it. I thank you for your last, and your promise to send up such of the goods as we need, viz., *the least of the feather-beds, the best of the sarcenet quilts, the two stained quilts, the grey curtains, all the blankets.* As for the other feather-bed and the hangings, pray give them house-room and use them.

"Jane cannot come at her note, nor hardly tell where it is mislaid. Yet she remembers several pairs of sheets for servants (four pairs she supposes), and these will be necessary. Your niece, as well as

her father, is much concerned not to find her mother's pictures in miniature (except the crucifix) among all our things that are brought from Cambridge. Do me the kindness to inquire of the little gentlewoman (to whom I shall write my acknowledgments), and entreat her to recollect and help my aged memory, or rather your niece's forgetfulness, what is become of them, and where any of them were bestowed when taken down from hanging in your chamber at the old perch. Mr. Phipps was very punctual in the payment of the five guineas, for which God reward you. Mr. Mason accepts your charity with all his blushing modesty, yet with equal gratitude. Your goddaughter presents her duty and services. We are of opinion, since the weather is open, the lumber may come time enough by water, but redouble your kindness by hastening these matters up to us. If I have anything worth imparting it shall come toward you another way.

"So, adieu."

CHAPTER V.

THE venerable mother of Turner departed this life August, 1692, after a long illness. This event is mentioned to his brother Thomas in a quaint but affectionate letter from Cambridge, by an intimate friend, who only signs with a monogram. He says, "I heard last week from Mr Newcome the sad news of Madame Turner's death, which had been more sad, but at such a great age and so long a sickness it was not surprising. It is lamented by every one to whom I tell it here. Sure Heaven must be a strong place, and earth a very happy one, if half the world did but understand, and do their business as well as she did hers in all those several states of life unto which God was pleased to call her."

The decease of his beloved and revered friend, the deprived Archbishop of Canterbury, is thus mentioned by Turner in a letter to his brother.

"The death of that blessed man, the good Archbishop of Canterbury, I bewail with all my heart; not for his sake, for he was full of years and ripe for Heaven (having left an admirable example to all the world), but for our own, who have need of such examples for the continuance of them among us had God been pleased. But blessed be His holy name in all things,

who can supply our hard loss when He pleaseth, though we have no probability of it." *

Turner amused himself in his hours of adversity by translating 'Prudentius' from the Latin. He had originally recommended this task to Matthew Prior, when a student at St. John's College. The deprived bishop's beautiful paraphrase from the Latin, on the proneness of man to sin, was justly admired by his contemporaries, and though too long for insertion as a whole in this brief biography, it is impossible to refrain from the quotation of a few lines as a specimen. After illustrating his subject with the metaphors of the course of a polished ivory ball rolling down a steep slippery descent, the progress of a flaming brand among straw, the career of an unbridled colt, and the rush of a swollen stream that has broken its bank, he thus sums up:—

"Foolish man, these emblems suit
You, or your frail flesh at least;
You, that live so like a brute,
The rolling ball, the ranging beast,
The untamed colt, the flaming straw,
The foaming flood, that knows no law,
"Describe the risks you run in sin,
Your body does your soul betray,
You've a great work to do within,
Strike into the narrow way!
'Stop your vain course,' true wisdom cries,
'Or endless death will be your prize.'
"Thou that with healing in thy wings,
Blest Sun of Righteousness! didst rise;
All sovereign balms thy advent brings,
Enough to cure the world of vice;
Souls once baptized and clear from stain,
Let not the foul fiend soil again."

* Rawlinson MSS.

The time and thoughts of the deprived bishop were unfortunately too much taken up with political subjects. His vigorous and fearless pen was the terror of the king, queen, bishops, peers, and senators of the Revolution. He gives a very lively and graphic account, in a letter to his brother, of the formidable riots in London that took place in the spring after Queen Mary's death, in consequence of the perseverance of the Dutch king in pressing seamen for his navy, and the abhorrence of the Londoners to that tyrannical imposition.

"*April*, 11*th*, 1695.

"These two last nights," records Turner, "we have had terrible uproars, and an innumerable city mob pulling the pressed men out of the marshals' houses, and gutting two of their houses, and then burning them. It is reported they found several dead bodies there interred, in gardens or cellars, and divers of their prisoners in a dying condition for hunger, whom they released. This, true or false, exasperates strangely. Yesternight they burned the prison in Finsbury Fields, and set all free there. To-night they threaten to do as much at the Savoy.

"All night we heard beating of drums, and all the trainbands were up, but no restraint to the torrent. My lord of Oxford's troops came down upon them, but a vast rabble got behind these and pelted them off their horses with showers of stones, till all the troops rode away as if every one had cried, 'the devil take the hindmost.'

"A justice of peace, venturing among them in his

coach, was drubbed and dragged. All the constables, with their watch, guarding those places, quitted their posts to the fury of the multitude.

"They go about the streets exclaiming, 'the nation has been abused,' and ask 'why the Dutch troops do not come down?' but they wisely kept in their quarters. They demand a general indemnity upon the queen's death. It is believed they have furnished themselves with as many cases of pistols and swords as they could buy up on the sudden. What will be done in the end of this? This is ill-timed, and may produce great disturbances, it being just upon the king's going off for Flanders." *

The deprived bishop removed himself and his daughter, in the year 1699, into a small house in the country. All his furniture from the episcopal palace at Ely had remained ever since his expulsion under the care of his brother, the Principal of Corpus Christi, at Oxford. He playfully reproves his brother for having paid for a black bed which was missing. "Had I understood it," he says, "I should have refused your money for such a frippery. There is nothing in your custody we shall need in a wainscoted little house, where you shall always find a lodging. For your inquiry after the mystery of the peace (of Ryswick), if there be any in it, and if secret articles be imagined touching our old master, King James,—on my conscience there are none, nor himself, nor any of his race or party in the least considered."

* Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian, Oxford.

On another occasion the bishop says, in reference to the peace of Ryswick, "I have lately seen a very sensible letter from one of the family at St. Germains. It relates how much they are mortified that their master and mistress bear it decently and sedately; that the king, upon too loud complaints of his servants against the peacemaker, was fain to declare openly, that whoever railed (that was the word) against the French king should neither continue in his favour, nor at St. Germains; that the little prince, when he read in the 'Gazette' how the most Christian king owned King William, beat his brows and tore the 'Gazette' in pieces; that the generality of the French nation were amazed and ashamed of the peace, insomuch that their king too, publicly, as he was at dinner, perceived that his subjects were displeased with the peace."

Turner was very anxious about his daughter's health in the year 1698. She was very ill with small-pox, but the skill of his uncle, Dr. Windebanke, restored her. The bishop removed her for change of air to Bagshot, and as she was forbidden, on account of her eyes, to read or write, he watched over her, acted as her secretary, and read to her.

The following letter, undated, to his brother, appears to have been written at the crisis of her malady by the anxious father:—

"MOST DEAR SIR,*

"If I could forget the promise I made this morning, that I would not fail you by this night's

* Tattered letters and papers of Bishop Turner among the Rawlinson MSS.

post, you have a little remembrancer who forgets her pains to put me in mind of it, so extreme kindly does she take your godfatherly care of her. I bless God our comforts increase by seeing this day well over; and now she feels her sorrow grow upon her, as was to be expected, yet her patience does not lessen. She presents a great deal of duty, and thanks for your company too. In these acknowledgments I very heartily join, and hope this will find you safe at Oxford, whither I pray God I may send you no worse account by Saturday night's post. Meantime and ever, I am yours.

"*About nine on Thursday night.*"

The deprived bishop was spared the anguish of weeping over the loss of his last and dearest earthly treasure. Margaret slowly recovered, but it was to experience the pang of learning the unworthiness of her affianced lover, the eldest son of the bishop's maternal uncle, Colonel Windebanke, to whom, with the consent of all their friends, she had been for some time engaged.

The father and daughter were living at Leighton-stone, when a confidential letter from Colonel Windebanke to the bishop, deploring the misconduct of his son, and expressing the bitterest indignation at the reckless course the unprincipled profligate was pursuing, interrupted the peaceful tenor of their lives.

Deeply shocked at the communication of the unworthiness of his nephew, and the probable perils to which his Margaret might have been exposed by matrimonial union to one so unmeet to be her hus-

band, the bishop tenderly broke the matter to her, and explained the painful circumstances that rendered it expedient to put an end to the engagement.

Poignantly as poor Margaret felt the pang of severing the tie, she meekly and unhesitatingly acquiesced in her father's decision, and even assumed an appearance of cheerfulness to conceal her pain.

"She bears this disappointment with all the even temper of her mother," observes the bishop, in relating this domestic sorrow to his faithful brother.

Colonel Windebanke was so greatly incensed at the misconduct of his son, that he threatened to disinherit him, from which the bishop kindly dissuaded him, and interceded for his forgiveness, though firmly determined to separate him from Margaret. "He is coming ere long to London," writes the bishop, "but I have forbidden his visits, and his own father allows that I have just reason for it. Poor young man! his ruin is, I doubt, inevitable, but I'll take care somebody else shall not be ruined with him." The bishop hints that "he understands his worthless nephew has some very bad connections in France; and that his friends feared he had entangled himself with some other woman in a promise of marriage, which he was now desirous of recalling. You may be sure," continues the bishop, "it is more than a promise, for a thousand such engagements or oaths signify nothing in his mouth."

Turner gives his daughter great credit for the virtuous and discreet manner in which she had conducted herself during her engagement to her unworthy cousin, and fervently adds, "God send her

good deliverance. I am sure I shall account it a very good one to get rid of this lewd young man and all his pretences."

Colonel Windebanke and his lady were unremitting in their efforts to induce the bishop and his daughter to overlook the misconduct of the young man, and renew their engagement. The bishop steadily refused to accept his libertine nephew for a son-in-law and Margaret to become his wife.

Margaret Turner had just attained her twenty-first year when this trial occurred. The tender sympathy of her father did much to console her. She was gifted with a very sweet voice, and possessed great taste and skill in music, which is thus noticed by a friend, who had been staying with them, in a letter to Dr. Thomas Turner :—

"To your young, fair, hopeful niece, the Lady Philomela, which name I bestowed upon her for the many innocent songs and anthems with which she pleased me, you must give my most hearty respects, with my blessing in God on her."

After the termination of her engagement with her cousin, the bishop, in order to divert her mind from so painful a subject, engaged the famous musician Nichole to give her lessons. Nichole was charmed with her voice, "and," writes the bishop to his brother, "did make this bargain at entrance, that she should not break off from her learning till he had taught her his manner (as the word is) for at least some months; on that condition making her this compliment, 'that if she did not, in process of time, sing the best of her sex in England, it should be his

fault,' not hers;' so much pleased he appeared to be with her voice. But I hope she can distinguish, at these years, between courtliness and the strictness of truth."

It is impossible to refrain from quoting some passages from the amusing letters of Richard Allyn, from Holland, whither he had been sent by Dr. Thomas Turner, the brother of the deprived bishop, to purchase books cheaper than they could be procured in Oxford.

He speaks with infinite contempt of the Dutch. "The chief subject of their discourse," he says, "is the unkindness and ingratitude of sending home their troops; and I find it would be as difficult a matter to convince a Dutchman of the reasonableness of our doing it as it would be to persuade him to be religious or not to love money.

"It is not yet known," continues Allyn, "whether his Majesty (William III.) has any farther design in coming over hither than to hunt about Loo, and to endeavour to divert himself from that uneasiness and disturbance which the last sessions of parliament gave him. He passed through this city (Amsterdam) about a fortnight ago, but in much greater haste than some few years since he went through Oxford, for he would not so much as suffer the burgomasters to wait upon him with their compliments, but drove through as fast and with as little ceremony as any ordinary traveller would have done.

"Whether this proceeded from an aversion in his temper towards appearing in public, or an unwillingness to put the town to trouble or expense, or

a dislike to the place, is variously discoursed; but most people impute it to the latter, knowing that he cannot have forgot the attempts which this place hath heretofore used to suppress his authority in these provinces. He lives, they say, very splendidly at Loo; but he never appears so much like a king as when at the Hague, where his Court doth as much exceed what he usually keeps in England, as his English Court is greater than what he kept when he was only stadtholder. His palace there is, I am told, very magnificent, and is richly furnished with the spoils of Hampton Court and Kensington, some of which are to be found in his other houses in this country, of which he hath a great many."

Richard Allyn's estimate of the Dutch character did not improve by a longer residence at Amsterdam, for on September 1st he writes:—

"These men of this country are so far influenced by the prince of it as to deny their toleration to that worship which alone is worthy of the glorious title of religion. The service of the Church of England is too heathenish, too superstitious to be suffered, though frequent and earnest petitions have been made by some honest English that reside here for the use of it in their assemblies. Yet, at the same time, heresies of all sorts, and all the nameless croaking spawn of fanaticism, all manner of rascally vermin, such as tend to the scandal and reproach of religion, meet with public allowance. Nay, I doubt if this very people would stick at selling the best church they have to the Mogul, for an idol temple to worship the devil in, if they could

but thereby establish a greater trade in his Indies; and I have too much reason to think so of them, having myself seen a stately reverend old church in Utrecht let out to hire bythis worshipful government during three weeks, to have a fair kept in it, without making any distinction in days, for as soon as their minister had concluded his evening sermon, the boxes and shops were opened, and their vile wares were exposed to sale."

These racy, yet matter-of-fact letters of honest Richard Allyn, were doubtless highly appreciated by the nonjuring Bishop of Ely and all the Oxford Jacobites, as fully justifying their objection to a Dutch head of the Church of England.

Meantime, the fair Margaret Turner, having overcome her ill-placed affection for her cousin Windebanke, consented to become the wife of Richard Goulstone, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune, of Widdyall, in Hertfordshire, with whose parents she and her father had long been on terms of intimate friendship. Her marriage with this gentleman took place early in 1700, with the consent and full approbation of the bishop, who writes to his brother, May 21:—"Our young people are full of duty and acknowledgment of all favours, and no one is more sensble of all your good nature than I am."

But Francis Turner's days were drawing to a close. This summer, 1700, he complains of a severe cough, and fears it will be aggravated by the air of smoky London. "Our young people," he says, "have returned to Widdyall. They live very happily with me; but all are thinking of taking a new house."

His cough became worse as the year waned, notwithstanding the great increase to his happiness the marriage of his daughter had caused.

A most agreeable engagement, for the invalid father and his daughter and son-in-law to spend some time with Dr. Thomas Turner, was prevented by the severe and painful illness of the poor bishop on June 29, 1700, and he writes the following piteous letter to explain the impossibility of coming:—

"I wish you could see my heart, how much it troubles me that I am still necessitated to defer the visit I designed you. But the plain truth is always the best excuse, though good King Charles II. would commonly say 'that all excuses were lies.' But it is too true.

"Yesterday I had a desire to try my strength how I could endure Mr. Goulstone's coach as far as Putney, but it cost me no little anguish. To-morrow a new operator promises to bring me an implement, if not more effectual, yet less uneasy and more safe. I pray God, if it be His blessed will, to make it successful, that I may spend the little residue of my life in some tolerable ease, and not die often as they do who linger out a long life and a painful.

"My uncle, Dr. Windebanke, is extreme obliging on this untoward occasion. I trust Mr. Wagstaff too; and can't help fearing to confess what I ail except to well-known physicians or friends. This makes me loth to go farther off from them in this condition; besides, intending this purely as a visit of friendship to you and pleasure to myself, I would not bring a sick man to you, though I have no reason to despair

of recovering apace. Will Collins was bespoken to drive us down, and he came this morning to know our day. I have obtained a week's respite to see how it will please God to deal with me. Meantime and ever I am yours most affectionately.

"Mr. Goulstone and his spouse are your servants."

He writes, with much satisfaction, October 14, of having met the young people in London, but adds, by way of postscript, after that date:—

"The birthday of my unfortuate royal master, who now writes 68."

When he wrote this Turner was unconscious that King James had already departed this life. His own summons was near approaching, for he did not survive the date of this letter three weeks. He expired the 2nd of November, 1700. He was interred in the parochial church of Therfield. In compliance with his oft-expressed desire, his remains were deposited by the side of his lamented wife, without any other memorial for himself than his name and the word *Expergistur*, "I shall awake."

His son-in-law, Mr. Goulstone, writes, November 23, 1700, "I and my wife are removed to Lincoln. She is in good health considering her situation. I am settling all accounts, to show my respect to that incomparable man who is gone to Heaven before us."

THOMAS KEN,

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT Christian bosom but warms with a glow of loving veneration at the name of the heavenly-minded author of those sweet lyrics of the Church, the Morning Hymn and the Evening Hymn! They have been for nearly two centuries familiar to the lips of the infants of the flock as to the hoary-headed elders of the congregation, and yet they tire not—they never can tire—for they are in their sublime simplicity suited to the comprehensions and adapted to the wants of all, from the youngest to the most mature, from the highest to the lowest. The hearts of rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, alike swell for a moment as the successive appeals, so full of the fervour and the poetry of prayer, thrill from the ear to the soul.

Thomas Ken was the descendant of a cadet branch of an ancient and honourable family, Ken, of Ken Place, in Somersetshire, whose wealth had been carried by an heiress into the noble house of Paulet

of Hinton.* He was the youngest son of his father, a highly respectable attorney, of Furnival's Inn, and was born and baptized at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in the month of July, 1637. His mother dying when he was scarcely four years old, the bereaved infant was adopted by his eldest sister, Anne, the wife of the afterwards celebrated Izaak Walton, the author of the 'Complete Angler,' and that lovely series of biographies, Lives of Donne, Wootton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. Izaak Walton, at that time ennobling the trade of a haberdasher, occupied a small house at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, with his wife, whom he was accustomed to call "My Kenna," and took great delight in her sweet voice. Thomas Ken was also gifted by nature with a beautiful voice, and there can be little doubt that his taste and skill in music were fostered and cultivated by his early domestication with his sister and her husband. From the latter he would also imbibe the refined and devotional cast of thought which gives so great a charm to all his writings, that delight in all things that were lovely, holy, and true, which taught him, while dwelling on the charms of creation, to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Izaak Walton, perceiving evil days approaching, and having acquired a moderate competence, withdrew, with his beloved Kenna and her motherless little brother, their adopted child, from the uncon-

* The daughter of Christopher Ken, of Ken Place, cousin to our apostolic bishop, married John, son of Sir Anthony Paulet, one of the most devoted followers of his unfortunate sovereign Charles I.

genial atmosphere of the metropolis, in 1644, to that peaceful cottage on the banks of the Dove, in Staffordshire, where he was able to pursue his favourite recreation and indulge his literary tastes unmolested, and enjoyed the privilege of affording a safe and unsuspected refuge during the civil wars to Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and other loyal gentlemen.

It was probably through Morley's influence that Thomas Ken received his education at the Wykeham College, at Winchester. He was sent there at thirteen, and acquitted himself so diligently that he was in the following year chosen a scholar on that foundation. While at Winchester a close and tender friendship was formed between Thomas Ken and Francis Turner, that lasted through life, and was only dissolved by the death of Turner. Both were poets, and though Francis Turner, as the son of the Dean of Canterbury, and grandson of Charles I.'s secretary of state, was born in a higher position than Thomas Ken, the storms of civil war had reduced him to an equality with any poor scholar in the college. It is certain that he and Thomas Ken lived there on terms of brotherly love. Their names remain inscribed on the stone buttress of the south-east cloister, with the date of the last year they were together there—1656. Turner's name was only recently traced out by the present learned master of Wykeham College, Dr. Moberly.

After a most honourable career as a Wykehamite, Ken was superannuated in 1656, according to the rules of the institution, having entered his nineteenth

year. He followed his friend, Francis Turner, to Oxford, but as there was no vacancy for him at New College, he was not at first allowed the happiness of joining him, being compelled to enter Hart Hall, afterwards Hertford College, where Magdalen Hall now is. The following year, however, the wish of his heart was gratified; he was admitted as a probationer at New College, and became a fellow-student with his beloved school companion.

The Warden of New College was, at that time, George Marshall, who had been illegally obtruded by the parliamentarian visitors in defiance of the statutes, which prescribed that none other than a Wykehamite and a duly elected fellow should hold the wardenship of New College. George Marshall was neither. His claims consisted in having been chaplain to the godly garrison of the parliament and the dictation of General Cromwell.

The fellows stoutly protested against the illegal intrusion of an unqualified warden, but after a brave resistance, found themselves compelled to succumb to military despotism. Their college had been marked by Cromwell for spoil and suppression, and was only preserved by Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes venturing, at the risk of his own life, to disobey the mandate of his unscrupulous commander for its destruction.

In defiance of puritanical supremacy, a musical society was established at Oxford, in 1657, of which Ken was a member, and occasionally sang his part and performed on the lute, viol, and organ. He remained at New College till after the Restoration,

distinguished himself by his learning, probity, and piety, and gained the love and esteem of the society by his endearing qualities. As soon as he was in circumstances to testify his regard for the college, he subscribed one hundred pounds towards the expenses of their new buildings and improved gardens.

It was probably during his residence at New College that his longest poetic work was commenced, although a later date has, by some of his more recent biographers, been assigned to this almost unknown production of Ken, which bears the unmistakable marks of a young inexperienced writer.

'Edmund,' an epic poem, on the martyrdom of the East Anglian king by the pagan Danes, at Hoxne, as it is now called; but Ken has adopted the ancient name of Hegelsduffe, or Eaglesdune. It is formed on the model of Tasso's Gierusaleme, having nothing local or historical belonging to it. Neither does the author seem aware of the rich and imaginative traditions, which enshrine the memory of our Anglo-Saxon royal saint, retained with wondrous love and fidelity by the Suffolk peasantry, although his shrine has been broken and his stately abbey made desolate. Many a church is dedicated to St. Edmund, Martyr and King, and decorated with his elegant open coronal intersected with the two Danish arrows. Moreover, showing greater love in those days, many public-houses and hostelries on the road from Eaglesdune to Bury St. Edmunds bear the same for signs. But vain it is to look in Ken's 'Edmund' for the fanciful *dramatis personæ* still remembered at the scene of the royal Christian's

martyrdom. The treacherous bridegroom who betrayed him seeing the glitter of his gold spurs under the bridge over the Waveney; the malediction which keeps all East Anglian brides and bridegrooms from crossing Hoxne bridge to this day; how, after the pagan Hubbar nailed him to the oak, and caused him to be shot to death by the cruel Danes with arrows, and cut off his head, a she wolf (peradventure it was the king's own faithful wolf-dog) ran away with King Edmund's head between her paws, and hid it in the deep dell of Eaglesdune, and the darksome den became radiant with phosphoric light; while the raven, some say the head, cried "here, here;" and then when his sorrowing friend went to inter head and body, carrying them on a bier of oak boughs to Bury, the wolf walked as chief mourner, and the more wolfish Danes, converted by so many rather doubtful miracles, followed penitent, with trailing lances. But not one word have we in the 'Edmund' of Ken, from quaint tradition, or picturesque chronicle, or pastoral landscape, the winding Waveney, or the darksome dell of Eaglesdune.

The poem bears the character of a mere collection of boyish exercises, wherein poetic enthusiasm leads the tyro to gain skill in his own language — all that juvenile poems are good for, with very few exceptional cases. Nay, in the only good passage, those familiar with Winchester will recognise resemblance to some well-known ancient verses, current throughout the southern diocese, in this rather grand portrait of the requisites of a perfect priest. We see the Wintonian therein, and will say no more, lest

scorn should befal the only good extract we can find in 'Edmund.'

A PERFECT SERVANT OF GOD.

"Give me the priest these graces to possess—
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, who the cross can bear;
A ruler's awfulness, a watcher's eye,
A pilot's skill the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love;
Give me in him a light upon a hill,
Whose rays that whole circumference can fill;
In God's own word and sacred learning versed,
Deep in the study of the heart immersed;
Who in sick souls can the disease descry,
And wisely fit restoratives apply;
To beautiful pastures leads his sheep,
Watchful from hellish wolves his fold to keep."

Immediately after the Restoration Ken took the degree of B.A., and was admitted into holy orders. He received the degree of M.A. early in 1663, and was appointed his chaplain by Lord Maynard, who also presented him with the living of Easton Parva, in the hundred of Dunmow, in Essex. This was Ken's first church preferment. The parish church of Little Easton is just without the park at Easton Lodge, the seat of Lord Maynard, a most exemplary nobleman, who, with that admirable woman, Lady Margaret, his wife, lived on the most intimate terms of friendship with Ken, and seconded all his endeavours for the good of his flock during the two happy years he held the rectory of Little Easton.

Being summoned to a more extended sphere of usefulness by the Bishop of Winchester, he resigned his living in Essex, and repaired to Winchester, where he was invited by the bishop to take up his abode in the palace, in 1665. Ken now enjoyed the happiness of being domesticated with his beloved brother-in-law, Izaak Walton, whom Bishop Morley, in grateful remembrance of the shelter, hospitality, and solace accorded by him and Kenna in their cottage by the Dove, in the days of adversity and persecution, now gratefully requited, by inviting them with their son and daughter, to partake his prosperity when restored to his episcopal palace, by living with him in peace and affluence for the rest of their days.

Kenna did not long survive this auspicious change in their fortunes; she died soon after her removal to the Winchester palace, to the great affliction of her husband and her brother, Thomas Ken, who ever repaid her maternal care of his bereaved infancy and childhood with the dutiful affection of a son. Izaak Walton continued, by the bishop's desire, to reside in the palace, where he wrote the lives of Herbert, Hooker, and Sanderson. In all these the sweet spirit of Ken may be traced.

The unanimous votes of the fellows of Winchester College, meantime, had elected Ken to the first fellowship that was vacated by death after the Restoration, and he became resident in the Wykehamist House. While there, he took upon himself gratuitously the duty of preaching at the neglected church of St. John in the Soke, for which there was

neither minister nor endowment. This he called his cure, and God so blessed his labour of love, that he was the means of bringing many Anabaptists and Socinians into the Church of England. These he always baptized himself.

'So devoted was Ken to the improvement of his time, that he never made but one sleep, always rising from his bed when he awoke, even if it happened as early as three o'clock in the morning.

Bishop Morley marked his appreciation of Ken's zealous labours in the service of the Church and the poor by making him his domestic chaplain, and bestowing upon him first the living of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight. At Brightstone his name is still held in loving veneration, and the local tradition of the fair isle asserts that his favourite walk, while composing his devotional poetry, was under the tall yew hedge that bounds the rectory garden, sheltered from bitter winds and open to the cheering beams of the sun.

In this peaceful and congenial scene of Ken's thoughtful life, now advancing to its meridian, that series of hymns so dear to the Christian Church, the Morning, the Evening, and the Midnight Hymns, were written.

The Midnight Hymn having deeper spirituality in it than could be appreciated in those days, was almost forgotten for more than a century after the death of Ken, but has been latterly rescued from oblivion, and published, with the Morning and the Evening Hymns, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in a cheap form—a cheap

boon to restless invalids during the lonely vigils of nights of bodily or mental suffering.

Ken always commenced his devotional exercises, on leaving his bed, by singing the Morning Hymn to his own accompaniment on the lute, and concluded them at night, the last thing before retiring to his pillow, with the Evening Hymn.

He possessed great musical skill as well as a very rich voice. There is a most interesting portrait of him about this period of his life, in possession of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, which has been engraved for his life by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, showing that he possessed both personal and intellectual beauty.

Two very happy years were spent by Ken at his peaceful rectory at Brightstone, a pleasant little village about four miles from Carisbrook Castle, with a stately church and a fair sea-view, but sheltered from cold winds by overhanging hills.

In the course of those years he was occasionally summoned, as the chaplain of Bishop Morley, to attend in that capacity during his lordship's residence at his palace at Chelsea.

There are several interesting notices in the diary of the pious Lady Warwick, of the impression made on her by Ken's preaching at Chelsea church, where it was her good fortune to hear him, she residing in that parish.

On Sunday, 9th of February, 1668, she makes the following note in her diary: "I went to church to hear Mr. Ken preach. His text was, 'Behold thou art made whole, sin no more, lest a worse thing come on thee.' It was a very good sermon, and

God was pleased much to affect my heart with it; and whilst he was preaching on that passage, 'sin no more,' God was pleased to make me, with strong desires and many tears, to beg power against sin for the time to come."

Bishop Morley recalled Ken to Winchester, and preferred him to the dignity of a prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and he was installed, April 12, 1669. In the following month the bishop gave him the Rectory of East Woodhay.

As it was contrary to Ken's principles to hold two livings, he resigned Brightstone the same day he was collated to Woodhay. He held the living of Woodhay from the 28th of May, 1669, to the 8th of November, 1672, when he resigned that preferment for his friend, George Hooper, and came to reside entirely at Winchester, where he resumed his labours for the neglected parishioners of St. John's Church in the Soke, and attracted great crowds to his unpaid ministry.

He made the tour of Italy, and visited Rome in the year of the jubilee, 1675, accompanied by his nephew, young Izaak Walton, and was absent almost a year in examining the classical and historical antiquities of that interesting portion of Christendom.

The simple but refined taste of Ken was naturally offended by the vestiges of pagan idolatry which he everywhere detected in the gorgeous processions and exuberant ceremonials of the Eternal City and the pompous ritual of the Papal Church.

On their return, Ken said "he gave God thanks that he had been permitted to undertake this journey,

since what he had seen had confirmed him in his love for the Reformed Church, of the excellency and purity of which he was more than ever convinced." This remark he was accustomed to repeat to the end of his life.

He took his degree of B.D. in 1678, and of D.D. the following year, when he was appointed chaplain and almoner to the Princess of Orange, at the Hague. Ken's friend, Dr. Hooper, had just resigned that office in disgust, on account of the uncivil treatment he had received from the Prince of Orange, whose hostility to the Church of England was at that time open and undisguised, and induced him to do violence to the conscience of the princess, by compelling her to desert her own chapel and the English liturgy, to attend the Dutch schismatic service with him.

While at the Hague, Ken's ministry succeeded in winning a convert to the Church of England, whom he names with much satisfaction to his friend the Archbishop of Canterbury in the following letter:—

"My very good Lord,

"I should not dare to make this invasion on your grace but that my duty enforces me, and the ambition I have to send news which I know will be extremely welcome to your grace; and the rather because it is of a convert to our Church, and of a convert who is no less a person than Col. Fitzpatrick; who, upon a deliberate inquiry, is so fully satisfied with our Church, that he communicates with us next Lord's day in the Princess's Chapel. 'Tis not to be

imagined how much both their Highnesses are pleased with the colonel's happy resolution, and the prince commanded me to give my lord of London a particular account of it, which I have done.

"On Monday his Highness goes for Germany. The pretence is hunting, but the chief thing which he proposes to himself, we understand, is to discourse with the German princes about the present posture of Europe, and to take accurate measures to expose the common enemy.

"I most earnestly beg your grace's benediction. My good lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

"THO. KEN.

"*Hague, September 13th*, 1680."

Dr. Ken prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized and confirmed. This drew upon him the ill-will of the prince, who hated him still more than he had done his predecessor, and took every opportunity of testifying his dislike.

The Princess of Orange, who was much comforted and edified by the ministry of Ken, confided to him her distress at the trouble and disgrace in which her beautiful English maid of honour, Miss Jane Worth, was likely to be involved, in consequence of the perfidious conduct of Count Zulestien, an illegitimate uncle of the Prince of Orange, and one of his especial favourites, who had effected the ruin of the young lady under a solemn promise of marriage, which he now basely refused to fulfil, and was encouraged in

his dishonourable conduct by the prince, his master. Ken was deeply concerned at this information, for the young lady was the niece of his beloved friend and patron Lord Maynard, whose sister Anne was her mother, so that Jane was probably well known to him during his chaplaincy to that nobleman and his ministry at Little Easton. Anxious to preserve both the unhappy girl and her family from disgrace and sorrow, Ken immediately sought an interview with Count Zulestien, to whom he represented the turpitude and cruelty of his behaviour to the unfortunate girl, and described her anguish in such moving terms, that Zulestien was touched with compunction, and declared his willingness to repair his wrong as far as he could by marrying her as soon as an opportunity should occur. A few days afterwards the Prince of Orange went on business to Amsterdam, and the princess, availing herself of his absence, allowed Ken to marry Zulestien to Jane Worth in her chapel.

When the Prince of Orange learned what had taken place during his absence, he was so much displeased that he rated his consort, and used the most unbecoming language to Dr. Ken, telling him he would not suffer him to remain any longer in his present office.

Ken replied, "that it was his desire to resign it, and requested permission of the princess to return to England;" but she implored him not to desert her, and her tears and lamentations gave so serious a turn to the affair, that the prince, not wishing the story to be repeated to his disadvantage in the English Court, condescended to request Dr. Ken to remain

and resume his duties in the princess's chapel. Ken reluctantly complied, for he had no respect for the prince, and was impatient of witnessing his ungracious behaviour to the princess.

"Dr. Ken was with me," writes Sidney in his journal, March 21st, 1680; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the Prince of Orange. He thinks he is not kind to his wife, and is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."

Sidney, who was a strong political partizan of William, does not say a word in defence of his conduct as a husband, but quotes the testimony of Sir Gabriel Silvius, a Dutch gentleman, the husband of one of Mary's ladies, in addition to that of Dr. Ken, in these words, about a month later in his private journal:— "Sir Gabriel Silvius and Dr. Ken were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife. They think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness."

Despairing of doing anything to improve the condition of his royal mistress, and at the same time suffering from the noxious effects of the climate, Dr. Ken returned to England in 1680, broken alike in health and spirits. King Charles, though aware of his disagreement with the Prince of Orange, gave him a gracious reception, and testified his approbation of his conduct at the Hague, by promising to appoint him to be one of his own chaplains as soon as a vacancy should occur.

In the summer of 1682, Ken was summoned to attend the death-bed of his beloved and honoured friend, Lady Maynard, who desired to receive the

last offices of the Church for the sick and dying from him who had been for more than twenty years her spiritual confidant and adviser.

He administered the holy communion to her on Whitsunday, and shortly after she entered into her rest. Ken was requested to preach her funeral sermon, which he did on the 30th of June, 1682, rendering a deserved tribute to her virtues, piety, and tender charity to the sick and suffering poor. This sermon was printed, and universally read and admired.

He composed and published his excellent "Manual of Prayers for the Scholars in Winchester College, and other devout Christians," the preceding year.

Early in the summer of 1683, Ken was entreated by Lord Dartmouth to accompany him in his own ship as chaplain-in-chief of the fleet that was going out to demolish the fortifications of Tangier, on which Charles II. had expended a very large sum annually, in the vain hope of rendering it a serviceable port.

"I think it of the highest importance," wrote the noble admiral, "to have the ablest and best man I can possibly obtain to go with me, both for the service of God and the good government of the clergy that are chaplains in the fleet. My most earnest request to you is, that if it be not too great an inconvenience, you would do me the honour and favour to go with me this short voyage. I beg it of you for God's sake, and as I am to answer to Him for the preservation of so many souls as He hath been pleased to put under my care. I have nothing more but to beg

your prayers and blessing, with pardon for this confident desire."

Ken was not the man to whom this earnest appeal could be made in vain. He was aware that nothing could be more deplorable than the condition, and too often the moral characters, of naval chaplains as a body; but the idea that it might possibly be in his power to improve their practice by accompanying the expedition, was sufficient to induce him to condescend to the office so earnestly pressed on his acceptance.

Pepys, the Secretary of the Admiralty, who was in the commission, was delighted at Ken's accepting the appointment, and records in his diary very sanguine anticipations "of his happiness in making the voyage in company," as he says, "with a worthy leader, Lord Dartmouth, and conversing with companions who were of first-rate talents in divinity, law, and science, as Dr. Ken, Dr. Trumbull, Dr. Lawrence, and Mr. Sheres. We shall enjoy," adds Pepys, "concerts much above ordinary of voices, flutes, and viols, good-humour, good cheer, some good books, the company of my nearest friend, Mr. Hewer, and a reasonable prospect of returning home in two months."

Such was the pleasant programme of Dr. Ken's summer voyage up the Mediterranean; but, unfortunately, the hopes so agreeably set forth by the journalist of the expedition were not realized. Foul weather set in from the day of their embarkation, August 8th, and on the 22nd they were fain to cast anchor in Plymouth Sound. Dr. Ken enjoyed the relief of going on shore for a few hours, with Pepys

and some others of the gentlemen, to see Mount Edgecumbe. They were hospitably received by the lady of that beautiful domain; but, unluckily, her husband, Sir Richard Edgecumbe, took that opportunity of visiting Lord Dartmouth on board the "Grafton," where they indulged in such a deep carouse, that his lordship was compelled to keep his cabin during the chief part of the voyage, from its effects. Unfortunately, intemperance was the besetting sin of the brave admiral, which alone would render the voyage irksome to one of Ken's calm and holy manners.

On Sunday, September 2nd, Pepys records, "that after Dr. Ken's performance of the usual services, they were at supper in Lord Dartmouth's state cabin, when the discourse turned on spiritual agencies and the appearance of ghosts, in which Ken asserted his belief. This was denied by himself and the others, and the argument being continued from day to day, had not concluded on the 12th of the month, when they reached Tangier."

It happened, however, that Dr. Trumbull and some of the warmest of Ken's opponents being lodged in the citadel, were annoyed with such unaccountable nocturnal disturbances, that Lawrence told Pepys "he was now fully convinced of the existence of spirits, this disturbance having continued for some time, and *appearing* every three or four nights." It is very tantalizing that either Dr. Lawrence did not tell, or Pepys did not note down, what appearances there were, for noises cannot be said to appear; and Kirke's garrison was so outrageous, that noise, either

by night or day, was by no means to be considered supernatural.

The first Sunday spent at Tangier Dr. Ken preached in the church there, "making a most excellent sermon," says Pepys, "full of the skill of the preacher, but nothing of the natural philosopher." Certes, the discussion of natural philosophy, however valuable at proper times and seasons, it was no vocation of Dr. Ken to introduce in the pulpit, for the edification of Kirke and his myrmidons. Indeed, Pepys professes himself in pain for the feelings of those worthies, saying, very naïvely, in reference to one of Ken's sermons, preached before this respectable audience: "To church, a very fine and seasonable, but unsuccessful argument from Doctor Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town of Tangier. I was in pain for Governor Kirke and his officers about us in church, but I perceived they regarded it not." That is, they, comporting themselves like deaf adders, never listened to the preacher, if he preached ever so wisely, and therefore could not hear and mark the sermon. No adders are so deaf as the inattentive. And Pepys, who listened and applied our apostolic Ken's reproofs—to his neighbours—took so little heed for himself, that he has this remark for the afternoon service that day: "Immediately from dinner to church. A foolish sermon from Mr. Hughes, but had the pleasure of again seeing fine Mrs. Kirke, better dressed than before, but yet less than I have known her."

Certainly, Ken was not favoured with a very hopeful congregation at Tangier!

Notices occur from time to time of Ken's sermons, and from so severe a sermon-critic as Pepys they may be considered very favourable. It was not long before the evil Governor Kirke and the apostolic Ken came to collision. In the first place, Ken opposed the intrusion of a swearing, drinking clergyman, one after Governor Kirke's own heart, and disreputably connected among his familiars, who was to succeed Mr. Hughes in the ministry of the parish church at Tangier. High words afterwards occurred between Governor Kirke and Dr. Ken, who withstood the ferocious soldier to his face concerning the excessive blasphemy and oaths that resounded on all sides. Dr. Ken had preached against it that morning; as usual, Kirke had heard the sermon as though he heard it not, and then Dr. Ken tried individual remonstrance. Pepys says he took part on the side of Dr. Ken. After this we hear little of Ken, excepting that he suffered from the climate, and had to keep his chamber with fever and headache, which seems to have been endemical among the English that autumn at Tangier. Dr. Trumbull lost his self-command, owing to his terrors of some undefined danger from demons. Dr. Ken was extremely urgent with Lord Dartmouth that this gentleman should be sent home, fearing for his reason.

Ken finished his epic poem of 'Edmund' while at Tangier and on the voyage home. He sailed with the fleet on the 5th of March, 1684, for England, and landed at Portsmouth the first week in April. He hastened at once to Winchester; but his revered brother-in-law, Izaak Walton, had expired in his

absence, in his ninety-first year, and had been buried three months in Prior Silkstead's Chapel, in the cathedral. His epitaph is said to have been written by Ken. It is as follows:—

"Alas, he's gone before,
Gone to return no more!
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire;
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will never be done;
Crowned with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his."

Izaak Walton had bequeathed a memorial ring to Ken, thus inscribed:—"For my brother, Dr. Ken. A friend's farewell. I. W." The date of the venerable donor's death, "Obiit. 15th Dec., 1683," was added to the inscription.

The blood-stone ring, which had been the much-prized legacy of Dr. Donne to Walton, with the effigy of the blessed Saviour on the cross, in the form of an anchor, the emblem of hope, was also delivered to Ken; probably it had been promised to him by his venerable brother-in-law. Almost all Ken's subsequent letters are sealed with it, and also his will. This precious relic was inherited by the son of Izaak Walton, who in like manner sealed his will with this memorial of Dr. Donne, Izaak Walton, and Bishop Ken. We hope it is still in existence.

In the succeeding October, Ken was summoned to Farnham Castle, to perform the melancholy duty of attending the death-bed of his venerated friend and

patron, Dr. Morley, Bishop of Winchester, whose departing spirit he soothed with his prayers and filial attentions. Morley scarcely survived his old friend Izaak Walton ten months.

Ken was appointed as one of the royal chaplains by Charles II., who, bad as he was himself, entertained a sincere respect for the truthful simplicity and blameless life of this apostolic man.

One Sunday, when Ken was going to preach at Whitehall, the Merry Monarch quitted the circle of his vicious flatterers, with the remark, "I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults."

The same summer, his Majesty proposing to spend some time at Winchester, Ken was placed in an unpleasant dilemma by Nell Gwynn taking possession of his prebendal house for her lodgings, it being very conveniently situated in close proximity to the temporary abode of her royal paramour, whom, she flattered herself, the newly-appointed chaplain would not wish to offend.

Greatly, however, had she mistaken the uncompromising integrity of the man; for when he was advised to allow her to remain, as it would be well-pleasing to the king, Ken indignantly replied, "Not for his three kingdoms," and instantly sent a stern message to warn the bold intruder "that no woman living in open defiance of God's law should abide under the shadow of his roof."

Finding him so much in earnest, Nell Gwynn angrily withdrew, and carried her complaints to the king. Ken was about to justify his exclusion of the royal favourite, but Charles, with his usual blunt

frankness, exclaimed, "Odds fish, man! though I am not good myself, I can respect those who are!"

So far from testifying displeasure at the uncompromising spirit with which Dr. Ken had acted, he astonished a circle of time-serving courtiers, who were suggesting successors to the see when the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant, by asking, with some vivacity, "Where is the good little man who refused the lodging to poor Nell?" Then, in a graver tone, he impressively observed, "I intend the bishopric of Bath and Wells for Dr. Ken, and it is my own especial appointment."

No one was more surprised at the royal appointment than Ken himself, who thus commemorates his unexpected elevation to the hierarchy in the dédication of his hymns to his friend Dr. Hooper:—

> "Amongst the herdsmen, I, a common swain,
> Lived, pleased with my low dwelling on the plain;
> Till up, like Amos, on a sudden caught,
> I to the pastoral chair was trembling brought."

CHAPTER II.

KEN was now a bishop designate; but so indigent was he at the time of his nomination to the see of Bath and Wells, that he was wholly destitute of the means requisite to meet the expenses attendant on entering on the episcopate and providing an equipage suitable to the dignified position he was unexpectedly appointed to fill. The means of doing this were generously supplied by Francis Morley, the nephew of his early patron and friend, George Morley, the late Bishop of Winchester. Aware of the state of Dr. Ken's finances, Francis Morley voluntarily offered to assist him with a loan of the sum necessary for his present exigencies. This was the only debt Ken ever incurred, and he faithfully repaid it, obliging himself to the most rigorous course of self-denial till it was done, even abstaining from the exercise of his accustomed offices of charity; telling his chaplain "that it behoved him to be just before he could enjoy the happiness of ministering to the necessities of others, for while he was in debt he had nothing of his own, and must himself be reckoned among the poor."

Ken was consecrated at Lambeth Palace on St.

Paul's day, January 25. His early friend and schoolfellow, Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, assisted at this solemnity, and was one of the prelates who, with Archbishop Sancroft, placed their hands upon his head to confer the blessing. The sermon was preached by another of his early friends and fellow students at Wykeham College, the Rev. Edward Young, who had become a prebendary of Salisbury. The text was from the Second Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, chapter i. verse 6:—"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the laying on of hands."

Ken was eight-and-forty when thus raised to the important dignity of a bishop. It had been usual for every newly-consecrated bishop to give a splendid dinner to the nobility, privy councillors, and clergy who honoured him by accepting his invitation to become his guests on that occasion; but Ken, following the example of Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford, devoted the sum it would have cost to honour this custom to the fund for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral. The fact is thus recorded in Dugdale's 'History of St. Paul's Cathedral:'—"January 26th. Among the list of contributors, Dr. Thomas Ken, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, in lieu of his consecration dinner and gloves, 100*l*."

The sudden and alarming illness of the king, who was attacked with apoplexy on the 2nd of February, just eight days after Ken's consecration, caused an immediate delay in the new prelate's induction into the temporalities of his see.

Intent only on the performance of his duty as a

faithful chaplain, Ken permitted neither cares nor thoughts, connected with personal business, to divide his attention from the spiritual weal of his dying sovereign.

He took occasion, when the Duchess of Portsmouth entered the room, to offer a serious remonstrance to the king, and to represent so effectually his misconduct to the queen, that he succeeded in prevailing on his Majesty to dismiss the duchess, and send for his injured consort for the purpose of entreating her pardon. Nor did the bold bad woman again venture to cross the threshold of the chamber of death.

For upwards of three days and nights Ken watched with unremitting solicitude the fluctuations of the fatal malady, and finally took upon himself the solemn duty of informing the king of the awful change that awaited him, and warning him of the necessity of penitence and prayer. Even Burnet acknowledges that Ken "laboured to awaken the king's conscience, and spoke like a man inspired."

While reading the office for the sick and dying from the Book of Common Prayer, Ken paused, and asked the king if he repented of his sins; and on Charles declaring his contrition, proceeded to pronounce the absolution, but vainly entreated him to receive the sacrament. This the dying monarch evasively declined.

When the royal chamber was cleared by the order of the Duke of York, Ken was compelled to withdraw with the other prelates and nobles, and Father Huddlestone being privily introduced through the door leading from the back stairs into the alcove,

where the royal bed stood, administered the last rites of the Church of Rome to the expiring king, whose hearing had already begun to fail.

As the demise of King Charles occurred before Ken had been legally inducted into his diocese, fresh instruments were required from the new sovereign to enable him to do so. These were granted by James II., who graciously observed—"Dr. Ken is by far the best preacher among the Protestant divines."

As a mark of his respect for Ken's principles and character, and also, perhaps, to conciliate his regard, James appointed him to the distinguished honour of being his right hand supporter at the royal solemnity of his coronation.

The king, when he took his oath, rose from his chair, and attended by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and supported by the two bishops (Ken and Crew), with the sword of state carried before him, went to the altar, and laying his hand on the Evangelists, he took the oath following: "The things which I have before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God and the contents of this book." And then he kissed the book.*

Burnet, who never misses an opportunity of detracting from Ken, says "he had a very edifying way of preaching, but it was more apt to move the passions than to instruct, so that his sermons were rather beautiful than solid, yet his way in them was very taking."

In the winter of 1685, Ken delivered a series of Lent lectures on the Church catechism, in the chapel

* 'King James II.'s Coronation,' by Sandford. Folio, 1689.

dedicated to St. Etheldreda attached to the episcopal palace of his friend, Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, where his eloquence and persuasive manner attracted great crowds to attend his ministry. This series on the catechism afterwards expanded into one of his most admired prose works. So great an impression, indeed, was created by his eloquence, that the curiosity of the Princess Anne of Denmark was excited, and she addressed the following note to the Bishop of Ely, signifying her intention of coming privately to hear Dr. Ken, and requesting that some place might be provided where she might do so without being recognised. These are her words :—

"I hear the Bishop of Bath and Wells expounds this afternoon at your chapel, and I have a great mind to hear him ; therefore I desire you to do me the favour to let some place be kept for me where I may hear and be the least taken notice of, for I shall bring but one lady with me, and desire I may not be known. I should not have given you the trouble, but I was afraid if I had sent anybody *they* might have made a mistake. Pray let me know when *it* begins."

From motives of Christian love, Ken avoided controversy as unprofitable, and tending to engender ill-will between persons of different ways of thinking, delighting rather in promoting peace and love between all members of the Church universal.

He now devoted himself to his pastoral duties, and was unremitting in his labours for the instruction of the children of the poor, by the establishment of parochial schools and lending libraries stocked with

useful books. In the summer time he went often to some great parish, where he would preach twice, catechise, and confirm. When at home on Sundays he would have twelve poor men or women to dine with him in his hall; always endeavouring, while he refreshed them with a plentiful meal, to comfort their spirits with some cheerful discourse, in which he endeavoured to convey useful instruction. When his humble guests had dined, he had what was left divided among them to carry home to their families.

The poor at Wells being very numerous, he earnestly desired to improve their condition, for which he often tried to devise expedients. One of his favourite plans was the establishment of a workhouse; not the much abused parochial poorhouse of modern times, but an institution for providing the honest and industrious with employment, for which they were to be paid the full value of their work, and relieved from the oppression of the tradesmen, who took advantage of the necessities of the poor to pay them very scantily for their labour, and grew rich at their expense; but he was too short a time in possession of his benefice to carry out his wise and benevolent projects.

It was his practice, when any poor person begged of him on the highway, to pause and examine whether he or she could say the Lord's Prayer and the Creed; but found so much ignorance in regard to spiritual things, that he feared little good was to be done with the adults of his diocese; "but," said he, "I will try to lay a foundation to make the rising generation better." This was the origin of his zeal for the es-

tablishment of parochial schools, of which he was so great a founder.

In the Monmouth rebellion he was unwearied in his exertions for the relief of the poor prisoners, daily visiting those who were confined in Wells, and ministering to their necessities both with food and prayer; all which being reported to the king, his Majesty, far from harbouring any jealous thoughts of him in consequence of his humane attentions to those unfortunate sufferers, which he "rightly judged proceeded not from disaffection to his person or government, but from motives of compassion to so many distressed brethren whom he saw in danger of perishing both soul and body, thanked him for what he had done." As a proof of his full confidence in the loyalty of Ken, James appointed him to attend the Duke of Monmouth, with Turner, Bishop of Ely, and prepare him for death.

Burnet's invidious misrepresentations of Ken's behaviour on that painful occasion have been too fully disproved in 'Biographia Britannica,' 'Ken's Life by a Layman,' and other erudite and truthful works, to require entering into the subject in this necessarily brief biography.

The 'Exposition of the Church Catechism, or Practice of Divine Love,' composed by Bishop Ken for his diocese of Bath and Wells, was published this year, and in consequence of its being considered too favourable to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, it was altered by him, and republished with a declaration "that he willingly submitted to the censure of the Church of England, to whose Articles he desired all his writings

to be conformable, and he had therefore changed those expressions that were considered objectionable, as liable to be misunderstood, this work not being intended for disputation but devotion." He also published a little 'Manual of Prayer,' for the use of the sick who resorted to Bath to drink the waters.

Ken's 'Seraphical Meditations' were recommended to Rachel Lady Russell, by their mutual friend Dr. Fitzwilliam, who offered to present her with a copy. She replied, "that she had not yet seen the 'Seraphical Meditations,' by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, but would be glad to do so," and thankfully accepted a copy of the book.

'Hymnotheo, or the Penitent,' Ken's great poem, though too abstruse and deep for modern readers, was much admired at the time; it contains many passages of great beauty, and is pervaded with the sweet spirit which characterizes all his writings.

At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes he had just received a fine of four thousand pounds; the whole of this large sum he munificently devoted to the relief of the persecuted Protestant refugees who had been rendered homeless.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more delicate situation than that in which the conscientious Protestant Bishop of Bath and Wells was placed by the visit of his zealous Roman Catholic sovereign, James II., to Bath, attended by his staff of priests and officers of state; on which occasion his Majesty caused a hasty notice to be published, "that he intended to exercise the royal gift of touching, for the cure of the evil, in the abbey on Sunday, after morning prayer."

The alleged gift of curing this distressing malady, by the imposition of the royal hand, had been claimed and practised by every sovereign of England, good or bad, from the days of Edward the Confessor, on whom this miraculous gift was supposed to have been first conferred, and from him transmitted to his successors in the regal office, although he left no posterity. It was a gift exercised after the Reformation by Queen Elizabeth, and in some of the old prayer-books may still be seen the service appointed to be used for that purpose, entitled "The Office of Healing." King James, however, chose to have a new Office prepared and published for his use, which Office was in all probability only the restitution of the ancient form used by his predecessors prior to the Reformation.

Ken, who was then at Wells, was not only deeply annoyed but seriously perplexed when informed of what was about to take place in the abbey; but he had no means of stopping it without creating an uproar, as it was known that an immense concourse of people were coming in hopes of receiving a cure, or at least obtaining the angel of gold, which his Majesty was accustomed, in imitation of his royal predecessors, to bind on the arm of every patient.

It has been erroneously related by Warner, in his 'History of Bath,' "that Ken was present on this occasion; that Father Huddlestone denounced all heretics; and that Ken, at the close of his fulmination, mounted the pulpit and exposed his fallacies in a strain of such impressive eloquence as delighted the congregation and confounded Huddlestone and the royal bigot."

There is no foundation for this statement, which if correct must have created a very great sensation throughout England, and would, of course, have been mentioned by Ken himself in the following letter, which he esteemed it his duty to write to his friend Sancroft, relating the use the king had made of the abbey, and observing that he had himself considered it most prudent under the circumstances to remain wholly passive. He says:—

"ALL GLORY BE TO GOD.

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"Though I have always been very tender of giving your grace any trouble, yet I think it my duty, having this opportunity of a safe conveyance, to acquaint you with one particular which happened at Bath, and to beg your advice for the future. When his Majesty was at Bath there was a great healing; and without any warning, unless by a flying report, the Office was performed in the church between the hours of prayer. I had not time to remonstrate, and if I had done so it would have had no effect but only to provoke; besides I found it had been in other churches before, and I know of no place but the church capable to receive so great a multitude as came for cure, upon which consideration I was wholly passive. But being well aware what advantage the Romanists take from the least seeming compliances, I took occasion, on Sunday, after the Gospel, the subject of which was the Samaritan, to discourse of charity; which I said 'ought to be the religion of the whole world, wherein Samaritan and Jew were to

agree; and though we could not open the church doors to a worship different from that we paid to God, yet we should always set them open to a common work of charity, because in performing mutual offices of charity one to another there ought to be an universal agreement.'

"This was the substance of what I said upon that action, which I humbly submit to your grace's judgment, and it was the best expedient I could think of to prevent giving scandal to our own people, and to obviate all the misrepresentations the Romanists might make of such a connivance.

"I am very sensible of your grace's burthen, and do beseech Almighty Goodness to support you under it. And I earnestly crave your blessing, being ambitious of nothing more than to be one of the meanest of your companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus. My good lord,

"Your grace's

"Most obedient son and humble servant,

"THO. BATH AND WELLS. *

"*Aug.* 26, 1687."

From the whole tenor of this letter it is apparent that the circumstances described by Warner in his 'History of Bath,' as occurring immediately after the Office of Healing had been performed by the king, are apocryphal.

In the following spring, Ken was appointed to preach the afternoon sermon in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, on Passion Sunday, April 1st, 1688.

* Tanner MSS., vol. xxix., Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The morning sermon was preached by Dr. Stillingfleet, and Holy Communion followed, but was interrupted by the rude breaking in of multitudes eager to hear the sermon to be preached in the afternoon by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. "In the morning service," records Evelyn, in his diary, "the latter part of that Holy Office could hardly be heard, or the sacred elements be distributed without great trouble." Crowds pressed in to secure seats, so that the chapel was full to overflowing before the arrival of the Princess Anne, who came with her attendants at the proper time, and took their places in the royal gallery.

Her Royal Highness was seated on the left hand of the king's chair, which was empty. Prayers being over, the bishop ascended the pulpit, and took his text from the 7th chapter of Micah, verses 8, 9, 10, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause and execute justice for me. He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness."

The Church of England the bishop represented as Judah, the Roman Catholics as the Babylonians, and the dissenters as the Edomites; and lamented that "he had not, like Micah, the happiness of having the king himself for an auditor; therefore his discourse might possibly be misrepresented to him, since the very Scripture itself might be perverted by insidious men."

The thing foreseen by Ken literally came to pass. Distorted reports of his eloquent and forcible sermon were immediately carried to the king, who being much displeased, sent for him into his closet, and expressed both surprise and displeasure at his having presumed to inculcate seditious doctrines from the pulpit in the very Chapel Royal at Whitehall.

"If your Majesty had been happily present in your proper place, mine enemies would not have had the opportunity of bringing a false accusation against me," replied Ken, pointedly; which implied reproach put the king out of countenance, and he dismissed the uncompromising prelate without another word.

The misguided sovereign ran his reckless course, encouraged by the prospect of a child who, whether boy or girl, would be "born in the purple." He, not contented with the hope of the queen bringing forth a son, had the folly to declare it would be so, which provoked the partizans of his daughters Mary and Anne to circulate injurious doubts of the reality of the queen's alleged situation.

It was on the very eve of this event, so fondly and proudly anticipated by their Majesties, that James provoked that most perilous collision with his hierarchy, which has already been explained in the life of Sancroft, by endeavouring to compel them to read and promulgate his royal declaration of liberty of conscience throughout their dioceses; an act which, however liberal and proper it undoubtedly would have been on the monarch's part, if sanctioned by parliament, it was most unreasonable to expect the bishops to be the instruments of publishing. Ken, who was

hastily summoned to Lambeth by Sancroft, to consult with him and other dignitaries and worthies of the Church of England in this emergency, courageously united with the primate and the bishops of Ely, Peterborough, Chichester, St. Asaph, and Bristol in signing the petition which was drawn up by the archbishop, requesting his Majesty to excuse them from reading and promulgating his royal act for liberty of conscience. He was one of the six by whom that petition was presented to King James at Whitehall. He was subsequently arrested and committed prisoner to the Tower with them, and shared in their trial and acquittal.

Ken endeavoured to escape from the excitement of the crisis by returning as usual to his diocese, and employing himself in the regulation of his parochial schools and other ecclesiastical business. At last the preparations of the Prince of Orange for the invasion of England roused the king from his vain dreams of effecting a reconciliation between his realm and the see of Rome. James remembered the good services he had received from the bishops when Duke of York, and that the intrigues of the exclusionist faction to deprive him of his just place in the royal succession had mainly been defeated by the firmness and integrity of the hierachy. He therefore made an ineffectual attempt to conciliate that wise and virtuous fraternity by applying to them for counsel. Sunderland, by the royal command, wrote to Ken, stating that the king wished to confer with some of his bishops, and therefore required his attendance on the 28th of September.

Ken yielded prompt obedience to the summons, and came up to London, and as Sancroft was ill, proceeded with five other prelates to Whitehall, where they had audience of the king. Unfortunately James had altered his mind, and confined himself to generalities, and reminding them of their duty and loyalty to his person.

Ken could not refrain from expressing his disappointment "that his Majesty should have required them to come so far in order to repeat to them what they so well understood before." James pleaded want of time to enter into any particulars, and dismissed them.

Sancroft waited on the king the next day, to request another audience for himself and the other prelates, that they might explain themselves on the present emergency. The 3rd of October was appointed by the king, who received them courteously; the archbishop read the paper containing the articles of advice they entreated him to adopt, and left it for his royal consideration.

Ken, perceiving no good could be expected from his remaining in London, returned once more to Wells to resume his spiritual duties there.

James having required the prayers of the Church of England, Ken read the form which the archbishop had prepared, "beseeching God to give His holy angels charge over the king, to preserve his royal person in health and safety, to inspire him with wisdom and justice, and to fill his heart with a fatherly care of all his people." Also a prayer "for peace, and the prevention of bloodshed in the land,

for the reconciliation of all differences and dissensions, and for the preservation of our holy religion, our ancient laws and government, and for universal charity in the same holy worship and communion."

When the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, Ken, receiving intelligence that he was advancing to Wells, immediately left the town, and wrote the following earnest letter, explanatory of his conduct, to Sancroft:—

"All Glory be to God.

"May it please your Grace,

"Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was pleased to favour me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells; upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his Majesty's general commands, took all my coach horses with me, and as many of my saddle horses as I well could, and took the shelter of a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his Majesty had come into my country, to have waited on him and to have paid him my duty. But this morning we are told that his Majesty is gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized houses within ten miles of Wells before I went; and your grace knows that I, having been a servant to the princess, and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have staid without giving some occasion of suspicion, which I thought it more ad-

visable to avoid; resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his Majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the reason of my retiring, that I may not be misunderstood. God of His infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

"My very good lord,

"Your grace's very affectionate servant and brother,

"THO. BATH AND WELLS.

"*Nov.* 24, 1688."

When it was known King James had actually quitted the realm, his best friends were in great perplexity as to the line of conduct it would be best to adopt. Sancroft wrote to Ken and others of the bishops, to come to him at Lambeth with all convenient haste, that they might afford him their advice on the present emergency.

Ken had, however, given notice that he was about to hold an ordination in his cathedral, which he esteemed a paramount duty to any political movement; and he also determined to keep the Christmas holidays as religious festivals, according to his invariable custom, without any leaven of public business. He came up to London in the beginning of the new year, on being summoned to take his place in the House of Lords; and when at last the peers concurred with the small majority of the convention

of the Commons in voting the crown to William and Mary, he joined with the minority in a protest against that resolution.

This was Ken's last appearance as a spiritual peer and legislator, and his final vote. He retired to his diocese, to avoid taking the oaths to the new sovereigns, and occupied himself diligently in the business of his episcopal character. But although Ken had declared himself firmly resolved never to depart from the fealty he had sworn to King James, his intentions were suspected, not merely by his time-serving foes, but also by persons who ought to have known him better. Even his oldest and dearest friend, Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, dreaded that the influence of Dr. Hooper, the parson of Lambeth, with whom Ken was wont to take up his abode, might induce him to take the oaths to William and Mary. Turner expresses natural but causeless apprehensions to that effect, in the following letter to Sancroft :—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,*

"When I took my leave yesternight, I had no thought of waiting upon you till yesterday se'nnight. But when I came home I found a letter to Mrs. Grigg from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, with this advertisement in it for me; '*tell my friend that I will meet him at dinner at Lambeth upon Saturday.*' I suppose he does not know that your grace has left off dining publicly (as you have great reason to do). But since, my lord, you are pleased to give every one of your sons a day (as you obligingly express it), I

* Tanner, xxvii. 31.

must needs say the sooner we meet our brother of Bath and Wells the better; for I must no longer in duty conceal it from your grace (though I beseech you to keep it in terms of a secret) that this very good man is, I fear, warping from us and the true interest of the Church toward a compliance with the new government. I received an honest letter from him, and a friendly one, wherein he argues wrong, to my understanding, but promises and protests he will keep himself disengaged till he debates things over again with us, and that he was coming up for that purpose. My lord Bishop of Norwich has seen such another letter from him to my lord of Gloucester. And upon the whole matter, our brother of Norwich, if your grace thinks fit, will meet us on Saturday; and I must needs wish my lord of Chichester would be there to help us, if need be, for it would be extremely unhappy should we at this pinch lose one of our number. I apprehend your parson of Lambeth has superfined upon our brother of Bath and Wells, and if he lodges again at his house I doubt the consequence; for which reason I will come over on Saturday morning to invite him to my country house.

"*Dated Ascension Day.*"

A report having been circulated that King James had executed a deed transferring Ireland to the King of France, Ken, in his first surprise and indignation, drew up a declaration of his intention, provided this were indeed true, to take the oaths to the new sovereigns, and enjoin the clergy in his diocese to do the same; but on his arrival in London he found he

had been imposed on by a political falsehood, and burned the paper which, in the excitement of the moment, he had drawn up, and resolved to persevere in his determination to suffer deprivation rather than forfeit his allegiance.

Dr. Gilbert Burnet, who had recently been appointed to the bishopric of Salisbury, wrote an impertinent letter to him on his persevering refusal to take the oaths, in which he says:—

"I am the more surprised to find your lordship so positive, because some have told myself that you had advised them to take that which you refuse yourself, and others have told me that they read a pastoral letter which you had prepared for your diocese, and were resolved to send it when you went to London. Your lordship, it seems, changed your mind there, which gave great advantage to those who were so severe as to say that there was something else than conscience at the bottom. I take the liberty to write thus freely to your lordship, for I don't deny that I am in some pain till I know whether it is true or not."

Ken calmly replied "that he had declared his mind too fully in his diocese concerning the oath to be misunderstood; that the pastoral letter to which Burnet alluded had been prepared in consequence of a confident assurance that had been made to him of that which was not true; and that when, on his arrival in town, having discovered the incorrectness of the statement, he had burned the paper, and adhered to his original determination."

"If this," continues Ken, "is to be called a change

of mind, and a change so criminal that people who are very discerning, and know my own heart better than I do myself, have pronounced sentence upon me, 'that there is something more than conscience at the bottom,' I am much afraid that some of those who censure me may be chargeable with more notorious charges than that; whether more conscientious or not, God only is the judge. If your lordship gives credit to the many misrepresentations which are made of me, and which I, being so used to, can easily disregard, you may, naturally enough, be in pain for me; for to see one of your brethren throwing himself headlong into a wilful deprivation, not only of honour and of income, but of a good conscience also, are particulars out of which may be framed an idea very deplorable. But though I do in many things betray great infirmity, I thank God I cannot accuse myself of any insincerity; so that deprivation will not reach my conscience, and I am in no pain at all for myself. I perceive that, after we have been sufficiently ridiculed, the last mortal stab designed to be given us is to expose us to the world for men of no conscience; and if God is pleased to permit it, His most holy will be done; though what particular passion of corrupt nature it is which lies at the bottom, and which we gratify in losing all we have, it will be hard to determine. God grant such reproaches as these may not revert on the authors."

This letter is dated October 5th, 1689. Ken was at that time sojourning in the house of his old friend the rector of Lambeth, Dr. Hooper, who had taken the oaths to the parliamentary sovereigns, and

daily and hourly entreated him to condescend to the like compliance. Ken at length silenced him with these impressive words:—

"I question not but you and several others have taken the oaths with as good conscience as I shall refuse them, and sometimes you have almost persuaded me to comply by the arguments you have used; but I beg you to use them no further, for should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world."

As Ken persisted in his refusal to take the oaths, he was served with a writ of ejection on the 1st of February, 1689. Like his friend Turner, Bishop of Ely, he publicly protested against the legality of his deprivation, and expressed himself in severe tones on the conduct of the queen, who was at that time carrying on the government in the absence of her royal consort.

"You tell me," writes Ken to the Rev. Mr. Harbin,* formerly chaplain to Francis Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, and now chaplain to Lord Weymouth, "that Mr. Pitts censures the deprived bishops for not asserting their rights in a public manner at their deprivation. If he puts me among the number he does me wrong; for I, *at the time,* in my cathedral, which was the proper place, from my pastoral chair, publicly asserted my canonical right; professing that I esteemed myself the canonical bishop of the diocese, and that I would be ready on all occasions to

* Round's 'Prose Works of Ken.' Letter to the Rev. Mr. Harbin, p. 44.

perform my pastoral duties. This I did when all were devoted to the Revolution, and waited for suggestions which they might inform of. Particularly it was then urged, 'that I said I was the lawful pastor,' insomuch that I was fain to appeal to some less biased, whether my word was not *canonical*, which I judged as most proper, and a word that the law was a stranger to. I professed, 'that not being able to make this declaration to the whole diocese, I made it virtually to all by making it in the market square."

Mary, who had probably flattered herself with the hope of submission from her old chaplain, sarcastically observed, "Dr. Ken is desirous of martyrdom in the nonjuring cause, but I shall disappoint him." She prudently took warning by her father's rash proceedings against the seven bishops, of whom Ken was one of the most justly honoured, and ventured not to touch his person, though she rigorously executed her threat of ejecting him from his benefice.

In a letter to Mrs. Grigg, Ken says, "My brother of G[loucester], Dr. Frampton, the nonjuring bishop, against whom a malevolent party had been got up, is, I hear, out of harm's way in Wales at the present, but I have heard nothing from him.

"My best respects to my good mother, Mrs. Turner," whom he was accustomed to call by that endearing title, "and to dear Miss (Margaret Turner), who, I doubt not, behaves herself with all decency, piety, and humility, as becomes not only the daughter of a bishop, but a bishop in affliction."

"Dr. Kidder is now said to be my successor, or rather supplanter. He is a person of whom I have

no knowledge. God of His infinite goodness multiply His blessings on yourself, and on my good friends with you, and enable us to do and suffer His most holy will."

The see of Bath and Wells was first offered to a faithful son of the Anglican Church, Dr. Beveridge, whose dialogue with his primate (Sancroft) has been recorded in the life of that great and good man. Dr. Beveridge truly followed the archbishop's advice, and refused that rich mitre,* which was eagerly accepted by Dr. Kidder, in an evil hour for himself and his wife.

The whole of Ken's personal property at the time of his deprivation amounted only to seven hundred pounds, his beloved books, with which he never parted, a silver watch by Tompion, and a small silver coffee-pot. The coffee-pot and watch are still in existence, and are mentioned by one of his biographers, the Rev. W. L. Bowles, as being in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury, the grandson of Ken's nephew, Dr. William Hawkins.

Ken on his first deprivation retired to the house of his nephew, the Rev. Isaac Walton, residentiary prebend of Salisbury, where he found a temporary home, until a permanent asylum was offered to his acceptance by his former college companion, Thomas Thynne, whom Charles II. had raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Weymouth. This nobleman, being possessed of a large fortune and liberal heart to use the blessed power which God

* Beveridge died Bishop of St. Asaph, a comparatively humble benefice, in 1707.

had given him of doing good, prevailed on Ken to inhabit, and henceforth to consider his own, a suite of apartments in the upper storey of the stately mansion of Longleate, in Wiltshire, commanding a noble and extensive prospect, and far removed from the noise and bustle of the rest of the house.

Ken's room at Longleate is still shown. It is a spacious, airy apartment, and was in his days fitted up with book-shelves, on which his own library was arranged, and many of Lord Weymouth's books; for he had the use of the whole of the literary treasures there, to remove to his own sanctum at pleasure, and the society also of the Rev. Mr. Harbin, the friend, and formerly the chaplain, of Turner, Bishop of Ely, but now the family chaplain at Longleate.

Nothing could be more sweet and pleasant than Ken's abode at Longleate. In order to save him from pecuniary cares, and at the same time to relieve him from any sense of dependence, Lord Weymouth consented to receive his seven hundred pounds, and allow him eighty pounds per annum, in payments of twenty pounds every quarter, to preclude the deprived bishop from lavishing the whole at once on some case of distress among the nonjuring clergy, which haply he might deem more urgent than his own.

Longleate House was a congenial abode for a poet; it stands in a rich, picturesque valley, surrounded by lovely wood-crowned hills. The gardens are still arranged in the antique style of that period; probably the same walks still exist in which Ken and Harbin walked and spake of holy things, and exchanged tender recollections of departed friends.

Longleate was distant about twenty miles from Ken's episcopal palace at Wells, and he occasionally visited some of his poor old pensioners in that neighbourhood, and the village schools he had founded.

When his own slender resources failed, Ken was accustomed to travel through the country to collect subscriptions for the support of his distressed brethren and their destitute families. These expeditions were at first performed by the deprived bishop on the old white nag, which had been formerly accustomed to carry him when he made his unostentatious pastoral visits to the villages in his district, to observe how his clergy performed their respective duties. When that humble steed became from age unable to bear his venerable master, Ken travelled on foot, with his staff in his hand, making short stages, catechising and teaching in the schools he had established, and not unfrequently preaching to his old congregations on Sundays, by the wayside or on the village green.

It is a well-known fact that Dryden, in his modernized version of Chaucer's 'Pilgrims,' introduced the portrait of Ken into the description of the 'Good Parson.' The following lines have no place in the original, and were easily recognised as portraying the characteristics of the nonjuring Bishop of Bath and Wells:—

"Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor,
As God had clothed his own ambassador,
For such on earth his blessed Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.

"With eloquence innate his tongue was armed,
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed:
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,
A music more melodious than the spheres:
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre, and after him he sang the best."

After this graceful compliment to Ken's sacred poetry, the deprived laureate enlarges on the loving doctrine preached by the ejected prelate, and the noble consistency of his conduct:—

"The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught."

The allusion to Ken's preferring his conscience to his bishopric is illustrated with such consummate skill, that persons unacquainted with Chaucer's original text have not detected the daring interpolation of these noble lines by the Jacobite poet:—

"The tempter saw him with invidious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was deposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed;
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own,
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

"Conquest, an odious word, was laid aside:
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
He joined not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought, but little spoke;
And undeprived his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land his cure of souls he stretched,
And like a primitive apostle preached;
With what he begged his brethren he relieved,
And gave the charities himself received—
Gave while he taught, and edified the more,
Because he showed, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light."

Ken's travels sometimes extended as far as London, where he occasionally visited his friend Francis Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, and Margaret Turner, in whom he took almost paternal interest. He writes to Sancroft the following record of his visit to Frampton, the nonjuring Bishop of Gloucester. "I made, as I told you I intended, a visit to our good brother of Gloucester, who was not a little joyed to see me. He is very cheerful, and being past eighty, does not only daily expect, but like St. Paul, longs for his dissolution. He has many infirmities of old age, but his eyes are very good, and he uses no spectacles. With all the tenderness imaginable he remembers your lordship.

"Dr. Bull being in my way, I called upon him, which he took the more kindly because he thought we had as much abandoned him as he seems to have abandoned us; and the respect I paid him I perceive surprised him, and the rather because he never has taken any notice of our deprived brethren; but he has reason to value his old friends, for his new have little regarded him."

This letter has no other date than September 17th, and is only signed "B. and W."

It is well known that James II., after the death of

Archbishop Sancroft, was desirous of nominating Ken to the primacy, but Ken declined the shadowy honour.

Meek and mild as Ken was, and separate from all political excitement, his strong sense of moral justice impelled him to address a stern remonstrance to the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Tenison, in the form of a printed letter, on the eulogistic account of Queen Mary's death-bed contained in the courtly primate's funeral sermon for that princess; reproaching him with having acted the part of an unfaithful minister, by crying "Peace, peace," when there was no peace, instead of moving her to penitence for her sins and prayers for pardon.

"You knew her well," he says; "you had full opportunity of representing to her her need for repentance, and you were no stranger to her story. Did you know of no weighty matters which ought to have touched the princess's conscience? Were you assured that she was in charity with all the world? Did you know of no enmity between her and her father? no variance between her and her sister? Was the whole Revolution managed with that purity of intention, that perfect innocence and exact justice, that tender charity and that irreproachable equity, that there was nothing amiss in it, no remarkable failings that might deserve one penitent reflection? You cannot, you dare not say it; and if you should, out of your own mouth I can condemn you; for you yourself, in your serious intervals, have passed as severe a censure on the Revolution as any of those they call Jacobites could do. You have said more

than once 'that it was all an unrighteous thing.' Why then did you not deal sincerely with this dying princess, and tell her so? when you must be sensible that in steering her conscience wrong you shipwrecked your own. What was it, sir, that moved you to act thus notoriously against your own conscience? Was it the fear of losing the favour of the Court which made you rather venture the indignation of Heaven, when that fear was vain? for it had been no offence against the government to have persuaded a dying daughter to have bestowed one compassionate prayer on her afflicted father, had he been ever so unnatural; though here the case was quite different, for he was one of the tenderest fathers in the world. . . . .

"You tell us she was one whom you are well assured had all the duty in the world for other relations, which after long and laborious considerations she judged consistent with her duty to God and her country. . . . .

"But what do you mean, sir, by other relations? Her royal father, her mother-in-law, and her brother? 'All the duty in the world' is a comprehensive term; but wherein, sir, did any part of her duty appear? Why are you not so just to her and to yourself as to give us some of those expressions of filial duty which flowed from her? Why do you not preserve some instances of her mildness and mercifulness to her enemies whom you know she treated as such, although their only crime was being her father's friends? It would have been much for her honour, and convinced the world that the manner of her death had been in

all respects truly Christian; it would have been much for your reputation, and much for the credit of the Revolution, in which you are as great a zealot as a gainer."

The primate did not venture to reply to these home strokes; they were indeed unanswerable, and therefore silence in that case was wisdom.

The government looked with an evil eye on the deprived bishop, and watched for occasions against him; but the only pretext they could find for annoying him was on the score of his charitable collections for the ejected nonjuring clergy and their destitute families. They cited him to answer for this misdemeanour before the Privy Council.

Ken, who was at that time suffering under a severe and painful bodily complaint, was residing in the house of one of his sisters, in a secluded country village, when the king's messenger arrived. Ken immediately surrendered himself, and notwithstanding the state of his health, which rendered travelling both painful and dangerous at that season, agreed to accompany him to London without the slightest hesitation. He presented himself at once at the door of the Privy Council Chamber without being admitted. On the second occasion he was served with a warrant citing him to appear on the 28th of April, 1696.

With the courageous firmness and moral dignity of a martyr, Ken appeared before the Privy Council at the appointed time, in his patched and threadbare episcopal dress, and answered all the interrogatories that were addressed to him by their lordships. The printed paper, called "A model of a fund of charity

for the needy suffering," subscribed by the deprived bishops, being shown him, he was asked, "Did you subscribe that paper?"

"My lords, I thank God I did," replied Ken; "and it had a very happy effect, for the will of my blessed Redeemer was fulfilled by it, and what we were not able to do was done by others; the hungry were fed, and the naked were clothed; and to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to visit those who are sick or in prison, is that plea which all your lordships, as well as I, as far as you have had opportunity, must make for yourselves at the great day; and that which you must all plead at God's tribunal for your eternal absolution, shall not, I hope, be made my condemnation here."

"No one here condemns charity," said his accusers, "but the way you have taken to procure it. Your paper is illegal."

"My lords," returned Ken, "I can plead to the evangelical part. I am no lawyer, but I have been very well assured that it is legal. The first person who proposed it to me was Mr. Kettlewell, that holy man who is now with God. I subscribed it, and went into the country to my retirement in an obscure village, where I live above the suspicion of giving umbrage to the government. My lords, I was not active in making collections in the country, but good people of their own accord sent me towards fourscore pounds, of which about one half is still in my own hands.

"I beg your lordships to observe this clause in our paper, 'as far as in law we may;' and to receive

such charity as in law we may, and to distribute it is a thing also, I presume, which in law we may."

It was then objected, that some persons of ill lives had been relieved from this money. To this charge Ken intrepidly rejoined:—

"My lords, in King James's time there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese who had been engaged in the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe were ill men and devoid of all religion, and yet for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known in the diocese that I visited them night and day, and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself so far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same, and yet King James never found the least fault with me. If I am now charged with misapplying what was given, I beg of your lordships that St. Paul's apostolical rule may be observed, 'Against an elder receive not an accusation but before two or three witnesses,' for I am sure none can testify that against me. What I gave was in the country, and I gave to none but those who did both want and deserve it. The last that I gave was to two poor widows of deprived clergymen, one whereof was left with six, the other with seven small children."

It was then objected that the paper was of the nature of a brief calculated to supersede briefs issued by the king's authority; and that by promulgating the said paper he had usurped ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

"My lords," rejoined the deprived prelate, "I never heard that begging was a part of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and in this paper we are only beggars, which privilege I hope may be allowed us.

"I doubt not," he added, "but your lordships may have had strange misinformation concerning this paper; but having sincerely told you what part I had in it, I humbly submit myself to your lordships' justice. I presume you will come to no immediate resolution concerning me, and having voluntarily surrendered myself—the warrant never having been served on me till I had twice attended here, this being the third time—and my health being infirm—I beg this favour of your lordships, that I may return to my sister's house, where I have hitherto lodged, which is a place the messenger knows well, and that I may be no otherwise confined till I have received your lordships' final resolution."

The council acceded to his request, and he withdrew; but they sent their messenger after him to tell him that they required him to send a copy of his answers in writing. Ken complied with their demand as well as he could, by writing down from memory a minute of what had passed in the council chamber, prefacing it, as he did all his letters and papers, with this sentence, "All glory be to God," and signing it, "Tho. Bath and Wells, deprived."

The government was ashamed, or more probably afraid, of offering him any further molestation, and he pursued his labours of love uninterrupted, save by the bodily sufferings to which his constitutional malady subjected him.

The Reverend John Kettlewell, to whom Ken alluded "as now with God," was one of the most celebrated of the nonjuring divines. He had drawn up the model of a charitable fund for the maintenance of the ejected clergy, and recommended the deprived bishops to issue a pastoral letter, inviting all good Christians to contribute to the support of those sufferers for conscience' sake. Kettlewell, who was then in declining health, died before his plan was acted upon. Ken attended him in his last illness, and administered the sacrament to him. After his decease, Ken read the burial service over him, wearing his lawn sleeves and episcopal robes. It was the last time he publicly performed any of the offices of the Church in this dress.

During his weary nights of agonizing unrest, Ken endeavoured to improve the time by the composition of poems, which he entitled 'Anodynes,' which bear affecting testimony to his patient endurance of the pains with which he was at times visited.

Ken composed an epistle dedicatory to his generous friend, Lord Weymouth, in which some biographical notices occur; for he draws a comparison between his own adverse fortunes and the sacred hymnist, Gregory, one of the earliest lyric poets of the Greek Church, who, forced to forsake his ministry by the furious and factious controversies that even then began to corrupt the primitive Christian Church, retired to his own paternal inheritance, and quietly employed himself in providing and organizing an hymnology, both words and music, for the Church he dearly loved.

Ken observes to his beneficent protector, that he had "no cottage" wherein to seek shelter. Perhaps he thought of his brother Sancroft's paternal ground in Suffolk—for Gregory's inheritance suggested no such words as these:—

"When I, my lord, crushed by prevailing might,
No cottage had where to direct my flight;
Kind Heaven me with a friend illustrious blest,
Who gave me shelter, affluence, and rest.
In this alone I Gregory outdo;
That I much happier refuge have with you;
Where to my closet I to hymns retire,
And I on this side Heaven have nothing to desire.

"Two annual weeks* it is, and more, since pain
Within my tender nerves began its reign;
Between my couch and chair my days I waste,
And of a book have but a vapid taste.
As thirsty deer at Nile's refreshing brink,
E'er they forsake his bed, by snatches drink;
Still rolling to and fro their tremulous eyes,
Lest the leviathan† should them surprise;
Thus, I at author's sip can make no stay;
Pain from attention forces me away—
Pain hunting me—I seek the sacred muse—
Verse is the only *laudanum* I use."

This narcotic had, by the physicians of Louis XIV., been introduced contemporaneously with the youth of Ken, to still the tortures of patients in acute pain; but we think, by the foregoing observation, that Ken had found—what all invalids will sooner or later—that the reaction of opiates is worse than any disease.

* Fourteen years. † Crocodiles.

He continues his biographical notices:—

"I, by a stranger from my fold exiled,
While my flock stray in the unguarded wild;
Still for my charge the tenderest care retain,
Exposed to latitudinarian bane.
Like Gregory of St. Paul, I'd learn to teach,
And warn in hymns all souls within my reach."

The prosperous bishops of the dominant Revolution are, under this autobiographical poem, figured in comparison with those who, in the throes and troubles of the primitive Christian Church, had tormented her early hymnologist, Gregory.

"Who, with proud, noisy prelates tired,
Whose antichristian spite his fall conspired;
Who had shook off their Master's badge of love,
Who chose the serpent and despised the dove;
These mitred traitors the Church exposed,
And with the world's time-serving factions closed;
Led the broad way to dire eternal fate.
* * * * *
Then Gregory prayed for Jesus to provide
For the dear flock he left a worthy guide;
A pilot learn'd, and wise, and faithful, grave,
And fit for steerage o'er the troubled wave."

The introduction to his grand and latest course of hymnology presents the lovely picture of a southern woodland chapel dressed with the flowers that grow in the healthful air and refresh the barren soil.

Eloquently, and with that sweet simplicity which is the great charm of sacred poetry, does Ken describe this humble flower-decked chapel in the woods of South Anglia. Pope need not have been ashamed of the lines—

"There is a vale which shady woods surround,
Where the sweet air perfumes the barren ground;

No savage man or beast that place infests—
No impious oath the conscience there molests;
To this a humble oratory joined,
With greens and fragrant flowers each morning lined;
A bible on a little altar lay,
Paten and chalice were of whitened clay."

There is nothing more touching in Ken's four volumes of devotional poetry than these four personal lines, written as it were on the brink of the grave:—

"I, the small dolorous remnant of my days,
Devote to hymn my great Redeemer's praise;
And nearer as I draw toward heavenly rest,
The more I love the employment of the blest."*

* 'Works of the Right Reverend Learned and Pious Thomas Ken, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.' 4 vols. 1721.

CHAPTER III.

WHENEVER Longleate House was full of gay festive company Ken used to retreat to Naish House, at Portishead, six miles from Bristol, the residence of two of his old friends, maiden ladies of the name of Kemeyse, who had given up the world and devoted themselves to a life of devotion and charity, and were infinitely happy to relieve and cherish the deprived bishop, whom they greatly reverenced for his devoted piety, and often employed him to distribute relief to the distressed deprived clergy and their families.

Ken lamented, and was desirous of healing the schism which the conscientious scruples of himself and his nonjuring brethren had unavoidably created in the Church of England.

The deprived Bishop of Norwich, William Lloyd, wrote a very earnest letter to him on the death of William III., entreating him to hasten to London, to consult with their nonjuring brethren for their comfort and assistance in that conjuncture.

But Ken, who was struggling with an agonizing malady, and earnestly desired to avoid all political agitation, replied, addressing his letter as he always did all communications to that prelate under the

feminine designation of Mrs. Hannah Lloyd, intimating "that his counsel and assistance were not worth a London journey, which was consistent neither with his purse, his convenience, health, nor inclination; that he had quite given over all thoughts of re-entering the world, and nothing should tempt him to any oath; but he heartily desired an expedient could be found for putting an end to the present schism."

Lloyd wrote to him in an expostulatory strain, commenting on some points of his letter, which had greatly disappointed the expectations of the more ardent members of their party. Ken replied again, briefly, but decidedly, declining to come forward in the manner desired. His allusion to his straitened means is interesting.

"When I told you," writes he, "that a London journey was not agreeable to my purse, it was no pretence, but a real truth. I am not able to support the expense of it, which all that know my condition will easily believe. I thank God I have enough to bring the year about while I remain in the country, and that is as much as I desire. I have been often offered money for myself, but always refused it, and never take any but for to distribute, and in the country I have nothing now for that good use put into my hands."

The learned historical antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith, one of the nonjuring clergy, being deprived of his fellowship and all the church preferment which had hitherto supported him, and enabled him to extend his benevolence to many who had known better days, was in his old age reduced to

absolute indigence. Ken from his narrow means occasionally relieved, and frequently wrote to cheer him. They were ancient friends, and maintained a confidential correspondence to the end of their days. Dr. Smith in a letter to Ken, dated London, 7th of June, 1707, after acknowledging a kind letter and generous present which he had lately received from him, and returning humble and hearty thanks for both, observes:—

"I wish I had had the courage ten or twelve years ago to have acquainted you with the course of my studies at that time, in order to have received your assistance. Having then, and for several years after, the full and free use of the Cottonian Library, I designed to have written at large the history of the life and reign of that unfortunate great lady, Mary Queen of Scotland, out of original letters and other authentic papers containing all the secret consultations and transactions of state relating to the kingdom and Church of Scotland at that time; of which an imperfect account is given by Archbishop Spottiswood, through his want of knowledge of those missives, and a very false, malicious, and scandalous one by those furious incendiaries, Buchanan and Knox. And accordingly I began to lay in store of materials in order to the foundation and superstructure of that work, transcribing myself as much and as far as my weak eyes would suffer, or employing an amanuensis to do this drudgery for me. But the growing charge and expense being above my narrow fortune, and my modesty not permitting me to address to any rich lord or gentleman, though of virtuous, honest,

and loyal principles, as dreading a repulse, which would have been to me an intolerable kind of mortification, I quitted that design, though not without great regret, and betook myself to other studies which were little or no ways chargeable, and which lay within the compass of my own single and unassisted industry. But I have repented, and I do still heartily repent and am troubled for that culpable omission. My great age, having this week entered upon the seventieth year of my life, my ill eyes, and the loss of those conveniences I enjoyed during the lifetime of my excellent friend Sir John Cotton, and my present peprlexed circumstances, putting me as it were out of a possibility, by rendering me altogether incapable of retrieving that lost game."

All lovers of historic truth must regret it too, and that the noble design of this worthy documentarian should have been prevented by grinding poverty—poverty incurred for conscience' sake.

Ken in his reply laments that the letter, having unfortunately been sent to Bristol after he had left, did not reach him so soon as it might otherwise have done. He had mentioned Dr. Smith's distress to Lord Weymouth, who had sent him ten pounds. "As for your design in writing the life of the Queen of Scots," continues Ken, "I am not sorry for your disappointment; for you would have been engaged to have made some severe reflections, though just, on Queen Elizabeth, which would have given offence, she being the darling of the people; and I had rather that the odium should fall on another than on yourself."

In answer to this, Dr. Smith observes, "For the

history which formerly I had designed to have written, I believe that I should have done good service to the Church and to religion in exposing the traitorous, the schismatical, the seditious, and rebellious principles and practices of the Scotch Presbyterians; but I should have had a tender regard to the fame and memory of Queen Elizabeth, whose glorious reign received great blemishes from her indulging her favourite courtiers in their sacrilegious invasions of the revenues of the Church, and from the death of the unfortunate queen, her kinswoman. Ragion di Stato, and the incessant, importunate, and united addresses of parliament and people, and opinions of judges and lawyers, will, I fear, be no good plea at God's tribunal."

Ken in his reply tells Dr. Smith "that Lord Weymouth, with whom he had been talking on the subject of Smith's projected history of Mary Queen of Scots, had assured him he was in possession of papers which would justify all the severe reflections that could be made on Queen Elizabeth." "Yet," continues Ken, "considering how much an impartial relation will disgust the prevailing many, I wish it rather published by another than yourself, she is so much the heroine of the multitude. I doubt not but that she had many and great provocations, but the way she took to free herself will not appear excusable."

It is no slight proof of the difficulties that impede the course of truth on subjects which are connected with political controversy, when we find even the conscientious Ken dissuading his impoverished friend, Dr. Smith, from writing a truthful history of the

calumniated Mary Queen of Scots, lest it should offend popular prejudices, that were so passionately entwined with the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and draw attacks on him for unveiling the dark side of the heroine of the ignorant; while at the same time apprising him of the discovery of documents which, he had been told by his noble patron, would fully justify the view he was disposed to take of that highly eulogised sovereign. Ken himself had probably been taught in childhood to venerate Elizabeth as a nursing mother of the Reformed Church, which doubtless she was an instrument in the hand of God for establishing in this realm.

Ken was on a visit to his nephew, Dr. Walton, at Salisbury, during the autumn of 1703, when the tremendous storm occurred which caused the death of Bishop Kidder and his wife, who were both killed by an antique stack of chimneys falling that awful night through the roof of their bedchamber—the same previously occupied by Ken, whose ejection from the bishopric saved him from a death horrible for human nature to contemplate.

Ken's letters to Lloyd, the nonjuring Bishop of Norwich, on the subject of this storm, are peculiarly interesting. After his usual preface,

"ALL GLORY BE TO GOD,"

he thus commences:—

"MY GOOD LORD AND DEAR BROTHER,

"I return you my thanks for both yours. I have no news to return, but that last night there was here the most violent wind that ever I knew. The house

shaked all the night; we all rose and called the family to prayers, and by the goodness of God we were safe amidst the storm. It has done a great deal of hurt in the neighbourhood to all about, which we cannot yet hear of; but I fear it has been very terrible at sea, and that we shall hear of many wrecks there. Blessed be God who preserved us. I hope your lordship and your family have suffered no harm, and should be glad to hear you are well. I beseech God to keep us in His holy fear."

This letter is dated November 27. Two days later Ken had heard the awful tragedy which had occurred in the episcopal palace at Wells, for on the 29th he again writes to his brother in adversity, the deprived Bishop of Norwich:—

"The storm on Friday night, which was the most violent, I mentioned in my last; but I then did not know what happened at Wells, which was much shattered; and that part of the palace where Bishop Kidder and his wife lay was blown down in the night, and they were both killed and buried in the ruins, and dug out towards morning. It happened on the very day of the cloth fair, when all the country were spectators of the deplorable calamity, and soon spread the sad story. God of His infinite mercy deliver us from such dreadful surprises. I am assured that no one, either in the palace or the whole town, besides them had any hurt. God keep us in His holy fear, and our dwellings in safety!"

In his next letter to the Bishop of Norwich, he says:—

"Blessed be God who preserved us both in the late storm; it is a deliverance not to be forgotten. I hear of several persons who solicit for my diocese, whom I know not, and I am informed that it is offered to my old friend the Bishop of St. Asaph,* and that it is declined by him. For my own part, if times should have changed, I never intended to return to my burden, but I much desire to see the flock in good hands, and I know none better to whom I may entrust it than his; for which reason I write to him this post to let him know my desire that he should succeed, with which I thought good to acquaint your lordship."

In his letter of the 18th of December, Ken again alludes to the subject of his late preservation from the fury of the memorable storm which had immolated the intrusive successor to his diocese.

"I think I omitted," he observes to the Bishop of Norwich, "to tell you the full of my deliverance in the late storm; for the house being searched the day following, the workmen found that the beam which supported the roof over my head was shaken out to that degree that it had but half an inch hold, so that it was a wonder it could hold together; for which signal and particular preservation God's holy name be ever praised! I am sure I ought always thankfully to remember it."

In this awful storm the Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed; twelve ships of the line in the royal navy were wrecked, besides many vessels in the merchant service; colliers, and fishing boats perished at sea,

* Not Lloyd, but Dr. Hooper.

and the general computation was that more than a thousand lives were lost.

Ken pursued his journey to Naish House, where he spent several quiet weeks, while the queen was solicited on every side for the appointment of the bishopric of Bath and Wells.

Anne sent for Dr. Hooper, and told him she intended the see for him, but he nobly requested her Majesty to restore it to Bishop Ken. She thanked Hooper for mentioning it, and ordered a nobleman to tell Ken he might return to his see without any oaths being required of him.

Two great obstacles to Ken's resumption of his former place on the episcopal bench were removed—James II. and William III. were both dead. Queen Anne's affection to the Church of England was warm and genuine, so that no conscientious objection could be felt to her supremacy. She was both a nursing mother and a generous benefactress to the Church. Yet he firmly but gratefully declined her invitation to resume the bishopric of Bath and Wells, alleging his age and bodily infirmities as the reason of his negation.

Hearing soon after that the see had been offered to his friend Dr. George Hooper, then Bishop of St. Asaph, and that Hooper had refused to accept it out of feelings of delicacy towards himself, Ken addressed the following noble letter to his conscientious friend, in order to overcome his scruples; feeling that Hooper could not be otherwise than a blessing to his beloved diocese, for which he had always cherished the paternal affection of a true shepherd.

"ALL GLORY BE TO GOD.

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"I am informed that you have had an offer of Bath and Wells, and that you have refused it, which I take very kindly, because I know you did it on my account; but since I am well assured that the diocese cannot be happy to that degree in any other hands than in your own, I desire you to accept of it, and I know that you have a prevailing interest to procure it. My nephew and our little family here present your lordship their humble respects, and will be overjoyed at your neighbourhood.

"I told your lordship long ago at Bath how willing I was to surrender my canonical claim to a worthy person, but to none more willingly than to yourself.

"My distemper disables me from the pastoral duty, and had I been restored, I declared always that I would shake off the burden and retire. I am about to leave this place, but if need be, your archdeacon can tell you how to direct to me. My best respects to your good family. God keep us in His holy fear!

"My good lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionately,

"T. B. AND W.

"*Dec. 6th.*"

Hooper, on receiving this tender and earnest entreaty from his apostolical friend, the deprived bishop, ceased to reject the offered diocese which courted his acceptance. The following letter, which

Ken addressed to his friend and worthy successor, is a touching evidence of the paternal interest with which he continued to regard his flock after so many years of banishment:—

"My very good Lord,

"The last post brought me the news I earnestly expected, and which your lordship's letter gave me hope of, and I heartily congratulate the diocese of Bath and Wells on your translation; for it was the good of the flock and not my friendship for yourself which made me desire to see you in the pastoral chair, where I know you will zealously 'contend for the faith once delivered to the saints,' which in these latitudinarian times is in great danger to be lost.

"I could easily foresee that by my concern for you I should incur the displeasure of some of my brethren; but this is not the first instance in which I have dissented from them, and never had cause to repent of it; and the good of the diocese supersedes all other considerations. I have another wish for the good of the diocese you are to leave, and it is that Dr. Edwards might succeed you there, though he is a person I do not know so much as by sight.

"My best respects to your good lady, whose pains I can the more tenderly condole from what I feel daily myself. God keep us in His holy fear!

"My good lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionately,

"T. K.

"*Dec. 20th.*"

After the consecration of his friend Hooper to the see of Bath and Wells, Ken, for the first time, discontinued his episcopal style and title which he had hitherto persevered in using, and now signed himself "Thomas, *late* Bishop of Bath and Wells." In the poetical dedication of 'Hymns to the Attributes,' Ken addresses these lines to Hooper:—

"Forced from my flock, I daily saw with tears
A stranger's ravage two Sabbatic years;*
But I forbear to tell the dreadful stroke,
Which freed my sheep from their Erastian yoke.
But Heaven was superfluently kind
In sending them a pastor to my mind,
In whom my spirit feels the like repose
As old Valerian when he Austin chose."

Dr. Hooper was equally acceptable to the diocese, from which he never would remove, though offered the bishopric of London on the death of Compton, and subsequently the archbishopric of York, on the decease of Archbishop Sharp, but he refused both.

Ken's resignation of his canonical title of Bishop of Bath and Wells, in favour of Dr. Hooper, exposed him to many bitter attacks from his own party; for it was treated by the more violent among them as an unworthy concession to the powers that be. It was to no purpose that he mildly explained that his desire to heal the schism, which was producing ruinous effects on the Church, rendered it expedient that he should set an example of conceding rights that

* A Sabbatic year comprehends the period of seven years. Dr. Kidder had occupied the see of Bath and Wells fourteen years.

were merely nominal, for the sake of securing the services of an unexceptional prelate for his beloved diocese. He was tormented beyond measure by the ignorant, narrow-minded zealots, who even made use of the name of his old friend, the nonjuring Bishop of Norwich, to annoy him, by circulating provoking animadversions which they pretended had been made on his cession. These troublesome busybodies finally succeeded in interrupting the long friendship that had been for so many years established between these holy brothers in adversity, so that Ken suffered himself to be provoked into writing angrily to his deprived friend, upbraiding him with his supposed unkindness in making such unjust reflections on his conduct.

More than one unkind letter was exchanged between them, but a little explanation served to set matters right, and produced mutual apologies and hearty reconciliation.

Queen Anne, by the recommendation of her lord treasurer, Godolphin, settled a pension of two hundred pounds per annum on Ken. His surprise, and the grateful feeling it excited, are thus expressed in his reply to the letter of Hooper, communicating the royal bounty.

"ALL GLORY BE TO GOD.

"MY GOOD LORD,

"Your lordship gave a wonderful surprise when you informed me that the queen had been pleased to settle a very liberal pension on me. I beseech God to accumulate the blessings of both lives on her Majesty for her royal bounty to me, so perfectly free

and unexpected; and I beseech abundantly to reward my lord treasurer, who inclined her to be thus gracious to me, and to give him a plentiful measure of wisdom from above.

"My lord, let it not shock your native modesty if I make this just acknowledgment, that though the sense I have of her Majesty's favour in the pension is deservedly great, yet her choosing you for my successor gave me much more satisfaction; as my concern for the eternal welfare of the flock exceeded all regard for my own temporal advantage, being so truly conscious of my own infirmities as I am assured of your excellent abilities, of which the diocese, even at your first appearance, signally reaped the fruits.

"God, of His infinite goodness, keep us in His reverential love, and make us wise for eternity.

"My lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionate friend and

"Brother,

"THO. KEN, late Bath and Wells.

"*June 7th*, 1704."

The pension now regularly paid to Ken by Queen Anne entirely relieved him from the pecuniary cares that had for so many years beset him. He was now enabled to indulge his benevolent inclinations to extend relief to many cases of distress; but even then his charity occasionally outran his means, and compelled him to resort to his old plan of soliciting others to co-operate with him in extending aid in

cases of necessity when his own supplies failed. He writes with affectionate freedom to his successor in the episcopate at Bath and Wells, his dear familiar friend, Dr. Hooper, for wine for a sick patient in whom both were interested, and who had previously been assisted by Hooper :—

"I have sent my servant to beg of your lordship two or three bottles of canary for a sick friend, which the doctor commends to him. Your lordship gave the whole family so seasonable and sensible a consolation, that it revived the whole family, and it gave me very great satisfaction to see my friend do an act of so great, so free, and so well-timed a charity. The good man is full of resignation to the Divine will, and has an humble confidence of a blessed immortality. He has slept this night as well as could be expected, and is asleep now, and his pulse, which for some days was unperceivable, is now become tolerable. He has strength to turn in his bed, so weak as he is, and to expectorate, and is sensibly mended, and I hope God will restore him, which will be a blessing next to miraculous. He has his understanding perfectly.

"My best respects to your good lady, and to the three young gentlewomen, and to Mr. Guilford.

"I beseech God to make us wise for eternity.

"My good lord,

"Your lordship's most affectionate friend and

"Brother,

"THO. KEN, late Bath and Wells."*

* Round's 'Prose Works of Ken,' 80.

Ken had been much let and hindered in his friendly and charitable journeys by the death of his old white horse, and when Dr. Hooper, who saw with much concern how unfit he was to perform the part of a pedestrian, even for the shortest stage, prevailed on him to purchase another, it does not appear to have been a very sturdy or serviceable steed.

"I am now at Sarum," writes Ken, to the nonjuring Bishop of Norwich, "where I have been detained by a lame horse, but I hope to be gone, God willing, to-morrow, and to be at Naish on Saturday or Monday, there to spend my Lent."* Here the venerable Christian forgets to dwell on the trouble and inconvenience the disability of his steed had caused him, and expresses the comfort he felt at his worthy choice of a successor to his episcopate.

"You cannot imagine," pursues he, "the universal satisfaction expressed for Dr. Hooper coming to my see; and I make no doubt but that he will rescue the diocese from the apostacy 'from the faith once delivered to the saints' which at present threatens us, and from the spirit of latitudinarianism, which is a common server of all heresies imaginable; and I am not a little satisfied that I have made the best provision for my flock which was possible in our present circumstances. God keep us in His holy fear."

This letter is dated February 21st. He writes again on the 27th, to express his commiseration of the paroxysms of pain his deprived brother of Norwich had been suffering from some bodily complaint,

* Round's 'Prose Works of Ken,' 81.

the particulars of which had been communicated in a letter Ken found waiting for him at Naish, where his arrival had been delayed for several days by the aforesaid lame horse.

On the deaths of Frampton of Gloucester, in 1708, and subsequently Lloyd of Norwich, January 1st, 1710, Ken was left the last survivor of the deprived bishops.

A few days after the death of Lloyd he received a letter from Dodwell, one of the leaders of the nonjuring churchmen, suggesting the propriety of filling the sees of the deceased prelates, and requesting him to declare whether he so far claimed his rights as to justify the continuance of separate communions on his account.

"In that you are pleased to ask me whether I insist on my episcopal claims," replied Ken, "my answer is that I do not; and that I have no reason to insist, in regard that I made cession to my present most worthy successor, who came into the fold by my free consent and approbation. As for any clandestine claim, my judgment was always against it, and I had nothing to do with it, foreseeing that it would perpetuate a schism, which I found very afflicting to good people scattered in the country, where they could have no divine offices performed. I was always tender of the peace of the Church, especially in this age of irreligion."

To Robert Nelson, who also wrote to ask the like question, similar answers were returned by Ken; on which both Dodwell and Nelson went to church, with many other nonjurors, on the 26th of February, the

first Sunday in Lent. This important step towards healing the schism which for upwards of twenty years had rent the reformed Church of England was a soothing *nunc dimittis* to Ken. Up to the beginning of that year he had continued his apostolical labours in visiting and catechising his schools, regardless of weariness and bodily suffering; but the state of his health required him to go to Bristol for the benefit of the hot wells. He remained there all that summer and part of the autumn without experiencing much benefit.

In November he removed to Leweston, near Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, the seat of his friend, the Hon. Mrs. Thynne, sister-in-law to Lord Weymouth. There he was stricken with dead palsy, which disabled one side, and confined him to his chamber till March, 1711, when he determined to go to Bath, under the idea that the waters there might restore him, though he was now afflicted with dropsy. Neither the remonstrances of his physicians, who perceived how unfit he was to undertake the journey, nor the persuasions of his kind hostess, could prevail on him to give up the attempt. Mrs. Thynne sent him in her own coach as far as Longleate, where he paused to rest on the Saturday, March 9th. He occupied himself that evening in arranging his papers, and burning many which he did not consider it desirable to keep. The following day he was not so well. On the Monday he was entirely confined to his bed, which he never left again.

Dr. Merewether of Bath, and Dr. Bevison of Devizes, attended him. His case was hopeless from

the first. In answer to his inquiry, "how long he had to live," they told him "not more than two or three days."

"God's will be done," was his reply.

When he perceived his last hour drew nigh, he put on his shroud, which had been prepared for years and was always at hand, and prepared himself with holy calmness for death.

He appeared desirous to send a message to his friend Bishop Hooper, by his servant, but his speech had ceased to be intelligible.

He dozed much the last day or two before he died, and peacefully departed this life on the 19th of March, 1711, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

He bequeathed all his books, save those of which his lordship had duplicate, to his friend and benefactor, Lord Weymouth, to whom he expressed the most lively gratitude for his signal kindness.

The proceeds of a legacy, which a faithful friend had left him a short time before his death, enabled him to testify his regard to a few dear ones, to whom he would otherwise have been unable to bequeath anything but his loving remembrance. His will contains, above all, the following noble confession of his faith:—

"As for my religion, I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic faith professed by the whole Church before the disunion of East and West; more particularly, I die in the communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross."

Ken always carried a Greek Testament in his bosom; it is still in existence, and the fact that it opens of itself at the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, testifies that his favourite study was on the resurrection.

He was buried March 21st, two days after his death, under the chancel window of the church of Frome, Selwood. The remains of the deprived bishop were attended to the grave by true-hearted mourners; the children from the village school he had established and taught followed in silence and tears.

His funeral was solemnized according to the ritual of the Church of England, and took place at dawn of day. Just as the last spade of earth was cast on the grave the sun rose, and the children spontaneously broke forth with one voice into that holy and familiar strain, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," from the Morning Hymn of the departed prelate, which thus appropriately closed his obsequies. A plain iron grating, shaped like a bier, surmounted with a recumbent mitre and pastoral staff, marks his resting-place. Some generous persons in 1844 enclosed it within a Gothic railing.

A quotation from the original and touching lines with which Lord Houghton, better known to the lovers of poetry and moral justice as the Honourable Monckton Milnes, M.P., has commemorated his visit to the grave of Bishop Ken, cannot be otherwise than acceptable to our readers.

"Let other thoughts, where'er I roam,
Ne'er from my memory cancel,
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome
That lies behind the chancel;

"A basket-work, where bars are bent,
Iron in place of osier;
And shapes above that represent
A mitre and a crosier.

"Those signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken;
Those iron bars a heart enclose
Hard bent, but never broken.

"This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passions quelling,
Preferr'd to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

"There with the churchyard's common dust
He loved his own to mingle;
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single.

"Yet laid he to the sacred wall,
As close as he was able;
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

* * * *

"But preciously tradition keeps
The fame of holy men;
So there the Christian smiles or weeps
For love of Bishop Ken."

Ken's epitaph, written during his life, for himself, with his own hands, is as follows:—

"May the here-interred Thomas, late Bishop of Bath and Wells (uncanonically deprived for not transferring his allegiance), have a perfect consummation of bliss both in body and soul at the Great Day, of which God keep me always mindful."

William Hawkins claimed the privilege of editing the posthumous papers of Ken, from verbal leave given him by the author at Leweston. He had no

other authority, as he expresses himself in his epistle dedicatory to Thomas, the second Lord Weymouth, "than his own sacred promise" that such was the case.

They were printed very incorrectly in 1721, with an epistle dedicatory to Thomas, the second Lord Weymouth, great nephew to Ken's old friend and benefactor, and a loving friend himself to his uncle's honoured guest, as we may gather from the preface. The first edition, avowedly printed from manuscript, was published for William Hawkins, Esq., and sold by John Wyatt, at the Rose, St. Paul's Churchyard. Hawkins was a Temple barrister and nephew to Ken. The wish of Ken's heart was fulfilled by the love and reverence with which the Anglican Church, and even those of its careless and time-serving supplanters, welcomed these four volumes; so exquisite is the lustre of the gems that radiate through the heaps of incorrectness or of printer's mistakes with which they are loaded, owing to the inexperience of his editor. Very soon the Georgian Church lamed his hymns. The Morning Hymn, for instance, is reduced to four verses. Supposing fourteen verses too long, who would leave in the dust of ages thoughts and poetry so precious? Who would not use them in a separate sacred lyric to hymn the Most High with change of thought and words? Surpassing beauty there is in the omitted portion of Ken's Morning Hymn. Let us remember they were composed for the morning invocation of a school then the most celebrated in England, as the Alma Mater of the best ornaments of our Church. Why should they not be restored to their original

intent? Here are many allusions that refer to the training in piety and purity a young fold of Christian children; not the denizens of dens full of wolf-cubs, as the public schools of the last century too often were.

OMITTED VERSES OF THE MORNING HYMN, BY BISHOP KEN.

"All praise to Thee who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

"Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear a part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King.*

"I wake, I wake, ye heavenly quire!
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my time may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

"May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all the day my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will;
Oh, may I never more do ill!

"Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh, never from my mind depart;
For, to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

"Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,†
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

"Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers and all my might
In Thy sole glory may unite."

* The exquisite melody of this verse sometimes finds it a voice in our Church.

† This beautiful line proves the truth of the purpose for which Ken composed this hymn.

Our Church lyrist celebrated the saints' days, remembering the communion with saints is enjoined by our Church, but keeping the skilful pilot's hand on the helm, and thus steering clear of worshipping those blessed fellow-creatures. The first of our specimens has an innocent pretty quaintness, wonderfully pleasing to those children to whom it has been read.

ON GOD'S HOLY INNOCENTS.

"Bless'd Jesus, on the babes who bled
For His sole sake, high favours shed;
By happy deaths secure,
From ills they might endure;
Of losing Heaven from danger freed,
To Heaven SENT with early speed.

"Those guardians, children sent to aid,
Came down like doves array'd;
(Their innocence to paint)
Each took his infant saint
'Twixt their soft wings, to Heaven they swam,
Like cygnets on the feather'd dam."

ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST CHRISTIAN DEACON AND MARTYR.

"I sing, my God, the saint this day,
Who led the suffering host the way,
To rise to glory most sublime—
The martyr prime.

"He, joy was wont, for sinners' sake,
In humble charities to take;
St. Stephen kept our Lord in view—
And pattern drew.

"In his Lord's love this saint uptrain'd,
Would humble deacon be ordain'd;
To human woes still condescend—
And poor attend.

"May I, my God, by faith have sight
Of Jesus standing on Thy right;
And ready, when this world I leave—
Me to receive.

"May I, like him, the influence feel
Of faith, love, patience, courage, zeal;
Forgive my foes, for Heaven prepare—
And die in prayer."

ST. JAMES, THE FIRST BISHOP.

"James on the cross saw Jesus dead,
And made a vow to eat no bread
Till the Lord risen he beheld;
And when our Lord death's shades dispell'd,
To this disciple early he appear'd,
Dissolv'd his vow, and his sad votary cheer'd.

"Bless'd Peter, by the angel freed,
Dispatch'd a messenger with speed,
Who should to holy James relate
The opening of the iron gate.
He, to the mother church due deference taught,
And the first news was to her bishop brought.

"In the first synod James alone—
Who sat on the Arch-shepherd's throne—
The last decisive vote express'd,
In which the Christian saints all acquiesc'd.
'Twas Jesus' rule, not Peter's, which then sway'd,
And Peter to bless'd James submission made.

"Oh, happy saint in Jesus' chair,
Of the Lord's grace giv'n liberal share;
You from bless'd Jesus' borrow'd light,
Shined an example bright;
E'en Jews your righteousness would own,
You, by their name of James the Just were known.

"When at the Paschal feast, your eye
Could the whole Jewish race espy—
You on the temple took your stand,
Jesus you preach'd to all the land;
Till by a bitter, hell-directed blow,
You were forced headlong on the ground below."

* * * * *

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

"Bless'd James and Philip on one day,
When martyr'd, met upon the way,
In ether, as they soared to bliss,
They join'd in holy kiss;
The bless'd receiv'd them in embraces dear,
And joy was doubled o'er the heavenly sphere.

"We double praises, too, oh Lord! this day,
To Thee, for thy two pillars, pay;
For strength—the faith in Asia gain'd,
Where Philip saving truths explain'd;
For James—by saints most worthy judg'd to be
First bishop of the first establish'd see.

"In preaching Philip spent his might,
And little leisure had to write;
James a divine epistle penn'd,
Both had the same *salvific* end.
May we, like them, Thy sacred truth embrace,
With strength of faith and stablishment of grace."

The ardent wish of Ken's heart, to become the Hymnologist of the Anglican Church, was fulfilled. Many of those sweet and holy songs from the gifted musician and lyrist, Charles Wesley, were inspired by the study of these four volumes. His hymn of the Renewed Heart, often sung with infinite delight in the Church of England, is almost a transcript from Ken's hymn on the same subject.

The last composition of our saintly prelate may be considered as his Death Hymn. It is the most touching of the collection he called 'The Anodyne,' with which he raised his soul above the tortures of the body, agonized with the lingering dreadful disease of stone. How long he had to endure these sufferings * he has recorded as the "final friend" drew nigh.

* Twenty years.

"Two lustres* now are well-nigh flown,
Since pain has my familiar grown;
She haunts me day and night—
Wounds me with sting and bite;
She on my tender membranes preys,
No medicine can reach her where she stays."

Here are some of the latest thoughts that engaged his mind:—

"Pain keeps me waking in the night,
I longing lie for morning's light;
Methinks the tardy sun
Forgets he this day's course must run.
Oh, heavenly torch! why this delay
In giving us our wonted day?

* * * *

"I feel my watch,† I tell the clock,
I hear each crowing of the cock;
Sweet ease, oh whither art thou fled?
With one short slumber ease my head.

"My curtain oft I draw away,
Eager to see the morning ray;
But when the morning gilds the skies,
The morning no relief supplies.

"God's favours darkest clouds dispel,
By pains He frights our souls from hell,
Melts us to humble tears,
And His true love each pang endears;
When, gracious God, I strive to please,
I never want for light or ease.

"Sun, mend not then for me your pace,
But at your will defer your race;
I am refreshed with light,
Than you a thousand times more bright;
For when towards chaos you decline,
I shall have light and joy divine!"

* Twenty years.

† This watch was constructed so as to enable him to ascertain the time by feeling the works round the rim.

DR. WILLIAM LLOYD,

BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH, OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY, AND OF WORCESTER.

WILLIAM LLOYD belonged to an ancient Welsh family; he was the grandson of David Lloyd, Esq., of Henblas, Isle of Anglesea—his father was Richard Lloyd, B.D., and rector of Tilehurst and Sunning, in Berkshire. William was born at the rectory, August 18, 1628. He had no other tutor but his father, who made him an infant prodigy of learning. His progress at eleven years old in Latin and Greek, and even Hebrew, was something marvellous. His father had him entered as student at Oriel College, Oxford, in the Lent term, 1639; the year following he obtained a scholarship at Jesus College, that resort of Welsh students, when he had only attained the age of twelve years. He rivalled the fame of Wolsey as boy-bachelor, for he was admitted as Bachelor of Arts at Jesus, October 25, 1642, when he had only just entered his fourteenth year.

Scarcely had William Lloyd snatched his early degree when troublesome times ensued. Oxford was garrisoned for King Charles I. Many a young graduate threw off cap and gown, and fought for

King, for Church, and Alma Mater. "We used to relieve the king's night-watch by bands volunteered among the students and graduates when the royalist soldiery were o'er-wearied. Many a winter's night have I passed in the trenches," says Dr. Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter College, when some years afterwards there was an insurrection in his college against the visitation of Bishop Jonathan Trelawny.

William Lloyd was neither old enough or loyal enough to care for any of these things. He renewed his study of Oriental languages with his father, and soon after became tutor to the children of William Backhouse, Esq., of Swallowfield, a celebrated judicial astrologer and alchemist.

When the Presbyterians and Independents had got their own way at Oxford, young William Lloyd returned to his college. He took, in 1646, the degree of Master of Arts, and was ordained by Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Oxford, a very loyal divine. Yet he accepted the rectory of Bradfield, when Dr. Pordage was expelled from that living by the Presbyterian committee sitting at Oxford. Lloyd gave their "triers," as they were called, complete satisfaction, and was presented to the living by his friend, Elias Ashmole, Esq. But as disputes were raised regarding the right of Ashmole to the patronage, young Lloyd thought it most prudent to resign the preferment.

Ashmole was subsequently respectably connected with literature, as author of the 'History of the Order of the Garter,' but at this period chiefly noted for his magical, astrological, and alchemical pursuits.

His intimacy with the learned young orientalist of Jesus College had more influence over the mystical bias of that person's mind than has hitherto been noticed.

One fact is certain, that Lloyd contrived to foresee very well all that was most profitable for his own interest. While he remained on excellent terms with the Calvinists, he received priest's orders from Dr. Brownrigg, the deprived Bishop of Exeter, in 1656. The same year he went to Wadham College as governor to John Backhouse, Esq., the eldest of his young pupils, who was entered there as a gentleman commoner. And at Wadham the Restoration found William Lloyd.

Then commenced that extraordinary shower of preferments which continued to fall on him for forty years. The first was the prebend of Ripon; then the prebends of Woodford and Willsford, in the cathedral of Salisbury, and the presidentiary of Sarum followed. He wrote at this period some remarkable tracts against Popery. He became Dean of Bangor, Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading, Archdeacon of Merioneth, and chaplain in ordinary to the king.

Lloyd next published a book in defence of the Church of England Catholic; or rather, to use Sir Allan Apsley's actual words, of those of her sons reproachfully termed "Church Catholics"—Lancelot Andrews, Usher, Jeremy Taylor, besides the eminent Christians who are commemorated in Izaak Walton's inimitable biographies. One would have thought such men, ornaments of that century, required little championizing.

The design of Dr. Lloyd's book is to distinguish between English Church Catholics and Roman Catholics. He had the rare good fortune to please not only the most distinguished churchmen of the day, but even the Duke of York, who crossed the House of Lords one day to congratulate Dr. Lamplugh on his promotion to the see of Exeter, and inquired who was his successor to the living of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields?

"Dr. Lloyd," replied the bishop. On which his Royal Highness said, "Dr. Lloyd is a learned and worthy man, and has lately written a very excellent book." Lamplugh was surprised that the duke, who had never spoken to him before, should do it then, only to praise Dr. Lloyd and his book.

The principal transaction preserved of Dr. Lloyd, as rector of this now densely-populated parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, was his negotiation with Richard Baxter for his meeting-house. Some curious traits of the times are revealed by it. Oxenden Street was then building, and Richard Baxter erected there a place of worship for the use of his sect, but found the speculation disastrous, for Mr. Secretary Coventry instigated the guards of Charles II. to come under the windows and flourish their trumpets and beat their drums whenever Richard preached. Finding that not a word he said could be heard, and that remonstrating with these gentry was dangerous, Baxter sought to dispose of the building. Dr. Lloyd kindly introduced the affair to the vestry of St. Martin's. By his mediation poor Baxter obtained the handsome rental of £40 per annum for the building

from the vestry, and it was forthwith consecrated as a "Tabernacle"* to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The death of the Duke of York's infant son, in 1677, directed the attention of the nation and of the Church of England to the Lady Mary of York, lately married to William, Prince of Orange, her cousin. The princess, both by inclination and education, had been attached to the Church of England Catholic when she left her native country. There was great anxiety regarding the bias she was likely to take when left to her own guidance in Holland, where the prevalent worship was opposed to all she had been accustomed to venerate. Unfortunately Dr. Lloyd was appointed, by the influence of her late preceptor, Compton, Bishop of London, as the chief of her chaplains. Lloyd, to the great vexation of the orthodox divines of the Church of England,† induced the princess to attend several times the services in a place of worship called the English Congregationists, where the tenets of the fanatic fatalists called Brownists were prevalent. Though Lloyd was recalled on this account, the popularity of his book supported him, and he was welcomed on his return to England as one of the warmest champions of the Church.

When Titus Oates brought forward his marvellously expanding budget of contradictory perjuries, denouncing a "Popish plot for the destruction of all good Protestants," Lloyd not only maintained its credibility, but blew up popular fury to its fiercest

* Evidently meant as a Chapel-of-Ease.

† Lake's Diary.

flames by his funeral sermon on Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the supposed victim of the Roman Catholics. To give effect to this able piece of oratory, which was delivered to an overflowing congregation by Dr. Lloyd in his own church, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, two tall able-bodied clergymen mounted guard on either side of his pulpit, as his personal defenders, in case the Popish armies, his friend Titus Oates had sworn were making their way under ground, should effect an eruption, and suddenly work upwards into the church, and demolish the preacher before the face of that congregation.

Dr. Lloyd was greatly censured for refusing the sacrament to Berry, the porter of Somerset House, one of the victims of Titus Oates. Berry declared himself a Protestant, and passionately entreated to be allowed to communicate, according to the rites of the Church of England, before he suffered, solemnly affirming at the same time his innocence of the crime for which he had been condemned to death. The countenance Lloyd bestowed on Turbeville, one of the false witnesses, whose perjured evidence brought the venerable Lord Stafford to the block, was also considered highly disgraceful. Indeed through the whole of that agitating period he made himself very busy, till Charles II., in the hope of getting him out of the way, made him Bishop of St. Asaph. He was consecrated at Lambeth, October, 1680.

In due time the Popish Plot went out of fashion, and even Lloyd felt mortified at being identified with the party that had encouraged and patronised its authors; and he wrote an uneasy letter to Sancroft

on the subject, partly attributing his countenancing their incredible inventions to fear.

"I have received," he says, "two letters from Sir Roger L'Estrange concerning Prance, who, it seems, is now in custody; and I have written him all that I know and can think of on that subject. He also asked me some things concerning Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, which I have answered truly, I am sure I know not how satisfactorily. The reason I have to doubt is, because I frankly told him, concerning that gentleman's death, I am still of the same opinion that I was when I preached at his funeral. I confess I am not able to answer the arguments that I used then, nor I have not yet seen anything to alter my opinion but the informations of Oates, Bedlow, and Prance, which I could never reconcile with what I knew of that story. And their tales, which I durst not contradict, I did never countenance or encourage.

"I write this to your grace, because I was told last night by a gentleman of my neighbourhood that the Roman Catholics of this country have got a story among them of a letter that Oates has written to me, to thank me for the maintenance I have given him in prison, which they say has been lately intercepted. They that hide can find. If there be any such thing it would be sport for Oates to hear that they believed it, and much more to see me treated as they would have me that were the authors of that letter. But perhaps there is nothing in all this but fiction. I let it pass for such. But I acquaint your grace with it, that you may not be surprised if you should hear of any such story.

"I heartily lament the death of our good friend, my lord of York. He was very useful to the king and the Church in that province. God direct his Majesty in the filling of that see. It is some comfort to me to hear it said that Dr. Jeffreys is like to come into the order upon occasion of this vacancy, though I have not heard in what see. He is a right worthy good man, and the likeliest to keep an ill man out of the order, and therefore I cannot but wish well to his promotion. And what I think I write to your grace, according to the freedom you have given me. With the same freedom I make bold to acquaint your grace that my friend, Dr. Reynell, of Corpus Christi, in Oxford, has told me that without doubt it would be either Dr. Jeffreys, or your grace's chaplain, Dr. Maurice, or Dr. Humfreys, the Dean of Bangor. The first of these has the best interest, but I believe he would not make use of it for this nor perhaps for any bishopric. The second has by much the best parts of all the three. The third is a singular good man, and of all others best knows the diocese, and would be the most acceptable of all men to the clergy and people that live in it.

"This I say to your grace perfectly out of duty, for I know not whether any of these three, if they knew it, would thank me for saying what I do. But there is another thing wherein I humbly crave leave to speak for my friend; though I trust I shall never do that, but when it may be for the service of the Church, in my opinion, which I hold always with submission. I speak now for Mr. Jonathan Blagrave, who having married my sister, and buried her with-

out any child, went afterward to serve the Princess of Orange. He served her Highness five years, in the place of second chaplain, with great acceptance, and would scarce have had leave to come away but that Mrs. Langford had a son that was ready to come into the place. Both while he was there, and since his coming away, her Royal Highness has written several letters in his behalf to the Bishop of London, to my Lady Clarendon, and to the Earl of Rochester. Last summer his Majesty was pleased to take notice of his service, and to promise that he would be kind to him. God be thanked he is not in want, for he has two livings that he got by evicting the incumbents of simony, and they are both of them near Oxford, and within ten miles of one another. But he would be glad to have something on her Highness's account, and particularly desires to have a prebend of Worcester, because the living on which he resides is within a little day's journey of that place. I would not ask this for him, but that I know he is a worthy man, and will well become the place, and has a fair pretension to it by the things that I have written. Knowing this, I make bold to beg your grace's favour to him, and what assistance you shall think fit to give in such a matter.

"I beseech God to preserve your grace's health, now especially while it is so needful to the Church, and to direct and bless all your counsels and endeavours. I humbly crave your blessing and take leave.

"Your grace's most obedient son and servant,

"W. ASAPH."*

* Tanner, xxx. 24.

It was probably through the instrumentality of this brother-in-law that Lloyd carried on his unsuspected correspondence with the Prince of Orange so long and secretly. He had, however, plenty of hard and difficult work in his obscure Welsh diocese, especially to find clergymen who could preach in the language understood by the people. He makes the following statement to Sancroft, of one among the many dilemmas in which he found himself involved in the conduct of his see:—

"*May* 4, 1683.*

"There is," writes he, "a nephew of my predecessor, one Mr. Thomas Clopton, whom his uncle preferred as well as he could in this diocese from the time of his entering into orders, which was but three or four years before his uncle's death; that is, he gave him a prebend of about 20*l.* per annum, two sinecures worth each of them, about 60*l.* per annum, and a rectory with cure of souls of about 100*l.* per annum.

"This rectory is called Castle, which lies in Montgomeryshire, not far out of England, and yet not a third part of the people understands any English; and though Mr. Clopton, to qualify himself for it, made his uncle believe he had learned Welsh (and he did indeed learn so far as to read a Welsh sermon once in a parish church, that he might be able to say he had preached in Welsh; but he read it so that none that heard him could understand anything in it no more than himself), he came thither, and still

* Tanner, xxxiv. 31.

continues unable to perform any Church-office in the Welsh language. The people were very much discontented at this, as they had cause; and they sent me their complaint of it at my first coming into the diocese. Thereupon I desired him, as soon as I saw him, to learn their language, and to make himself useful in his cure. He promised he would do what he could; but said he found it so difficult, that he would take it for a very great favour if I would save him the trouble, by finding him a living of 200*l.* a year or better in England; for which, with many thanks, he would resign all he had in this diocese. I promised him I would endeavour to do it; and lately it has pleased God to give me an opportunity beyond his or my expectation.

"Dr. Pell, the mathematician, had the next advowson of Malpas given him by the Lord Brereton, who was the patron of it; and hearing of the death of Mr. Bridge, the last incumbent, the Doctor sent me an earnest request that I would find him a sinecure of 100*l.* a year or better, that he might have in exchange for the living of Malpas, which is worth above 300*l.* I presently acquainted Mr. Clopton with it, who gladly embraced the condition, and desired me to bring it to effect. I told him that when he parted with his sinecures to Dr. Pell, he must not think to make a sinecure of Castle. He was content to part with that also, and desired to keep nothing but his prebend, which I willingly allowed.

"Thereupon I got him Dr. Pell's presentation, which he has now in his hands. But since I hear, and have reason to suspect, that he intends privately

to get a dispensation, and so to hold Castle with Malpas. Such would be a great dishonesty in him, and a defeating of my design, which is truly for the service of the Church. I therefore write this to prevent him, and make it my humble suit to your grace that he may have no dispensation. If your grace will be pleased to lay aside this letter for him, in case he should come for a dispensation, I humbly desire that this may be given him for his answer."

At a later period of his episcopate Lloyd writes earnestly, in reply to Sancroft's injunction that undergraduates should not be ordained for holding livings in the Church, in Wales. There seems both truth and reason in the poor bishop's observations on the difficulty of supplying the ministry. His communication is very instructive as to the state of the Church in Wales.

"I must crave leave," he writes, "to remind your grace that I excepted against the restraint from ordaining them that are not graduates in the university, as being not practicable in our Welsh diocese. We have a great many more cures of souls than we have graduates in this country; and as most of the people understand nothing but Welsh, we cannot supply the cures with any other but Welshmen. But yet of those whom I have ordained, the graduates have not been always the best scholars. I have more than once seen them shamefully outdone by men that never saw the university. And I never ordained any but them that could perform the exercise required by the 34th Canon of the Synod in 1603.

"For the state of the Church in North Wales, I

bless God I do not know any reason we have to complain. I am well assured that in these six counties there are not six persons fewer in the communion of our Church than there were in the beginning of his Majesty's reign. And for them that are in the Church communion, who are the generality of our people, I thank God I do not find that they grow worse. I hope they rather grow better; and that which is my greatest comfort, I do not know of one scandalous churchman in this diocese. All seem to be very sensible of the great blessing we have in our primate; and promise themselves that as he had no hand in the breach that has been made in our Church, so he will do all that is possible for him to do toward the repairing of it, and that meanwhile toward the preventing of those hurtful effects that it threatens.

"I beseech God long to continue this blessing to us, and to make it more and more beneficial to His Church.

"I humbly crave your blessing, and remain,

"Your grace's most obliged, and

"Most obedient son and servant,

"W. ASAPH."*

Lloyd had now time and leisure for completing his great ecclesiastical work—the 'History of the Government of the Church in Great Britain and Ireland when they first received Christianity.'

He was busily engaged in writing and printing at

* Tanner, xxx. 124.

the same time, when unseasonably interrupted, first by a summons from Lord Clarendon to attend to ecclesiastical affairs in town, and then by a request to undertake the Lent preaching at Whitehall for Sancroft, Mrs. Lloyd being dangerously ill at the same time. Under these circumstances he writes the following letter and excuse to Sancroft:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,*

"If it had not pleased God to stay me here, by putting my wife's life in danger for some time, and keeping her ever since in so great uneasiness that I thought my presence with her necessary, otherwise I should have been at London ten days ago, to attend a business of my Lord Clarendon's, in which the Bishop of Ely is concerned with me; and therefore he might very well inform your grace, as he did, that I am to be shortly at London.

"I thank God at present I do not apprehend my wife to be in danger of her life; and though she is still in a very low condition, yet, being used to affliction, she is the better able to endure it. I do therefore intend, if matters continue as they are, or be not worse, with God's leave, to go for London on Monday next; and when my business is over, for which I presume a few hours will suffice, I hope on Thursday to wait on your grace at Lambeth. On Friday I intend to return, being obliged to make all the haste I can, that the press may not stand idle in my absence, and a further delay be put to the work, which has lain too long already on my hands.

* Tanner, xxix. 143.

I shall, as your grace is pleased to require, bring the printed sheets along with me, by which it will appear that I have not been idle, and that it is not nothing which I stuck at, though indeed I do not think it worth the time I spent about it.

"God be blessed, there remains no other difficulty that I know of, and I am sure there cannot arise any other stop, except from God or his Majesty. The press has not stayed an hour for me these two months; but I cannot hope to be so much beforehand in my work as to have another week to spare after this that I have promised my Lord Clarendon. Therefore I must entreat your grace to excuse me from preaching at Whitehall. That would take up two weeks at least of my time, one for study, and another for the journey. And though I would throw away my work rather than your grace's health should be exposed to the hazard, as I know it must be in preaching at Whitehall (I know not what I would not suffer rather than this); yet since there is no necessity of it, if I should not come, my good brother my lord of Ely being so near at hand and ready to help; or if no bishop could be had, your grace's chaplains being so very sufficient, I must beseech your grace to order the supply to be made by one of these, or some other whom you shall judge fit. I fear the post is going, and therefore I make haste to crave your blessing and take leave."

Early in James II.'s reign Lloyd's book appeared, which, although as might have been expected from an author of his imaginative temperament

and strong political bias was replete with erroneous statements, was greatly admired by a very strong party, and procured great popularity for the right reverend author, although the work was vehemently answered by the celebrated George Mackenzie, who pointed out all its blunders and misrepresentations with unsparing severity. This mattered not; the book was in great public favour, and Lloyd's zeal against Popery, and ardent expressions of affection for the Church of England, obtained for him the full confidence of Archbishop Sancroft and the rest of the hierarchy, and he received another request from the primate to preach for him at Whitehall, from which duty he excused himself on account of his attendance by the sick bed of the Bishop of Chester. The following particulars are very interesting:—

"*Dec.* 27, 1685.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I have received your order to preach at Whitehall on the 21st of February next, which order I am most willing to obey, and shall do it, with God's permission, if the parliament meet on the 10th of February, or soon after that time. But if there should be a longer prorogation, I must humbly beg your grace's excuse, that I may not be put to that expense of money and time which so long a journey requires, on no other account but only to preach a Lent-sermon. But this, I presume, was your grace's intention in laying this duty upon me, and therefore I am in no fear of being put to the trouble of an un-

* Tanner, xxxi. 242.

necessary journey to London. I put in that last word with reflection upon a journey that I made on Christmas Eve as far as Chester without any necessity, but, as I thought, to take leave of my Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. By the best information I could get, his excellency was to go from thence immediately to Dublin. But I had the satisfaction to know, when I came thither, that he intends to go by land to Holyhead, and in his way thither to honour my house with his company on Monday next. Besides this, I had the satisfaction at Chester to see the good bishop, and to find him much better than he was when I saw him in October last. Then, as I acquainted your grace, he considered himself as now dying, and desired me to present his duty to your grace, with his suit in behalf of his chaplain, Mr. Allen, for whom he has been able to do nothing toward his settlement in all the ten years that he had lived with him; and now he humbly begged your grace would take him into your care. This, which seemed to be his dying request, and which I knew was made for one of great merit, I took upon me to recommend to your grace, which he took very thankfully, but he could not express it, though he laboured for words, nor could I make him understand what I said more. Now at this visit I found him in his bed, very sensible, and very well able to express himself.

"The first thing he asked me was concerning your grace, how you did, and whether you remembered him. When I answered him according to his desire he was sensibly revived with it, and spoke with great

warmth of affection, how happy we were in such a primate, and he in such a friend. And when I told him what your grace was pleased to say upon his request for Mr. Allen, he said it gave him great ease in that which was the greatest pain to his mind, and desired me to mind your grace of it when there should be occasion.

"I think I told your grace what a sermon I happened to hear from Mr. Allen when I was last before this at Chester. He preaches there often, without any obligation, for he has nothing in the world but his fellowship; and yet, though he preaches extraordinary well, it is not much more his study than his business. While the Bishop of Chester was well and could study, it was Mr. Allen's business to read for him and to study with him. When he fell into his present disability he committed all his papers of all sorts (which are in many kinds very considerable) to Mr. Allen's care, with allowance to publish what he thought fit. Ever since his great illness he has taken no physic but out of his hand, and is ruled by Mr Allen as a child is by its nurse, and regards not what is said by any other, so that the poor man cannot be spared from his attendance one day, nor many hours of it together. I write this to show your grace that at present he cannot take a cure of souls, though he is very fit for it. But if your grace could find anything else for him, that would consist with his attendance, the news of it I believe would be the best cordial the bishop could take. I judge so by what I saw of the operation it had when I told him he was in your thoughts. I had besides a great deal of dis-

course with him concerning other things, but nothing of learning; and to everything he spoke very pertinently, and wanted not words. But I was fain to speak so loud, because of his deafness on one side of his head and great difficulty of hearing on the other, that after half-an-hour I was forced to give over for weariness. His physicians think he may continue thus for some years, but they have little hope that he will ever be able to go on with his work; only for the things that ask no great thought he does them sufficiently.

"I have here enclosed sent your grace an account of my ordinations at the last of the four times. You will see all things else according to your grace's injunctions, except the ordination of one Mr. Maesmore, an undergraduate, whom I ordained deacon about three years ago, and now priest. He is exceedingly improved in learning and knowledge within this time, and a pious, sober man, but so poor that he had not wherewith to pay his ordinary fees. I preferred him from Mwyn Clawdd chapel, in Wrexham parish, where he had 7*l.* ill paid, to Meliden, where now he will have 10*l.* a year. But he must do half-a-year's service before he will receive anything. And there has not been a sacrament there since Whitsuntide last for want of a priest in that cure, nor would have been now at Christmas if I had not ordained him. But I was fain to ordain him without your grace's dispensation, for though I would have been at the charge of sending for it, I had not time. The poor man did not offer himself to be ordained because he could not be at the charge. But when I heard that

that church wanted sacraments, and I knew that there was not a priest to spare in the diocese, I sent for him to be examined when it was too late to send for a dispensation. I beg your grace's pardon for this; for though what I did was not against any law, it was against an article which, upon your grace's proposal, I agreed to, though I had before objected to it, as being likely to perplex the Welsh bishops, and those others that are far distant from London and have very poor cures to provide for. I humbly propose, for their sakes, that your grace would be pleased to interpret the word dispensation, that it may be in writing under your hand, without the affixing of any seal, that it may be the sooner dispatched, and without charge to the persons concerned in it.

"I did not intend to have written so much as I have done, but I had not time to think what I had to write, that I might have brought it into a less compass.

"I beseech God to add many more years to this, which is near an end, and many more blessings to every year that we enjoy of your grace's truly fatherly government over us. And I beg your grace's blessing on your most obliged and most obedient son and servant,

"W. ASAPH."

In his next letter Lloyd gives a more favourable account of the Bishop of Chester to Sancroft, but reports the dangerous illness of the Bishop of Bangor. He says:—

"Of my neighbours, I hear the Bishop of Chester gathers strength, and is hoped to be in a fair way of recovery; but the Bishop of Bangor is lately fallen very ill, and keeps his bed. There is reason to fear he may not be long-lived, because he has been very infirm ever since his last London journey.

"Upon this occasion, and on all of this kind, I hold it my duty to speak freely to your grace, and to give you my opinion of things in which the Church is concerned, entirely submitting it to your grace's judgment, if this see should be void the fittest man to fill it."

It is almost amusing to observe how vigilant and unremitting Lloyd is in his observations on the declining health of other prelates, especially those who were in possession of richer sees than his own poor Welsh benefice. In July, 1686, he has at last the satisfaction of announcing to the primate the departure of two of these worthy prelates, with suitable lamentations:—

"And now I am come upon a subject that makes my heart ache to think of it. Before my letter comes your grace will have heard of the death of that most pious, learned, useful man, the Bishop of Oxford, who died on Saturday, the 10th instant; and of that most excellent Bishop of Chester, who died, as I am told, the Thursday following. What wounds are these to the poor Church in her sorrow and weakness! What breaches in the holy order, and when and how to be filled up?

"What fresh loads of cares must this bring upon your grace, that are so much overladen already!

God in mercy support you, that His Church may not sink in your arms. If those also should be taken away, how or by whom can she subsist? God knows. But if it be His gracious will to preserve her, He will do it by such ways and means as He sees best: and oftentimes He raises up those which men see not till He shows them in His work.

"If there be upon this or any other occasion any service that I can do for the Church, I am ready to receive your grace's commands, and to do what I can, without reckoning the cost of any kind, though literally cost is the thing that I am most unable to bear. And therefore I have spared myself in the subscription for the French Protestants, and subscribed only a promise that what I do already I will do as long as I am Bishop of St. Asaph, that is, to allow one of their distressed ministers his board and a pension of 20*l.* a year. The whole subscription of this small diocese amounts to little more than 350*l.* My secretary is now from home. As soon as he returns I will send your grace the whole account of the collection in this diocese. I humbly crave your blessing, and remain,

"My most honoured lord,

"Your grace's most obliged and

"Most honoured servant,

"W. ASAPH."*

Neither of the two fat sees, whose vacation he announced in the above letter, fell to Lloyd's share; and all the compliments with which he was accus-

* Tanner MSS., xxx. 3.

tomed to season his letters to the primate were wasted. Lloyd was undoubtedly a very able letter-writer, and never omitted an opportunity of writing agreeable things to his superiors. In one of his letters to Sancroft he says, "The good God that has raised you to that place for public good, long continue you in it, and prosper all your endeavours for His glory." A happy sentence, and without flattery, which renders it the more pleasing.

He testifies much sympathy for the troubles of the Vicar of Croydon, an unlucky and very poor Welshman, in whose behalf he writes to interest Sancroft, in the hope of getting him removed from so troublesome and expensive a place (where he had been sorely persecuted with vexatious suits by Dr. Clavers) to some other, "where," continues Lloyd, "he may live quietly, and lick himself whole of the hurts he has got in these wars. I know, for his own part, he would rather be banished into his own country than continue where he is, but his wife is not well made for the rough air of our country; and, besides, there are very few places in my gift where he can ever hope to recover the charge that he must be at in removing.

"I have a scurvy quality of delaying things till it is almost too late to set about them, that makes me now in danger of losing the post. I crave your blessing and take leave."

Lloyd also solicits Sancroft in favour of Monsieur Allix, one of the refugee French ministers, who had at his own desire been admitted into Church of England orders, and was a candidate for an English living; to which Sancroft had very properly objected,

because he could not preach intelligibly in English, and had not been naturalized. Lloyd considered these matters of no importance, and thus vehemently urges Sancroft on the subject:—

"Shall such a man as this is—the learnedest man that they had beyond the seas, and the best as far as I am able to judge, the best affected to our Church without controversy, when, having declined all foreign invitations, he has thrown himself into the arms of our Church, and taken her orders, and thereby made himself more hers, and her more his mother than his own—shall he and all his family be suffered to want necessaries in her bosom? But who can help it? If I could I should not have troubled your grace with this request. But I have in my family a minister and a scholar of the refugees. They are my sole charge. I had another minister, whom I have maintained till of late that he is taken off my hands by the Bishop of Ely. I cannot do anything more that is considerable; nor, if I could, he would not receive it in the way of eleemosynary charity. And for livings in my diocese, there is not any worth his accepting, nor scarce any sinecure, but of these I have promised the next that shall fall. The next after that he shall have if I live and the law has its course. I should add, if it falls within these three harvests; for after the third I lay my life he will have no need of it. The meanwhile, that this next harvest may yield him bread it is in your grace's power, and that is it which I humbly propose. I have proposed it twice, I will not do it a third time, for fear your grace should be angry with me, as indeed you have cause

when I am importunate with you in a thing which, as far as it is of private concernment, is wholly yours; and as it is of public concernment, which God knows I only consider, yet, so I cannot deny it is much more your grace's concernment than mine. I would add nothing more on this subject, but for an objection or two that were moved on this occasion. One was, as I remember, that he was not naturalized. That has not been a bar to others against coming into Church livings, and it ought not to be a bar to him, for he is denizened by his Majesty, which is as much as can be done for him in that behalf, without an Act of Parliament. The other objection was, that he has not the English tongue. I confess he does not pronounce it well, nor speak it without Frenchisms. But this objection lies against one that should be obliged to reside there, and not against one that shall be dispensed with for non-residence, as all rectors have been hitherto, except one that was born in that or as bad an air. What I say now is from the Bishop of Rochester, who said it by chance upon some discourse that happened about Dr. Stradling, without any knowledge of my suit to your grace for Monsieur Allix. Whom having named a second time, I do (as the Friar says, in the 'Conformities,' one ought to do upon every mention of the name of St. Francis) lick my lips, and so humbly leave this matter to your grace's consideration."

A more agreeable notice follows:—

"On Friday morning I had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand, and to receive some gracious ex-

pressions, of which your grace will have an account from my Lord of Ely. I pray with a most ardent affection for your grace's good health and long life."

Assuredly Sancroft must have been weary of Lloyd's perpetual importunity in behalf of one person or other. In the spring of 1688 he writes to solicit a place for a man who, when he was the rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, had never missed prayers. He says:—

"I confess it does me good to see your grace's hand now and then, especially when I have no other way to be informed that you are well. But I would not have that satisfaction to myself on those terms that your grace should be uneasy for it one moment, as I judge by myself that every one must be, when he is writing unnecessary letters.

"I write now at the request of one Mr. Prince, a mercer (as I think) in Paternoster Row, who has married the widow of Mr. Godfrey that was formerly known to your grace. He desires to succeed Mr. Godfrey in the same place that he had in your grace's favour. And truly I think he is very capable of it. He is that man that scarce ever missed prayers, but never a sacrament, while I lived at St. Martin's. His piety was a great ornament to the Church. It was a jewel set in a ring of all other virtues, which made it shine very much in the esteem of all that knew him. Dr. Tenison, I doubt not, will give him the same testimony for the time that he lived with him in that parish. But I believe this is more than his matter requires. It is more, I am sure, than

his modesty would allow, if he knew what I had written."*

So entirely had Lloyd won the confidence and esteem of Archbishop Sancroft, that on the memorable occasion of the bishops presenting the petition to the king, praying to be excused from reading or causing the Act for Liberty of Conscience to be read in their respective dioceses, he acted as the substitute of the aged primate, whose severe cough incapacitated him from exposing himself to the night air in crossing the river from Lambeth to Whitehall.

The circumstance of Lloyd's secret league with the Prince of Orange, and his own intimate acquaintance with all the business of the press, renders it extremely probable that he was the party who caused the petition, together with a circumstantial detail of what passed between the bishops and their sovereign in the privacy of the royal closet, to be printed and hawked through the streets of London and Westminster at midnight, which so highly incensed the king, and mortified and perplexed the worthy primate and the other prelates who were not in the secret, and felt their honour compromised, that circumstance being in all probability the cause of their imprisonment.

Lloyd was at that time employed in preparing a political pamphlet to discredit the reality of the birth of the anticipated heir to the crown. The unwelcome infant was brought into the world two days after the committal of the seven bishops to the Tower, and Lloyd became so greatly excited at the

* Tanner, xxviii. 15.

idea of the Princess of Orange being superseded as presumptive heiress of the realm by a popish heir apparent that he determined to leave no stone unturned to invalidate the claims of her infant rival.

It is not difficult to trace the organization of all the indelicate scandals regarding the asserted impostures, which were published in his book, to the visits Lady Clarendon made to the Bishop of St. Asaph during his imprisonment in the Tower. Lady Clarendon was the wife of the Princess of Orange's uncle. She was a very lively Court gossip, in which accomplishment she was at least equalled by Bishop Lloyd of St. Asaph. The two met to discuss the most scandalous chronicles regarding the newborn Prince of Wales. Lady Clarendon feeling eager that her husband's nieces should be elevated to the throne, industriously collected a budget of marvellous stories tending to discredit the parentage of their infant brother. These Bishop Lloyd strung together in a pamphlet, which was peppered too highly even for the historical taste of Bishop Burnet, to whom it was shown.

Lloyd was much caressed by the populace after the trial and acquittal of the seven, but experienced great uneasiness when he learned King James's intention of summoning all the witnesses, both ladies and gentlemen, Protestants and Romanists, who had been present at the birth of the Prince of Wales, including the queen dowager, and making them depose to the reality of that event before the Privy Council. Sancroft's presence was especially required at that council, and Lloyd, in order to prevent him from

attending, addressed the following artful letter to him, in the hope of deterring him from listening to the evidence:—

"*Oct.* 26, 1688.

"MY MOST HONOURED LORD,

"I was told the last night as a secret that his Majesty intends to send for all the lords that were present at the examination of witnesses concerning the prince's birth, and to require them to subsign the examinations. This is agreeable enough with that which is printed in the 'Gazette,' viz., that a full and particular relation of this matter will be made public. For the hands of all that were present will add very much to the authority of the relation. I need not say what it will seem to import. Your grace has that to say for yourself which perhaps few others can say that were present. You did not hear a great part of what the witnesses said. If that will pass for a sufficient excuse, your grace has no cause to complain of the badness of your hearing. But surely it will be better for the public if such an excuse can be found as will suffice for all that were present, and if all could agree to give the same excuse.

"It should seem by the calling of you thither, that either there is, or there is like to be, a dispute concerning the birth of this child; and whensoever that matter comes to be tried you are like to be judges. But if the judges are called to set their hands to an examination of witnesses *ex parte*, before the cause comes to be heard, it is a strange kind of preoccupation that will make all the world of the plaintiff's

side, and be rather a prejudice than an advantage to the cause. I hope his Majesty will be aware of this, and will therefore spare you this unnecessary trouble. Howsoever I thought it a part of my duty to let your grace know what I have heard.

"With my daily prayers I humbly crave your blessing and take leave,

"My good lord,

"Your grace's most obliged and

"Most obedient son and servant,

"W. ASAPH.*

"I want Moses ben Hachman on 'Daniel,' and Levi ben Gerson on the same prophet. If your grace has them, I desire to borrow them for a fortnight."

Lloyd failed in his object of preventing Sancroft from attending the council. The archbishop was an honest and intrepid man. He knew it was his duty to attend the council and hear the evidence on the birth of the Prince of Wales. He did go, and was convinced by the testimony of the witnesses, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, that the attempt to dispute the reality of the event was the base fiction of political agitators, who scrupled not to violate both truth and probability in the absurd calumny they had invented to invalidate the rights of the unwelcome male heir of the crown.

We may imagine how indignant the conscientious Sancroft would have been could he have known how

* Tanner, xxviii. 212.

busy the right reverend writer of that letter had been in the collection and circulation of the disgraceful falsehoods that were prejudicing the public mind against the royal infant.

When the Revolution of 1688 was accomplished, the Bishop of St. Asaph became excessively busy in persuading his brothers of the episcopacy, who had shared the Tower imprisonment, likewise Queen Mary's uncles, Lords Clarendon and Rochester, to swear allegiance to William and Mary.

"He told me," says Clarendon, "that I was free from my oaths to King James;" adding, "that he could very well take the new oaths, and that as things were, he took himself to be quite free from any obligation. Strange doctrine, as I thought, from a bishop."

Lloyd spoke again to Clarendon, a month before the coronation, about the oaths, having himself taken them the week before. Clarendon told him "he had well considered the matter, and could not take them, and begged him not to mention them again." Clarendon asked "if he intended to assist at the coronation?" to which Lloyd hypocritically replied, "By no means; for, by the grace of God, he would have no hand in making kings and queens." "At which," observes Clarendon, "I could not but laugh. I then asked him 'if he thought he had done the Church service in making Burnet Bishop of Sarum?' At which, after a long pause, too habitual with him, he asked me, 'why I thought *he* had made him?' I told him 'that was answering me with another question; but since he did so, I would give him a direct answer,

hoping he would do the like to me,' and so I told him, 'I had from good hands that when King William was spoken to about that bishopric, and put in mind that he had promised it both to Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol, and Dr. Patrick, he said, 'Indeed he had promised it to Bristol, but that the Bishop of St. Asaph was so pressing upon him that he could have no quiet from his importunity till he had given it to Burnet.' To this Lloyd merely replied, after one of his pauses, 'that he could not tell what King William might say,' but did not deny it."

Notwithstanding his remarkable reply to Queen Mary's uncle, Clarendon, Bishop Lloyd made his appearance on the platform at Westminster Abbey as one of the few bishops who assisted at the coronation. Double work there was to do, and three-fourths of the bishops resolved not to assist in it. Lloyd performed the duty of the absent primate at the recognition, by presenting Queen Mary to the people.

A very animated sermon was preached by Lloyd on the anniversary of Gunpowder Treason and Plot, November 5th, 1690, before the king and queen and Court, commemorating the birthday and the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, which he treated as the climax of all the marvellous deliverances of the Church of England from popery.

He received, as the reward of his pains, either immediately before or soon after the coronation, the office of Lord Almoner to King William—a thorough sinecure, as connected with distributing the contents of the royal charity purse of that sovereign.

Nothing can be more contemptible than Lloyd's

letter to Mr. Dodwell, dated November, 1695, relating to the events of the last years of James II., in which he defends the false pretences used by William in his declaration denouncing the spurious birth of the Prince of Wales.

"You ask," he says, "why that matter was not brought before the parliament. The reason is plain in the Act of the Succession. The present king does not pretend to an hereditary right. He had the right of conquest over King James, which, being confirmed by the consent of the nation, thus gives him a lawful right to the monarchy. But why did the Prince of Orange pretend that this should be examined in parliament? or where did he pretend it? Never but in his declaration. There, indeed, he did insist upon this, to have the witnesses examined, and that frightened them away. The queen and her midwife are gone. Did the Prince of Orange ever pretend to examine any other witnesses?"

When Pepys, who had been arrested for high treason in 1691, was liberated on bail, Bishop Lloyd ventured to enlighten him with writing to him one of his prophecies founded on the Apocalypse. Evelyn, thinking, it may be presumed, that he would prove a friend at court, wrote to Pepys the following rather sly letter:—

"*John Evelyn to Samuel Pepys.*

"*August*, 1690.

"This hasty script is to acquaint you that my lord Bishop of St. Asaph will take it for an honour

to be thought able to give Mr. Pepys any light in those mysteries you and I have discoursed of. He would himself wait upon you, but I did not think it convenient for you to receive that compliment at first. 'To-morrow,' his lordship says, 'eating no dinner, he shall be alone, and ready to receive your commands if it be seasonable to you.' I suppose about three o'clock in the afternoon may be a convenient time to wait on you to the Bishop of St. Asaph, or what other sooner (earlier) hour you appoint.

"J. E.

"P.S.—The lords in the Tower, against whom there is no special matter chargeable, are to be freed upon bail. My Lord Clarendon is also within that qualification, as the Bishop of St. Asaph tells me."*

Lloyd discontentedly accepted the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry in 1699. The same year he published a 'Chronological Life of Pythagoras and other famous men, his contemporaries'—a very quaint whimsical production. Soon after this publication he was translated to the bishopric of Worcester, January 22nd, 1699 (old style).

Little quiet ensued either for himself or the flock over which he extended his crosier. Worcester, both city and shire, had continued passionately loyal, and Lloyd was sent there to alter and crush down all chivalrous feeling in the gentry, all lurking jacobitism lingering in the Church.

The last year of the seventeenth century was dis-

* Pepys' Correspondence.

turbed with rumours of insubordination among the powers of darkness. Witches were much given to misbecoming conduct, and the English prime minister found it requisite to call the bishops of several dioceses in England to account for the same. Worcestershire was pre-eminent among the disturbed districts, and as its diocesan made pretence to prophetic and other supernatural gifts beyond the claims of regular-going Church of England clergymen, the Duke of Shrewsbury charged his secretary, Vernon, to remonstrate with him on the turbulence of the witches. Here we have the report of a secretary of state's despatch to his principal, dated 1699, June 8:—

"I told the Bishop of Worcester that his diocese is infested with notions about witches," writes Vernon. "He told me that he intends his clergy shall rectify their mistakes in that particular. But he is far from controverting the power of devils in the Gentile world, and that some of their extraordinary operations may still take place where paganism is prevalent; yet he thinks the Gospel has destroyed the powers of the devil wheresoever it extends and is acknowledged. And that those mortals who have embraced the hope of grace can never be injured by infernals neither in their own persons, those of their children, or their goods. And though a man may be so profligate as to give himself to the devil, yet he can receive no assistance from him to harm his Christian neighbour or anybody else in a supernatural way. I think," adds Vernon somewhat slyly, "we may assent to the latter part of his disquisition, and

leave the pagans and the devil to settle their affairs their own way among themselves."

Still, Mr. Secretary Vernon, as one of William III.'s faithful officials, was now and then troubled with Satanic freaks, particularly at the witches choosing perversely to unsettle the constitutional law of evidence, and voluntarily declaring themselves "maleficient." Two days before he had the curious colloquy with the bishop he wrote to the Duke of Shrewsbury :—

"I have the honour of your grace's letter of June 3, 1699.* I think the noise of witches breaks out like the plague in several places at divers times. If these miserable creatures are in haste to die by other people's hands, and will confess, they certainly will be served as they are in Scotland, where the judges tell them they don't believe them, yet sentence them to be burnt."

They were burnt there long after the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Rather a stormy diocese was the Tory county and city of Worcester to Bishop Lloyd, and continual were his contests therein, but more with loyal cavaliers of High Church principles than with the witches of Worcester. Vernon soon after reports that the Bishop of Worcester was going to law, hard and fast, on a matter of libel. A pamphlet had made its appearance, reproaching him with his perpetual change of diocese for the purposes "of bettering himself." Bishop Lloyd was very desirous of catching and caging the pamphleteer. Mr. Secretary Vernon,

* Stepney MS. of the above date.

however, manifested no sort of sympathy, because of a dispute pending between them; for it seems a canonry had fallen at Worcester, which this Mr. Secretary Vernon wanted for some other of the name of Vernon. The bishop pounced on it for one of his sons; and severe is the tirade which Mr. Secretary bestows on "Bishop Lloyd's avarice, nepotism, and self-seeking."

"The printer of the pamphlet against the Bishop of Worcester is ordered to be prosecuted," writes Secretary Vernon to his patron, June 15, 1699. His accusation is founded on the pages wherein he declares "that frequent translations and removes of bishops are scandalous to the Church, disgraceful to the king, and that, as in Ireland, the lowest of the people have been graced with the highest preferments in the Church."

The accession of the Princess Anne of Denmark to the throne healed none of the feuds in Worcestershire.

Parnell, one of the knot of poets who brandished literary weapons of brightness and fine temper in defence of the Anglican Church, enumerates the new Bishop of Worcester among the junto that sat secretly to perplex the friends of Queen Anne. In the really elegant poem, 'Faction Displayed,' he draws this portrait of Lloyd; the verses were attributed to Swift, but have his vigour without his coarseness:—

"Then old Mysterio shook his silver hairs,
Loaded with learning, prophecy, and years,
Whom factious zeal to fierce unchristian strife
Had hurried—in the last extreme of life—

Strange dotage! thus to sacrifice his ease
When nature whispers man to spend his days
In sweet retirement and religious peace!
For knowledge struggled in his heaving breast
Ere he in these dark terms his mind express'd:
'The stars roll adverse and malignant shine
Some dire portent! some horror I divine;
That Anna to the Beast will be inclined,
I plainly in the Revelations find.
Howe'er, though she and all her senate frown,
I'll wage eternal war with Packington,
And venture life and see to pull him down.'"

The allusion to the name of Packington requires explanation. It refers to the violent and illegal opposition of the bishop and his son to the re-election of the cavalier baronet, Sir John Packington, as knight of the shire for Worcestershire. They published the most vituperant libellous papers against him, denouncing him "as a vicious fellow from a vicious stock," and exhorted the clergy to oppose him in every possible way.

The bishop scrupled not to threaten his own tenants, in case they presumed to vote for Sir John Packington, that he would not renew their leases, and would even punish their children after them; with many other furious menaces peculiarly disgraceful from a prelate, and offensive to the county of Worcestershire; for Sir John Packington was the representative of a line of old English magnates peculiarly dear to their country, and Sir John was the gem of his race, the fine old cavalier from whom Addison drew the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. He was not a knight of the shire likely to be ousted from his seat by an oft-translated prelate new to Worcestershire,

though an old political agitator. Sir John Packington retained his seat, and the bishop lost his place as Royal Almoner, for the House of Commons debated on the proceedings of William, lord Bishop of Worcester, and his son and his agents, in order to hinder the election of a knight of the shire for the county of Worcestershire, and declared them "malicious, unchristian, and arbitrary, in high violation of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of England," and resolved that a humble address be presented to her Majesty that she will be pleased to remove the lord Bishop of Worcester from being Lord Almoner to her Majesty."

Queen Anne complied, nothing loth, with the prayer of her faithful Commons.

Unfortunately Hartlebury Castle, the country residence of the Bishop of Worcester, and Westwood Park, that of the Packingtons, are in too close vicinity for persons to abide in peace and quiet who are not amicably disposed to each other. Hartlebury, about nine miles from Worcester, was the chief abiding-place of Bishop Lloyd, and Westwood Park only four miles from Hartlebury.

Not feeling himself comfortable in the uncongenial diocese of Worcester, the bishop frequently deserted it for the Court, and, notwithstanding his dismissal from the office of Lord Almoner, "Old Mysterio" took every possible opportunity of pestering her Majesty with calling for audiences, in which he expounded all knotty points of unfulfilled prophecy, and communicated his prophetic inspirations on public events.

The Earl of Dartmouth, who was present, gives an amusing account of a scene which took place in the year 1712, when the old bishop told the queen "he thought it his duty to acquaint her that the Church of Rome would be utterly destroyed, and the city of Rome consumed by fire in less than four years, which he could prove beyond contradiction, if her Majesty would be graciously pleased to hear him upon the subject." The queen appointed him an audience the next morning. Lloyd came, accompanied by the Bishop of London, and called for a great Bible, which was all, he said, that would be wanting.

The queen had commanded the attendance of the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earls of Oxford and Dartmouth, and Dr. Arbuthnot. The bishop, who was proud of the opportunity of exercising his gift of prophecy in such company, showed more knowledge than sound judgment of Scripture, and held forth at great length, till the Earl of Oxford offering to give another interpretation to one of his texts, he gave way to an irrepressible burst of passion, which rendering him forgetful of the ceremonials due to royalty, he turned to the queen and exclaimed, "So says your treasurer, but God says otherwise, whether he like it or no." The queen, seeing him so angry and rude, turned away, and asked if her dinner were not ready!

The bishop was too much excited to take the hint that her Majesty was weary of the discussion and hungry besides. He returned undauntedly to the charge, and told her that "if what he said was not truth he did not know any truth, and was a very un-

fit person to be trusted with explaining the gospel to the people, and offered to forfeit his bishopric if it did not prove true." In conclusion he said something to the queen in so low a voice that no one could hear what it was, but she afterwards told Lord Dartmouth that "it was an assurance that at the end of four years Christ would come to reign personally on the earth for a thousand years."

Swift, in his 'Journal to Stella,' gives the following version of the above scene, or one very similar:—

"Yesterday the old Bishop of Worcester, who pretends to be a prophet, went to Queen Anne, by appointment, to prove to her Majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that five years hence (1716) there will be a war of religion, that the King of France would be a Protestant and fight on their side, and that the Popedom would be destroyed. The prophesying bishop, moreover, promised at the end of a lengthy harangue in this strain, that if it fell out otherwise he would be content to give up his bishopric.

"Lord Treasurer Harley, who stood by, entered into the controversy, and defeated the Hebraist prophet with his own learning—no great triumph, by-the-by, since the aged prelate was between eighty and ninety."

Lloyd was eminent all over Europe for his skill in chronology. Calamy, speaking of his prophetic genius, says:—"He foretold the return of the Vaudois to Piedmont, which fell out according to his words. But it stood solitary among many futile predictions which he was constantly uttering."

Two young men of the Vaudois had spent some time in England, where they were much petted and patronized by Bishop Lloyd. Before they returned to their native land the prophetic prelate vented another prediction, telling them that "if they lived to the year 1716 they would have the happiness of standing on the tops of their native mountains and enjoying the sight of Rome in flames. Nay, if they held out their hands they might warm them with the heat of her burnings." Such felicity, however, neither Bishop Lloyd or his protégés enjoyed, though they lived past the year 1716.

Bishop Lloyd survived his royal mistress, Queen Anne, upwards of three years. He died at Hartlebury Castle, August 30th, 1717, in the ninety-first year of his age, retaining all his faculties to the last. He was buried on the 10th of September, in the church of Fladbury, of which his son was rector.

A monument in the chancel sets forth that "he was an excellent pattern of virtue and learning, of a quick invention, firm memory, exquisite judgment, great candour, piety, and gravity, a faithful historian, accurate chronologer, and skilled in the knowledge of the Scriptures to a miracle, very charitable, and diligent and careful in the discharge of his episcopal office."

SIR JONATHAN TRELAWNY,

LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL, OF EXETER, AND OF WINCHESTER.

EARL, or baron, or baronet, had not in the Church of England ever blended the duties of the temporal with the ecclesiastical noble before the time of Sir Jonathan Trelawny. Besides the weight of the three mitres which he wore successively, he had to support the dignity of one of the most ancient and remarkable families in this country. Enough work for any man's life it might be thought. And if Sir Jonathan, the Cornish chief, and Dr. Jonathan, the bishop, found his tasks in life somewhat incompatible, it may be said in his behalf that he had no precedent or chart whereby to guide his course.

The antiquity of the British line of Trelawny of Trelawne is traced clearly to the aborigines of Britain. It had looked down with contempt from its Cornish castellated palace on the Saxon invaders. Britain had been changed into England by the Angles, its language into Teutonic, and its Celtic population into serfs. However, the Trelawnys of Trelawne, with some other brave chieftains, held them at bay in the west; and under their banner of

the British wolf, *statant*, succeeded in keeping Cornish land intact from the foot of the Saxon invader, and British speech uncorrupted on the lips of Cornish men. Nor did these bold British chiefs alone defend the temporal happiness of their country. "The Christianity of the West" was especially guarded by their swords from the worshippers of Saxon fiends, from the onslaughts of the priests of Thor the Thunderer, and Wooden the Wild, who craved for human victims.

So passed the dim dark ages, when Trelawne never lacked a Trelawny to defend the "Christianity of Exeter" and Cornwall. At last better times arrived, and throughout their Angle-land the dominant Saxon pagans submitted to the Cross, and the whole island became Christian; yet the Trelawnys remained the head of a people peculiarly British and exclusive during the royalty of our Anglo-Norman kings.

It was the policy of the warlike and astute Henry V. to make friends with the aborigines of the land, and employ in his French wars the Britons of the west as well as those of Wales. One of his favourite leaders was Sir John Trelawny of Trelawne. He rebuilt his gateway with his French spoils, over which might be seen the statue of Henry V. An ancient rhyme in Gothic characters beneath expressed the saying of the king, in a request for Cornish recruits:—

> "He that will do aught for me,
> Let him love well Sir John Trelawne."

It is somewhat singular that the Britons of the West of England at first did not live in harmony with

the restored line of British kings, the royal Tudors. All Cornwall was up under the Trelawny flourishing in the time of Henry VII., when Perkin Warbeck claimed their loyalty, as Richard Duke of York, the distressed son of Edward IV. Sir John of Trelawne led his Cornish tens of thousands to the so-called skirmish (which we greatly suspect was a very stout battle) at Blackheath. Trelawny of that Ilk was captured, and consigned to durance in the Tower. All the West was in an agony of rage and excitement. Ballads were made, and are sung even now, of Cornish men knocking at London gates to inquire news of Trelawny, whose head was considered to be in danger:—

> "And have they fixed the where and when,
> And must Trelawny die?
> Then thirty thousand Cornish men
> Will know the reason why."

The first Tudor monarch fortunately loved the chink of angels and nobles better than the dull clang of the headsman's axe; and, moreover, he had Celtic feelings concerning pedigree and tongue in common with an ancient Briton. So Trelawny of Trelawne paid his fine, and was released from durance in London Tower.

Lord Clarendon has done good justice to the bravery and loyalty of Sir John Trelawny, the bishop's grandfather, and related how he distinguished himself in the gallant partisan warfare maintained by Sir Ralph Hopton in the West, fighting through the civil war by the side of Sir Reginald Mohun, of Boconnock, his friend and father-in-law. When all was done

that man could do, he retreated to his stronghold at Trelawne, and brought up his numerous family as well as the impoverishing times of Cromwell would permit. His eldest son, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, was the husband of Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Seymour, of Bury Pomeroy, Devon.

Sir Jonathan Trelawny had a very numerous family, certainly six sons. Jonathan, the third (born at Pelynt, in Cornwall, 1650), was brought up to the Church, educated at Westminster School, entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1668, and became student the year afterwards, when he was nineteen. We have no precocious attainments to record of Jonathan Trelawny.

Whilst he was pursuing his scholastic career, his father was in the household of the Duke of York, and domesticated with the duke and duchess at the old house called the Treasury, at Deptford, when the duke was sojourning there, practically superintending some of his great naval improvements and inventions at the neighbouring dockyard. Life was young and hope was high. Very merrily were the duke and Anne (Hyde) his duchess spending their evenings with their family circle, only the ladies and gentlemen of their household, in that dilapidated, half-furnished house.

Old Sir Jonathan was of so irascible a temper, that during the stormy debates in the House of Commons on the Test Act and the Bill for disabling Papists from sitting in parliament, high words arose between him and Mr. Ashe, when the fiery Cornish cavalier dealt his opponent a thundering box on the ear, who returned the blow. Sir Jonathan flashed out his

sword; Ashe likewise drew. The belligerents were dragged apart by the gentlemen in their vicinity. Ashe, as the least in fault, was only consigned to the Black Rod, and very severely reprimanded by the Speaker; but Sir Jonathan was sent to the Tower.

The Duke of York appointed little Anne Trelawny as the attendant of his daughter, the Lady Mary of York, to be brought up with her as her friend and first maid of honour. The young princess loved this companion of her infancy most entirely. Anne Trelawny was her first and only female friend. When the Lady Mary of York married her cousin, the Prince of Orange, the young lady of Trelawne left England with her princess, and lived in Holland with her as her favourite maid of honour.

While the Prince of Orange was trying the spirit-breaking process with his wife, to crush down her affection to her father and family, he was told all his endeavours were useless while she had her friend Anne Trelawny near her. After the remarkable palace occurrence, when the hero of Orange, by his own account * of affairs, picked Dr. Covell's desk, and read his quaint letter, describing his own behaviour to the princess, he finished by sending the young lady of Trelawne home very abruptly, although she had not the least concern in the offence given. Miss Anne Trelawny was escorted home by Mrs. Langford, the nurse of the princess, and by quaint old Dr. Covell, the princess's Church of England chaplain. Mary never supplied the place of Anne Tre-

* See his letter to Charles II. in Henry, Lord Clarendon's letters, etc.

lawny, but lived and died without any other female friend.

When James II. ascended the throne of Great Britain, his old friend and domestic, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, had sunk under his numerous tribulations. Among others, in 1680, he had lost his two eldest sons. They died childless. The old cavalier was succeeded in the baronetcy and extensive domain of Trelawne by his third son, the Rev. Jonathan Trelawny, then Rector of St. Ives and Southill, Cornwall.

The rev. baronet complained bitterly of poverty, and a few years afterwards, on being appointed by James II. to the bishopric of Bristol, he addressed the following most original letter to the Earl of Rochester, then Lord Chancellor:—

"*Sir J. Trelawny to the Earl of Rochester.*

"*July 10th*, 1685.

"Give me leave to throw myself at your lordship's feet, humbly imploring your patronage, if not for the bishopric of Peterborough, at least for Chichester, if the Bishop of Exeter cannot be obliged to accept of that now vacant see, which he seemed to incline to when his removal to Peterborough was proposed; and I am assured from those about him, that if the king should be pleased to tell him he is resolved on his translation to Chichester, he will readily close with it; and let me beseech your lordship to fix him there, and to advance your *creature* to Exeter, where I can serve the king and your lordship.

"I hear his Majesty designed me for Bristol, which

I should not decline was I not already under such pressure by my father's debts, as must necessarily break my estate to pieces if I find no better prop than the income of Bristol, not greater than 300*l.* per annum; and the *expense* in consecration, first fruits, and settlement, will require 2000*l.*

"If Peterborough and Chichester shall be both refused me, I shall not deny Bristol, though my ruin goes with it, if it be the king's pleasure, or any way for his Majesty's service that I should accept it.

"But I hope the king (James II.) will have more tender *compassions* on his slave, and that your lordship will vouchsafe a better lot to, my lord,

"Your lordship's

"Most humble and devoted servant,

"J. TRELAWNY."

Notwithstanding the pathos of this appeal, poor Sir Jonathan Trelawny was forced to abide by despised Bristol, instead of getting it exchanged for either of the richer sees he coveted.

His dissatisfaction and complaints greatly displeased Sancroft, insomuch that he was in some danger of losing even this paltry benefice, and worse than that, the spiritual peerage it would confer on its possessor. After nearly two months' consideration, the Rev. Sir Jonathan, who had retired to his family estate in Cornwall, addressed the following letter to Dr. Francis Turner, lately Bishop of Rochester, who had been

* The letter above is edited by Mr. Singer, among the letters and journals of Henry, Earl of Clarendon.

preferred to Ely, entreating his intercession with the offended primate, and signifying his intention to accept Bristol, and betraying fears of losing it.

"My Lord,

"I humbly desire your lordship to become my patron to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in averting his grace's displeasure from me for not being more forward to go into that great honour his Majesty hath been pleased to design me to, his grace to allow of, and to which I hope God himself hath called me.

"My lord, had this delay proceeded from any slight to the meanness of the revenue, and regret that my lot had not fallen into a better soil, I should have been so far from presuming to address your lordship for your application to his grace in my behalf, and from imploring his grace's pardon, that I should have forbad myself the hopes of it, and not have dared to have asked it of his grace or your lordship; but since it is owing wholly to necessity, I have the confidence to believe I may be suffered to make at least that advantage of it, to gain a full pardon for the supposed crime, and compassion of those circumstances which forced it.

"Your lordship must needs know the income of Bristol is too mean to give a man credit for so large a sum as is required before I can be seated there, and the condition of my estate will not easily help me to it. However, I have so managed my affairs as to be able shortly after Michaelmas to master the expenses at and previous to the consecration; so that now the sharpest pain I am under is the sense I have of his

grace's resentments, which, if your lordship can moderate, you will do a very charitable office, in giving me peace at home, by assuring it to me from his grace.

"My lord, give me leave to say that it shall be, in great measure, his grace's and your lordship's fault if I do not come up to that expectation which will follow from my being clothed with that sacred and weighty order of a bishop; for I am resolved, by prayers and earnest application, to use my best endeavours to come up to the fulness of his grace's and your lordship's commands, strictly to observe and execute all orders and directions which shall be vouchsafed, either as a rule to my own behaviour or that of those committed to my care and observance. I most earnestly beseech your lordship's prayers, as well to bless my endeavours as your counsel to direct them. And let me add this, that whatever imperfections and failures human nature may subject me to, it shall not make me fail in any part of the obedience enjoined me by his grace or your lordship. I desire your lordship to render my duty acceptable to his grace, and to believe me to be, with all truth, my lord,

"Your lordship's

"Most devoted humble servant,

"J. TRELAWNY.*

"*Trelawne, September 22nd.*"

Up to this period the Rev. Sir Jonathan Trelawny had attained no higher degree than M.A.; but on his

* Tanner, xxxi. 207.

acceptance of the see of Bristol, King James, by royal diploma, required the University of Oxford to confer the dignity of Doctor of Divinity upon him, which was done October the 26th. He was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, November 9th, at Lambeth Chapel, by Archbishop Sancroft, and had the honour of being introduced into the House of Peers by Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Trelawny had behaved so unclerically in his exertions to put down the Monmouth rebellion, that he had flattered himself with anticipations of a very rich reward for his active zeal from King James. Consequently he never forgave him the leanness of the see of Bristol, but assumed an ultra-Protestant tone in all his sayings and doings.

After taking possession of his see, and diligently noting all the shortcomings of his predecessors, he withdrew for a season from his episcopal labours to refresh himself at Trelawne, his paternal inheritance, whence he wrote a long account to Sancroft of his observations during his late visitation.

"The chiefest neglects," he says, "which I found were the backwardness of people to be confirmed, occasioned by the neglect of constantly instructing the children in the words and meaning of the Church catechism; the ill custom of private christenings, through the minister's compliance with the richer sort of their parish; the disuse of visiting the sick at their houses, proceeding chiefly from the custom, which is very frequent, of reading most part of the form of the visitation of the sick when they are prayed for in the

church; the confused and irregular way of reading the prayers, in some ministers, either through their own dissatisfaction at them, or fear of others dissatisfied with them; and the ill condition which most of the churches were in, by reason the parishes are not put in mind, or else unwilling to assess themselves for their reparation. The ministers, of whose faults in their disordered reading and praying I could make myself acquainted from good hands, I have taken care to punish, and I hope to their amendment.

"And now, having done with the affairs of my own diocese, I beg leave to tell your grace (who, I am sure, must own yourself the defender of the Church and all the bishops) what I observed at Salisbury.

"By reason of the dean's supporting the choir against the bishop, there is a scandalous neglect in their performance of the service. The day I rested in the town, the singing men refused to sing an anthem which was then desired by the bishop's nephew and Canon Hill, and in the afternoon the organist (which they say happens often) was absent, and the prayers performed without the organ. I cannot suppose this as done to me, being a stranger to them, but wholly intended to the bishop, to whom I made my visit as being his friend.

"I find in Dorsetshire that the Dean of Sarum has many peculiars, but whether through his indisposition or temper I know not; they were never visited by him, and are the most factious, not to say worst, places in the country. I need not instance in any other than Lime and Bemister, though others are very ill, to the occasioning, if not of example, yet,

at least, of excuse, which I met with from some of my clergy, who would have extenuated their own faults by the practice of their neighbours in these peculiars.

"Having laid these things before your grace, I will only further beg the continuance of your directions and advice, with your constant prayers for

"Your grace's

"Most dutiful and obedient servant,

"J. BRISTOL.*

"*Trelawne, June* 1*st*, 1686."

To do Sir Jonathan justice, he agreed far better both with the dean and chapter and the corporation of Bristol than either of his episcopal predecessors had done. But whenever he found that stormy city waxing warmer than was agreeable, he rushed down to his pleasant family residence at Trelawne till all was calm again. Sometimes he considered it necessary to frame a plausible reason to the primate for his frequent retreats to the more congenial atmosphere of Cornwall.

On one occasion he seems to consider the probability of a general election rendered it his imperative duty to fix himself at Trelawne, to withstand the influence of the lord-lieutenant of the county, and encourage the gentry to act with proper independence in returning good churchmen for members.

The following letter, though undated, is well worthy of attention:—

* Tanner MSS., xxx.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"Having this opportunity of my cousin Trelawny (the bearer) going to London, I held myself obliged to present you with my duty, and the reason of my coming into my country. We have had frequent alarms that a parliament is speedily intended, to which Cornwall sends forty-four [members]; and knowing myself to have a good interest in the gentry, I was resolved to see what inclinations they had, and what courage to support them in case of an attack from the lord-lieutenant; and I was glad to find the gentry unanimous for the preserving the Test and our laws; and what pleased me much, resolved to appear in their several corporations, and not suffer so many foreigners to be put upon them, as were returned hence by the wheedle of the Earl of Bath, the lord-lieutenant, whom now they will attend in a body upon his coming into the country, and, with the decency of a compliment, desire that they themselves may be permitted to serve the king in parliament; which, if his lordship will not yield to, but answer that he has the king's command for the return of such as his Majesty named to him, the gentry, at least a great part of them, will attest their particular intentions in such boroughs as have dependences upon them, and try whether the Earl of Bath will, with a high hand, turn out such mayors and magistrates as will not comply with his nominations, disoblige the gentry, and endanger the kingdom. I have one thing more to acquaint your grace; that being with several of our gentry when the news came that the several lord-lieutenants should call together

their respective deputies and the justices of their counties, and know of them whether they would or would not take off the Test; my opinion was that they should not give a plain answer whether they would or would not, but only in general, that if they were chosen they would be governed by conscience and reason; for should they say downright they would not take off the laws and the Test, there would be a positive command that all such as had declared themselves of that opinion should not be chosen. I am,

"Your grace's

"Most dutiful servant,

"J. BRISTOL."*

The expected parliament was not called, so the Right Rev. SIR Jonathan Trelawny, after a long pause returned to Bristol, to attend to the affairs of his see, instead of the more racy occupation of electioneering. He was visited by Bishop Ken in March, by whom he wrote the following letter to Sancroft, giving some account of his differences with that notorious busy-body, Sir John Knight:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"My very good friend, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, giving me the favour of his company here, and withal of letting me know he is going hence for London, I should have been very uneasy had I parted with him before I had put into his hands this address of my duty to your grace, and the assurance that I

* Tanner, xxviii. 139.

am not wanting in my prayers for the preservation of our threatened Church, and in my best exhortations for the keeping this city very firm to its establishments; and I thank God hitherto all the designs of addresses and other prejudices have fallen like water upon oil-cloth, smoothly received, and going off without making any impression.

"Having given your grace this faithful assurance of my own and this city's steadfastness, I shall take the confidence of laying before you the enclosed opinions, to satisfy you of the mistaken complaint Sir John Knight troubled your grace with this last summer, against Mr. Rainsthorpe, a prebendary of this cathedral, for holding two livings in this city, and to justify myself for suffering him to hold them; and because I would be sure of his capacity by the laws, I took the opinions of Dr. Jones, my chancellor, in the civil, and of Mr. Pollexfen in the common-law; and though both could not quiet the unreasonable scruples of Sir John Knight, they shall me, if your grace acquiesceth in them. Could I eject Mr. Rainsthorpe, it must be of the living to which this city is patron, and Mr. Wade, the town-clerk, would not slip the opportunity for the having Father Petre's recommendation of a priest to gain Popery an interest here, which wants a maintenance to encourage the footing, as well as a number to give any countenance to the abode of a priest among them. And I think this is not a time to make gaps for a busy enemy, who is too forward to force breaches where he has no invitation. I'll do all I can to keep the priests hence: no courage shall be wanting; and if I err in prudence

and conduct it must be your grace's and my order's fault in not helping me with directions, having resolutions entirely fixed not to do anything which may reflect on the interest or honour of our Church, in which as I had the blessing of initiation by the baptism of water, I am ready to go out of it with the other of blood. I desire your grace's prayers, and to believe me, as I am,

"Your grace's

"Very dutiful servant,

"J. BRISTOL.*

"*March 20th,* 1686."

Trelawny found it as difficult a matter to deal with Sir John Knight as ever Lake had done; for Sir John would interfere in ecclesiastical arrangements over which he had no other control than his incorrigible love of meddling. He treated the legal opinions of Dr. Jones and Mr. Pollexfen with contemptuous disregard, defied the bishop, and bent all his energies to the object on which he had set his mind—of expelling Rainsthorpe from one if not both of his livings. He pestered Sancroft with letters on the subject, and misrepresented the replies so as to persuade the citizens of Bristol that the primate regarded Rainsthorpe as an intruder who had no claim to receive the wages of the Church. At the end of the year we find the Right Reverend Sir Jonathan still battling the point with Sir John Knight, without any chance of settling the dispute.

In a letter to Sancroft, complaining of the con-

* Tanner, xxix. 147.

duct of Sir John Knight in this affair, the bishop recommends his chaplain for preferment, and makes piteous complaints of his own want of means to reward his faithful services.

"Let me beseech your grace's favour," he says, "to Mr. Jeames, my chaplain, if anything falls within your disposal not worth the acceptance of such to whom relation or service may render it due. He hath been with me ever since I came to this see, and I have nothing in my power wherewith to acknowledge his services. He hath really been very useful to me in keeping this city in the order and uprightness in which hitherto I have held it, maugre very industrious endeavours, and a charge to a purpose I hope will never be accomplished. I do not regret the expense of my residence, though it hath exceeded 1500*l.* more than my income, the city and the conflux being great. But it does grieve me that I cannot make any suitable return to his services, so much as by the prospect of a reversion. I do therefore the more presume to implore your grace's kindness in case of the refusal of those who may have a title to it, and you will not be so much his patron as mine."

Many of Trelawny's letters are lively, energetic, and powerfully written, especially that in which he describes the state of Bristol, and alludes to the attempts that had been made on his life by an inimical brother.

"The fanatics here," he says, "are very numerous, and their meetings great and frequent, but chiefly of women and of the meaner sort of people; those of the

better rank, even among the Presbyterians, as yet refusing to contribute any money to the building of their meeting-houses, and their company to the filling them. And some of them have been very angry with their teacher, Weekes, for putting their hands to the address without their knowledge or leave to do so. The magistracy of this city are wholly averse to the fanatical mode of addressing, and one of them assures me, 'if offered from above it will be rejected.' My clergy, God be thanked, bravely refused it, only two in Dorsetshire giving their hands to it. The one is Pelham, the son of a Cromwellian major, and he did so out of a natural hatred of the Church, and to show, though he lived by her, he was not so truly hers as his father's son. The other subscriber was a curate to a person who I hope will prevent my dismission of him.

"I have given God thanks for this opportunity the begging address hath given me of declaring to the public that I am firmly of the Church of England, and not to be forced from her interest by the terrors of displeasure or death itself, which some are endeavouring should befal me from the hand of an unnatural brother, whose liberty is now laboured from that imprisonment to which he was confined for his often attempts on my life. But the same God who hath wonderfully delivered me from him I trust will still deliver me, especially if my safety shall be recommended to the Almighty by the prevalence of your prayers, which are earnestly desired by

"Your grace's

"Most obedient servant,

"*July* 1*st*, 1687." "J. BRISTOL.

Notwithstanding the chivalric loyalty of his noble-minded father, and the affronts the young lady of Trelawne had endured from the Orange hero, and her insulting expulsion from the Hague, the Right Reverend Sir Jonathan Trelawny had become an adherent and secret correspondent of the Orange faction.

During the momentous interview with the sovereign, when the petition was presented, Sir Jonathan did not comport himself with the dignity of his episcopal brethren; for when King James termed the petition a standard of rebellion, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming—

"Rebellion, sire! I beseech your Majesty do not say so hard a thing of us, for God's sake! Do not believe we are or can be guilty of rebellion! It is impossible for me or any of my family to be guilty of rebellion! Your Majesty cannot but remember that you sent me to quell the Monmouth rebellion, and I am as ready to do what I can to quell another."*

To a cousin of Burnet, one of the Johnstone family, he is reported to have said, while the matter was pending, "If King James sends me to the Tower, I know the Prince of Orange will come and take me out."

After the acquittal and enfranchisement of the seven bishops, Mr. Henry Sidney, the English favourite of the Prince of Orange, came from Holland, ostensibly with "a compliment" of congratulation from his master and mistress on the birth of the unfortunate Prince of Wales. In reality, Henry Sidney

* 'History of Cornwall,' by Gilbert, from MSS. of the Trelawny family.

came to try who were disposed to raise the standard of revolution. Among others, he found Lord and Lady Churchill, and their intimate friend, Colonel Henry Trelawny, ready and willing to betray the king and to forswear his infant heir. Colonel Trelawny answered for his brother, Sir Jonathan, the Bishop of Bristol. The Tower lodgment and trial had of course plunged Sir Jonathan still deeper than ever in pecuniary embarrassments. The process of pulling down the king who had not had "tender *compassions* on his slave" was by no means unpleasing, as the poor slave had had to accept Bristol, with only 300*l.* per annum, instead of Chichester, Peterborough, or even Exeter, for which he had vainly sighed and vainly implored.

He was one among the very few bishops who assisted at William and Mary's coronation; then everybody saw that he and his colleague, Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, swam with the revolutionary current. They had to endure the witty taunt of the Royalists, "That King James had sent seven of his bishops to the Tower to be tested, that five had been proved pure gold, but that Sir Jonathan of Bristol and Dr. Lloyd of St. Asaph had turned out only prince's metal."

The Right Rev. Sir Jonathan was fiercely attacked in one of the libellous political squibs of the period, entitled 'The Tribe of Levi,' an evil ephemera of that era of unscrupulous abuse, written in bitter energetic verses by some clever but uncompromising partisan of the dethroned sovereign James II. against the seven bishops. It is rather curious that Sancroft

and Trelawny are the only two with whose antecedents the author appears in the slightest degree acquainted. For the sake of charity it is to be hoped he has exaggerated the vengeful doings of Trelawny at the Monmouth rebellion, for which King James made so poor a return as the lean bishopric of Bristol.

"Unhappy James, preposterous was the fate
That brought on thee the clergy's frown and hate.
* * * * *
I'll mention but one more, and then have done,
'Tis fighting Joshua, the son of Nun!
Though he to men of sense is a buffoon,
He serves to make a spiritual dragoon;
What, though he cannot preach, or pray, or write,
He 'gainst his country and his king can fight.
What wonders in the field were lately done
By fighting Joshua, the son of Nun;
He bravely Monmouth and his force withstood,
And made the Western land a sea of blood;
There Joshua did his reeking heat assuage,
On every sign-post gibbet up his rage;
Glutted with blood, a really Christian Turk,
Scarcely outdone by Jeffreys or by Kirke.
Yet now this priest is grown a rebel too,
And what Monmouthians did is doing now;
Since he, like them, is equally to blame,
Their fate was to be hanged, be his the same!"

It is a stern comment on contemporary history, that neither the cruelty of Churchill, the activity of Jonathan Trelawny, nor the intrepid humanity of Ken, are even hinted at in the pamphlets published of the western rebellion, under the name 'Bloody Assizes,' or in the books of the paid partisan, Oldmixon, or his authority, the local writer, Atcherley. If Sir Jonathan himself had not boasted of his doings,

who in the present day would have known aught about them?

Sir Jonathan hastened to gather in the reward of his painstaking in revolutionary affairs. He had the pleasure of realising his ardent aspirations for the see of Exeter. Only three days after the coronation of William and Mary, April 13th, 1689, it was allotted to him, and his nomination by the new king was confirmed. Sir Jonathan of Bristol became Sir Jonathan of Exeter by favour of his old master's supplanters, and he set out in June, 1689, to take possession of the good things he had earned from them. In his progress to the great see of the west, he made a visitation to Exeter College, at Oxford, and very stormy was the reception he met with there. Exeter College was not only malcontent but mutinous, and his approach raised something like an insurrection, as the fellows were nearly divided for and against him. The rector of the college, Dr. Arthur Bury, with a strong party of the fellows hostilely encountered the Bishop in the open quadrangle, and there protested vehemently against his nearer approach. As for "Sir Kingston," apparently the college chaplain, it must be said, *par parenthèse*, he behaved too contumaciously to have his conduct entered into by the decorous pen of the pamphleteer who had the defence of the bishop printed at the press of the schools, Oxford.*

Feuds ran awfully high, when the new bishop and his fellows, and the rector with all his refractory

* Tracts, British Museum. Printed June, 1690. The events seem to have occurred the preceding year.

fellows got all together into the hall. Everybody's orthodoxy or moral character was impugned, and everybody had the advantage of having his sins confessed in sonorous Latin very audibly by his neighbour. Much good Latin was likewise expended in tracts and handbills, which had been prepared for the arrival of the new bishop; and vigorously all the fellows of Exeter scolded each other in that learned language. "'Twasn't decent," and "'Tisn't decent," the favourite phrases of the historian Burnet, were the only attempts made at uttering our poor humble English. Whig or Jacobite was in every individual's heart, party rage loured on every brow, while sins against orthodoxy, and lower scandals even, were shouted by every tongue.

To do Bishop Sir Jonathan Trelawny justice, he conducted himself in the midst of the uproar in the most gentlemanly manner. The only interruption he gave to Dr. Arthur Bury, who had some very vituperant Latin protest to read against his authority, was to request him to sit down instead of standing while he read it in the hall. But sturdy Arthur Bury refused the courtesy with the following rather neat repartee—"No, I will stand by what I say." Yet, soon after, placing the protestation in the hands of one of the fellows of his party to read, he flung contemptuously out of the hall. So mighty a confusion of tongues then ensued, that very little could be heard of what the reading "fellow" had to utter. Such is a slight specimen of the squabbles which were of every day occurrence among a divided people. There was no outward protest against the

royalty of the sovereigns who placed Sir Jonathan Trelawny in episcopal authority, but shrewd signs were given of deep and bitter discontent.

The great family influence he had in the west insured Sir Jonathan better welcoming in his city of Exeter; but, after all, his much-coveted see comprised no little personal danger. For in the succeeding summer the victorious French fleet rode unopposed down the Channel, and, according to Narcissus Luttrell's dull diary, French ships threatened the western coast from the Start Point between Dartmouth and Plymouth. The country people had to watch night and day lest they should make descents. General Trelawny, one of the bishop's brothers, guarded Bristol with three regiments. His right reverend brother had to take care of Exeter as well as he could. Such employment was more in unison with his natural vocation than things spiritual, and no enemy made any inbreak on the temporalities under his guardianship.

The disgraceful quarrels between Mary and Anne, the daughters, and William and George, the sons-in-law of the exiled king, broke out into open enmity in the winter of 1691-2. The house of Trelawny sided with the Princess Anne; her favourite's husband, Lord Churchill, who had been rewarded with court places and the earldom of Marlborough, was unexpectedly deprived of his post as lord-in-waiting, and his follower, Harry Trelawny, shared his disgrace.

Of Sir Jonathan Trelawny's ecclesiastical acts as Bishop of Exeter, one only has survived him, his no-

tation of his re-consecration of his own old chapel at Trelawne, which had been the place of devotion for his ancestors since the time when it was rebuilt in Henry VI.'s reign. Surely to re-consecrate a place, consecrated by so many ages of family prayer, was a work of supererogation. He did it, however, according to the inscription therein, with much solemnity, on Sunday, November 23rd, 1701.

The accession of Queen Anne, and the triumphant career of his friends, the Marlboroughs, with their faction, brought new hopes and honours to Sir Jonathan. The mighty see of Winchester became vacant by the death of Bishop Mew, and this favourite of fortune was blessed with the luckiest translation he had yet experienced.

Sir Jonathan Trelawny was declared Bishop of Winchester, June 3rd, 1707, and was consecrated and took the oaths as such, June 14th, at Bow Church, Cheapside, "which," says Burnet, "gave great disgust to many, he being considerable for nothing but his birth and his election interest in Cornwall. The lord-treasurer had engaged himself to him, and was sensible that he was much reflected upon for it; but he, to soften the censure that was brought on him, had promised that for the future preferments should be bestowed on men well principled to the present constitution and on men of merit."*

Prelate of the Order of the Garter is a dignity attached to the great see of Winchester, and the insignia of that splendid order is always worn with the episcopal robes, giving unwonted richness to the

* Burnet's 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne.'

sober vestments of our Church. We think the broad ribbon of blue is much nearer to the original azure of the Plantagenet Order than is seen on the knights since the Hanoverian dynasty altered the colour to a darker hue. From this ribbon depends an effigy in gold of St. George on horseback killing the dragon, richly enamelled in their colours "proper."

Trelawny, as Bishop of Winchester, preached a thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's, November 12th, before Queen Anne and both Houses of Parliament, for the successes that had been granted her Majesty's forces, both by land and sea, under the command of the Earl of Marlborough, her general in the Low Countries, and Sir George Rooke, her admiral at Vigo. Also for the recovery of his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark from a dangerous illness. The sermon, from Joshua xxii., was published by her Majesty's especial command.

This prelate had an inveterate habit of swearing, for which he was one day reproved by a less fortunate member of the Church, who told him "it was very unbecoming in a bishop to swear." "I do not swear as bishop," rejoined the right reverend violator of the third commandment, with shameless facetiousness; "when I swear it is as Sir Jonathan Trelawny, a country gentleman and a baronet." The year after Sir Jonathan's great preferment, he made an alteration, doubtful as to its wisdom, in the customs of the famous school at Winchester. Surely, a boy might make his own bed, and yet not be "servile," sweep away a little dust, and yet not be "foul." The bishop had better have charged their warden to see that they

performed their purifications effectually. Here are his ideas on the subject:—

"*Letter of Trelawny, Lord Bishop of Winchester, to the Warden of Wykeham School.*

"*Sept.* 16*th*, 1708.

"When I was last at Winchester I thought it would be much for the health and cleanliness of the children of the college that there should be bedmakers appointed by the warden for them, and the children be relieved from the servile and foul office of making their own beds and keeping their chamber clean. And also that during the winter half year, between Michaelmas and Lady-day, they should not be obliged to rise before six o'clock in the morning."

The rebuilding of the episcopal palace at Winchester, which was commenced by Bishop Morley, was finished by Sir Jonathan Trelawny with great magnificence during his episcopate. He likewise erected in the cathedral a vast throne of Grecian architecture for his own especial use, and a pulpit to correspond. Both of them were ostentatious blots, taking up more room than their share in Winchester Cathedral. Unfortunately, the Grecian style of architecture is still less in harmony with that of Gothic in dark wood than in stone. Most of these anomalies have, by the better taste of the present day, been expelled. The throne and pulpit of Sir Jonathan were removed from Winchester Cathedral, and have been replaced by those in present use, which, though modest in size

and appearance, are exquisite in carving and design, and withal beautifully harmonious with all around. The said throne and pulpit of the Right Reverend Sir Jonathan Trelawny were carefully stowed away in the depositorium for the lumber ecclesiastical of the last two centuries, within the sacred precincts of Winchester.

Dr. Atterbury dedicated his sermons to Bishop Trelawny, and the fact bears peculiar significance. Atterbury speaks thus of his former co-collegian:—

"He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he had those principles instilled into his mind which, whosoever has once imbibed, seldom forsakes; and whosoever forsakes not, must inevitably adhere to the interests of the Church and monarchy."

The bishop spent much of his time, particularly in the decline of his life, at his own hereditary family seat in Cornwall. Its natural advantages and many centuries of cultivation have made it truly delicious, although most of the venerable antiquities, as the gate-house of Henry V., the terraces and castellated turrets, have disappeared, according to the hateful taste of the last century.

Sir Jonathan Trelawny married Rebecca, co-heiress of Thomas Hele, of Bascombe, Devon, by whom he had a large family. Four sons and three daughters were married; they were brought up in wealth and ease. His sons were amply gifted by fortune and by nature, and had rich sinecures both in Church and state; yet in two descents every male heir of the right reverend baronet failed.

Sir Jonathan died at Trelawne, July 19th, 1721,

at the age of 71. The bishop-baronet was buried at Trelawne. His coffin, of very great size, is in the vaults there. The plate is inscribed with the words—

SIR JONATHAN TRELAWNY,
RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

If he had any other funeral memorial, we have not yet discovered it. There is no monument to him at Winchester or Farnham. Granger gives him the following eulogium:—"He was friendly and open, generous and charitable, a good man and a good companion." The latter part of the panegyric in Granger's time too often signified that, like Archbishop Secker, he was a "boon companion."

The traditions of Trelawne affirm that his two daughters lived with him. One of them was deformed, so much so, that when she died her corpse was placed in a square box instead of a coffin. But however unkindly dealt with by nature, she was an angel of kindness and charity, for the memory of her goodness yet liveth. Letitia, her sister, the beauty of the West, still lives in her exquisite portrait—bright dark eyes, ebon hair, ivory complexion, and slender form, agree with her appellation of "the beauty of the West." Many of her letters are extant. She signs herself "Myrtilla," an affected sentimentality among young ladies of that era.

Trelawne is situated in one of the most beautiful districts in England for scenery, about three miles from the Leuve river. The view down the valley of Trelawne Mill is exquisite. In the drawing-room are

to be seen many fine portraits, at a time when portrait-painting was at its height. A portrait of the bishop, by Kneller, is there, and without the disguising wig, afterwards universal. Sir Jonathan resided, when required to be near London, at the episcopal palace at Chelsea, now in the dust. We saw the last of it in 1841.

An incident which has lately occurred revived for a short time the long-forgotten memory of the lord bishop Sir Jonathan Trelawny. The present Sir John Trelawny, well known for his parliamentary agitation concerning church rates, politely requested that the throne erected by the Right Reverend Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester, might be consigned to him. His desire was courteously complied with by the dean and chapter, and Sir John Trelawny is in actual possession of the throne of his maternal ancestor, the last survivor of the seven bishops of the Tower.

THE END.

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